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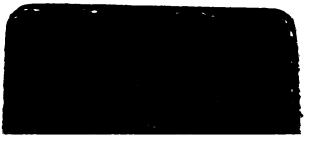

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MIND

VOL. VIII.

APRIL—SEPTEMBER, 1901

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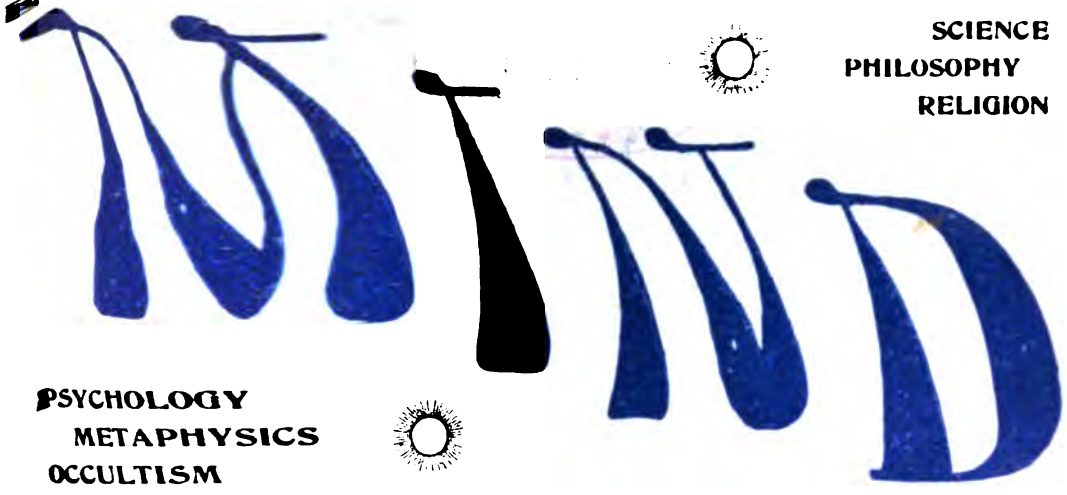

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NEW THOUGHT

EDITED BY

JOHN EMERY McLEAN and CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

VOL. VIII. No. 1

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MIND.

VOL. VIII. APRIL, 1901. No. 1.

TRAINING OF THOUGHT AS A LIFE FORCE.

BY THE REV. R. HEBER NEWTON, D.D.

In the closing week of a Presidential campaign, with men's passions and prejudices stirred deeply, amid the din of monster meetings and processions, in the very building wherein the excitement focused, men and women gathered last October from all parts of the country to listen to papers and addresses upon subjects that seemed as far away from the tumult of a national election as if they pertained to the interests of some other orb. In the great hall of Madison Square Garden, while tens of thousands were acclaiming the strenuous life, a few hundreds were listening to descriptions of the serene life. It was the Second Annual Convention of the International Metaphysical League. That League was the outgrowth of a club in Boston whose aims were defined as an organization—"to promote interest in and the practise of a true spiritual philosophy of life; to develop the highest self-culture through right thinking, as a means of bringing one's loftiest ideals into present realization; to stimulate faith in and study of the higher nature of man, in its relation to health, happiness, and progress; to advocate the intelligent and systematic treatment of disease by the mental method." In other words, the aim of the club, and of the League, the child of the club, is the training of thought as a life force—*the* life force; making at once for health and wealth, in the fullest sense of the words;

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for the well-being of the whole man; for character as well as a career.

We cannot hope to make much progress in the training of thought until we first have some clear conception of the nature of thought itself. A philosophy of thought must precede a cultus of thought.

I.

The deepest philosophy of men, in different lands and ages, has found in thought the substance of the Universe itself; the underlying reality below all phenomena or appearances; the stuff out of which the worlds are made; the energizing force in all forms of motion. Were there space, it would be an interesting study to trace the presence of this conception of thought in the great philosophies of the East as well as in the later philosophies of our modern world.

India knew this philosophy ages ago. It is the warp and woof of its deepest systems.

This philosophy reappeared in Greece, in the person of Plato, who taught that all things are the copies in visible matter of their unseen originals in mind—the divine ideas. Everything that exists in the world has its counterpart in the mind of God. This conception of Plato has been much misunderstood and abused. Rightly read it is nothing else than the yet more ancient philosophy of India, asserting that all things are, as the child says, "thinks"—thoughts first, and things afterward. The same conception can be traced in the Hebrew sacred Scriptures. Whether it originated of itself in Israel, or whether it was, as is more probable, an influence from the works of the Platonizing Jews of Alexandria, is a matter of little consequence in our present consideration. The fact is that the Old Testament distinctly recognizes this conception. The first story of the creation in the book of Genesis has been recognized by philosophic thinkers, as far back as St. Augustine and as late as Frederick Dennison Maurice, as no description

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of the outward and visible creation at all, but rather as a description of the inner processes of all creation—God's thinking the Universe into being in his own mind.

It is not alone in the systems of highly-cultured peoples that this philosophy emerges. The late lamented Dr. Brinton, the highest authority upon the red Indians of America, has made it clear that these simple peoples evolved the same philosophy, in child-forms.

Christianity gathered all these scattered strains of philosophy, running down through different peoples, under different religions, and wove them into the sublime conception of The Logos, or Thought-Word of the Father, which it identifies with Jesus of Nazareth. We are familiar enough with the outward form of our Logos doctrine, as embodied in the Nicene creed; but how many of us realize that it is the noblest statement of this ancient and world-wide philosophy, which reads the Universe in terms of mind rather than of matter, and finds the underlying substance, the reality of all being, in thought? Yet nothing else than this is our sacred doctrine of the divine Word incarnate in Jesus Christ. God creates the Universe first of all by thinking it; as every man creates his world around him—his deeds, whatever they may be, his works of poetry, painting, or architecture, by first of all thinking them into being in his own mind.

God creates the Universe in his own mind completely, organically, as a living whole. He is no bungling workman, who builds up his structure by patching on here a bit and there a bit, adding idea to idea, correcting and erasing until at last, in some stumbling way, the whole work stands perfect and complete. He is the type of the nobler work of genius which, in our finest human beings, creates at a stroke; sees the statue complete in the beginning, the picture perfected in its first vision; and then proceeds to construct out of the stone or on the canvas a faint copy of the original thought. So the whole creation stood together in the mind of God as a complete and

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perfect thought. Then, as God began to create, as we ordinarily think of it—that is, to realize in matter his original divine thought—everything that came into being came thus as a projection of that thought, a bit of that perfect and complete idea, a fragment of the divine conception. It lives in virtue of this divine thought that is in it. It is an effort to embody that thought. So the inner secret of every knowledge is found in this thought, embedded or embodied in the outer realm of fact.

The true knowledge of every bit of Nature is a knowledge not of the thing, but of the thought *in* the thing—of the Logos, or Thought-Word, which is the substance and stuff of all things. Thus we have a knowledge of the earth—geo-logy; a knowledge of the stars, which was at first astro-logy; a knowledge of the winds, or meteoro-logy; a knowledge of life —bio-logy; a Logos of every province of the Universe. A complete knowledge of the complete Universe would be a grasp of the complete thought of God; the infinite and eternal Logos—the thought of the Universe as it always has been in the mind of God, perfect and whole. Christianity identifies the Logos or Thought-Word of the Father, which is the substance of the Universe, with Jesus of Nazareth, the perfectly good man, and affirms that he is the "Word made flesh." It means by this that the inner secret of the Universe is read in the Good Man, and that it is, therefore, a moral secret; that all things in the Universe are working toward a moral end; that the thought of God looks on to a perfected cosmos, in which there shall be no evil and no sin; that thought is energizing through the cosmos toward that "one far-off divine event;" that the moral law is regnant over the whole Universe, and that, as the Jews of old expressed this truth in the form of a symbol—in the divine ark stand the two tables of the moral law. The good man is the crown and consummation of the organic processes of life. The perfect good man, Jesus of Nazareth, interprets the whole Universe in terms of char-

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acter. He opens the very heart of God and discloses the inner significance of all the cosmic processes.

When the New Testament speaks of Christ, The Logos, as the creator, what is meant is, first, that the true creative force of the Universe is the divine thought, that idea which is evolving creation toward the ideal of the perfectly good man—the crown and consummation of the cosmic processes. Identifying that divine thought of man with Jesus, we speak of him as the creator. It is in this sense, and this sense alone, that such language can be used. So in that wonderful opening of the Gospel according to St. John we have the true philosophy of creation, the creative energy of thought: "In the beginning was the Thought-Word, and the Thought-Word was with God, and the Thought-Word was God. . . All things were generated through it, and apart from it was not anything generated that was generated."

Mind, which is the creative force in the Universe, is, therefore, the creative force in man. The cosmos, which is, in its inner essence, thought evolved, has its earthly consummation in man, who is also, in his inner essence and substance, thought. Man is part of the Universe, though the highest part. The force that evolves it evolves him. He is that force manifested in its highest form. All human forces are, therefore, as are all cosmic forces, in the last analysis, forms of thought. Man himself is a body woven around a soul—mind materializing itself. Each man is a distinct thought of God, carrying in him the divine potencies of the divine thought. As George MacDonald sings, in his exquisite little poem, in which the baby interprets the mystery of his own being—"God thought of me, and so I grew."

All that man does upon the earth is done in and through the power of his thinking. Every deed is a projected thought. All his creative work is the manifestation of the one creative force—thought. Emerson called an institution "the lengthened shadow of a man." But man is himself the shadow of his

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own mind. Every institution is then the shadow of a thought. Human laws, before they are written on the statute-book, are written in man's mind. They are the forth-puttings of his thought concerning the social and political relationships of human beings. Every work of art is first a work in mind. The vision is seen inwardly before it is seen outwardly. The painter paints on the walls of the inner chamber of his mind before he puts brush upon the canvas. Before the great temple rises in marble, it has risen in the mind of the architect; and, if he be a genius in architecture, it has stood perfect and complete, an organic whole, in his thought, before it begins to materialize itself upon the earth. The Alexandrian Jew, Philo, who in the beginning of our era first evolved clearly the doctrine of the Logos or Divine Thought-Word, which Christianity took up into its philosophy of The Christ, found in this conception of the architect's work the germ of his whole philosophy. He is constantly recurring to this simile. God is the divine architect, who constructs the Universe after the same fashion that the human architect constructs the palace or temple. Milton writes that the idea of "Paradise Lost" flashed upon him as a complete whole, before he put pen to paper. Wagner remarks the fact that his greatest inspirations were of the same sort. Before he scored a music drama, the conception of the whole work rose, fully formed, in his mind.

The real dynamics, then, of civilization are the potencies of thought. The forces working to evolve a higher social order are stored in ideas. The real energy in society is mind. It is man's thinking that makes every form of society. It is his change of thinking that destroys each form and rebuilds it again after a higher pattern. The fiercely contested national election above referred to was, after all, not what it seemed to be on the surface. It was not a contest merely of recognized parties, with all the pomp and pageantry of mimic war. It was not an affair of mass-meetings and processions and what

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not. It was, in reality, a conflict of minds. Thought was grappling with thought on this broad continent, and wrestling for a fall. Back of the parties contending with each other there were living ideas, struggling one with another. All this is obvious enough the moment we think of it. I am not dealing in figures and metaphors—I am dealing with hard, prosaic facts. The real creative force in the world is the force of thought.

Have we any clue to this mysterious fact? Have we any glimpse of thought as actually creating—doing over again, in humbler forms, the work of the Divine Mind in creation? Before our generation no answer could have been given to this question. A scientific answer is now looming above the horizon. It is not yet clearly shaping itself into distinct form, but its nebulous outlines are becoming visible. The crowning work of the Society for Psychical Research, up to the present moment, is found in the two bulky volumes entitled "Phantasms of the Living." In this great work is embodied the result of a prolonged, systematic, and thoroughly scientific investigation of certain phenomena which have always arrested the attention of thoughtful men, but which, thus far, have eluded any rational interpretation. From the earliest historic records down to our own day, there has been a continuous line of testimony to such experiences as are known popularly as ghosts, wraiths, etc. Coincident with critical experiences, on the part of friends or relatives,—in the time of great illness, in the moment of some sudden shock, at the hour of death,—men have seen, or believed that they have seen, the forms of those dear to them, who, at the moment, though unknown to these percipients, were passing through these critical experiences.

The testimony to so deep-seated a belief on man's part is too ample and too serious to be dismissed with a sneer. Accordingly, the best minds in the Psychical Research Society took up, a number of years ago, the study of this subject.

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They made a careful census of hallucinations, so called. They gathered their materials from every source, verified them as carefully as possible, classified them, and then proceeded to study them with reference to an explanation. No final and conclusive theory has been pronounced by these researchers, but they are practically at one in the conclusion that such experiences point either to actual objective appearances from the unseen world, say of those who have recently died, or, on the other hand, to a power in man, under intense, concentrated thought and emotion, of projecting a visual semblance or image of himself, sent forth as it were from his body, and of clothing it with a momentary externality, so that some one else may see and recognize it. In other words, the accepted hypothesis provisionally framed to account for these facts of experience is that thought has a true creative power, though a temporary power; that it can, for the moment at least, gather round itself, out of the atmosphere if you will, the elements to construct a form, a body, an appearance, in which a man may thus manifest himself to his fellows. It is the first scientific hint yet given of the actual creative power of thought. We see a man doing for a moment what God is doing all the time in the Universe—thinking aloud, thinking himself out into visibility and audibility.

Plainly, then, thought is the real life-force of the Universe —the real life-force in man. As such, it demands systematic training on man's part, in order that it may be fully utilized. In this utilization lies the accomplishment of his desires, the outworking of his purpose, the fulfilment of his destiny.

(*To be continued.*)

God's beauty, truth, right, power, are continually pressing for entrance into all souls in the universe, and as much enters each as it will allow. But, as the light that enters is affected by the quality of the window it passes through, so it is with the light of God shining into human souls.—*Samuel Longfellow.*

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OUR SAFETY IN THOUGHT AND ACTION.

BY ALWYN M. THURBER.

After every seer and every teacher has presented his profoundest philosophy to us—after we have had preached to us every mooted conception of truth, be it old or new—must there not be, somewhere and at all times, for each of us, a positive right and wrong: a safe mooring for our craft within the fabled haven of peace, or a pitfall that shall lead us into temporary pain and unrest? We believe we ought to glory in the fact that life is an enigma, and that the pearl of safety consists in something to be discovered or evolved and not to be had for the asking; yet we are scarcely prepared to believe that God is yet ready for man's perfection—man as we know him in bodily shape. Ideally he is perfect, of course, but as a physical expression he is in many ways imperfect. Then, as a matter of course, must we not admit that there is a positive right and wrong in our every thought and act?

One grows dizzy at the thought of the magnitude of things. The single phase of manifestation called human life may be but a link in a great chain of stupendous experiments. We doubt the possibility of the perfect man or woman appearing upon earth during our own brief careers. Would we, with our crude visions and distorted ideas, recognize the Master among us? No; no more than the ant can have a conception of the mountain at whose base it burrows.

I have been seriously impressed with what Prentice Mulford says about the process of reëmbodiment. He assumes that our highest or lowest conceptions—the hero in a drama, a fiend in the yellow novel, or an angel in a dream—are actual realities in the astral life, which we attract to us by the quality of our thinking; that thousands lose more or less

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of their individuality through the influence of others, seen or unseen—so much so that they unconsciously think others' thoughts, others' opinions are taken second hand, and they actually see with eyes not their own. The safety Mr. Mulford prescribes is variety in associations, and periods of solitude wherein we may find our real selves.

What about the pitfall of asceticism? Here again we are confronted with a doubt. If we court material possessions we become miserly; if we meditate too much in secret we become "queer" in manner and unfit for business; if we are over-sympathetic we impart too much that rightfully belongs to us, and at last become ill and complaining; if we eat flesh we become like animals; if we chasten the body we suffer from the contempt of those who do not understand us; if we live in the spirit as a daily habit the delicate cord that binds us to the body snaps and we find ourselves prematurely cut off from our unfinished mission upon earth—cast out, as it were, into bodiless space.

Were our spiritual eyes suddenly opened to all that exists, would not a frenzy of despair seize us? Nature has kindly closed our eyelids, that we may be unmolested by fear. A babe has faith in its mother's love, though the universe is a blank to it. I wish people would never outgrow that simple trust which nestles in the youthful bosom and closes the baby eyes in perfect repose. Then the dangers that we older children cherish so dearly would never exist. The believer in reincarnation tells us that the play and sportiveness of early youth are due to the lightness and exhilaration of the spirit enjoying a new body. Is there not a secret here—of how to keep young and live as long as we wish? Were our acts and thoughts always right, ever moving along the line of least resistance, would not the riddle be guessed? Would not "age" soon become a myth?

As society is at present adjusted, can we enforce at all times a single human law? Imagine an individual setting up

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a standard for a whole nation! The Mother Church can put words of worship into the mouths of her children, but the thoughts that people their minds are beyond ecclesiastical control. Indeed, have we not here a momentous truth? Have we not hit upon the key to all heresies? Thought—that subtle essence of the mind which steals into our reveries, invades even our dreams, and bids us doubt while kneeling in the very shadows of the sanctuary: the glow-worm of the soul —have we lived ages without discovering its supremacy? What a person *thinks* is certain to shape his career; what he *does* may be modified by what others think. At this point do not Prentice Mulford's ideas of reëmbodiment apply with emphasis? Have we not all our own astral attachments—good, bad, and indifferent—that tincture our auras with passion, or with less harmful impulses, or with positively helpful inclinations? It is not best hastily to deny what the teachers of mysticism have given us. We should rather weigh, compare, contrast, and then decide at leisure.

Our safety in thought and action lies in doing or thinking that which brings us the greatest peace of mind. "Ah," declares the churchman, "we have all that in our creeds; the Golden Rule is a bulwark against which infidelity has foundered. As Christians we have discovered nothing better. Do unto others as you would have others do unto you. In brief, *do right.*" But what *is* right, and by what rule of measurement can we know right when we see it? A father smokes —and uses the strap on his son who is caught smoking. A man of questionable morals may move in the best society; but if a mere word of scandal is breathed about a *woman,* society says nay to her. In war we can kill our fellow-beings with impunity; in time of peace we hang for it. A carnivorous animal will devour a human being, and we do not blame the lowly instinct in the least. An emotional person's face is suffused with happiness one moment and wet with tears the next; but a stoical advocate of the "strenuous life" can

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see one pugilist pummel another and dub it manly and scientific.

Far be it from my purpose to attempt to state just what is right; I certainly do not know. But there have been times when, acting upon sheer impulse, I have hit upon the right thing, whereas had I taken a second thought I would have done quite differently. I recall one case in point—an occasion on which, with friends, I was enjoying Nature in a forest. In the midst of the Sabbath stillness a yell of pain broke upon our ears. Looking in the direction whence it came, I saw to my dismay a number of men surging down a neighboring lot, each intent upon pounding a fellow-mortal who was trying to escape their abuse. I was told that, in this quiet spot, away from the reach of law, these men were wont to congregate on Sundays to commit deeds most cruel. Without a thought of my own safety, I ran toward the rabble. To this hour I do not know just how I succeeded in making my way to the center of the mob, but, just as I reached there, a stalwart fellow was beating the victim unmercifully. It must have been a desperate resolve, but with a single lurch I jerked the wicked man over backward. I can never forget the consternation of those about me. The throng parted instantly, and every eye glowered upon me with awe and dread. I was the only well-dressed person among them, and had I dropped out of the clouds the effect could not have been more dramatic. Not one dared touch me, while the victim of their wrath crawled between the legs of his tormentors and escaped. Had I not saved his life? It may have been ten seconds before the rabble dared to move a muscle. When it did I was fairly jostled out from among them; even then not one of them attempted to strike me. A friend of mine—the only person near who knew me, and who had been witnessing the fracas in silence—tapped me upon the shoulder. "You have done a desperate thing; don't you know it?" he asked. "You had better get out of here or

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they will kill you," he added, anxiously. I saw my danger at once. I became instantly weak with fear—the result of my friend's suggestion. Of course, I acted upon his advice and hastily withdrew to a place of safety.

This incident taught me a valuable lesson. I had plunged into the danger without counting the cost. It was *thought* that prompted me, not "a thought." When we begin to live wholly in the spirit, every act we perform will be the product of divine thought, which is entirely wordless and not of self. In later years, as I have thought over the episode above described, I have been forced to believe that it was the immortal man who hastened to the rescue of the despised victim, and that it was the mortal or reasoning man who ambled away in fear.

Living in the spirit, to the exclusion of self, has made many a hero famous. It is what the churchman's faith styles perpetual salvation. Eternal vigilance is the price of safety. To be eternally vigilant and safe is to *admit* the spirit of Love into our consciousness, to sweeten our lives and illumine our faces with joy and confidence. Some children seem to be born in the spirit: they do right, not from discipline but from native impulse. To live and know that we have at this moment the power to turn aside any open or secret thrust from another, and meet it with a smile of love and forbearance, forearms us with mighty weapons.

Inspiration is thought heaven-sent. When the desire seizes us to write, do we think in *words?* Some do, and their sentences are the product of the intellect. The writer who reaches the public heart frequently uses words strange to himself. A deep glow of good feeling wells up in his breast, the nether world fades in the distance, and a realm of divine light seems to surround and aid him. Is not such a soul safe from the clutch of astral or earthly hindrances?

The time has come for the student of metaphysics—who would live the life unremittingly—to learn the distinction

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between thought reasoned out and thought that has no reference to words. You discover your neighbor's house to be on fire. Do you stop to think of your feelings toward that neighbor? No; with a thrill of God-love at your heart you rush to the rescue of the inmates of that home, and dare to face dangers that may appall you later. That is the love that is yet to move the world—when we have risen in our might and endeavors above precepts based upon human standards. Love thus known and felt is going to clasp the hands of the artisan and the capitalist, the Christian and the non-Christian, the peace advocate and the promoter of war. It will make men honest without boast or pretense.

It is pleasant to imagine a law that would tell us what we ought to do, rather than what we must *not* do; one, for instance, that reads: "It shall be lawful (and holy) to keep the peace, love one another, and enjoy the fruits thereof as brothers in common. In return for such lawful recognition of good will, each citizen shall be happier, enjoy better health, and find heaven on earth," etc. Our present statutes read: "It shall be *unlawful* to enter the premises of another and take therefrom any article of value. . . Said crime shall be punishable by imprisonment and fine," etc. Is it not strange that our lawmakers have not hit upon the expedient of making constructive rather than prohibitive laws and penalties? When the fireman, clinging to the window-ledge, rescues the babe from the burning building, does he for one moment look down at the frenzied crowd for applause? No; to him the crowd does not exist. A wise Creator has thrown about him a mantle of safety unseen by mortal eye. He does not *think;* his deed is not the product of thought. It is divine—therefore selfless.

Again, we have the matter of moods. Is it safe to humor this or that mood in our contact with a discriminating public? In portrait painting a single delicate line drawn by an expert may change the entire expression of a face. A grave feature

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can be made to look less distraught; a happy face can be saddened. It is equally true with our moods. A mere look of distaste, of weariness, or of indifference may send our best patron away with a resolve to take his favors elsewhere; or the briefest possible word or look of kindly cheer may turn the tide of fortune our way.

Are we truly living in the spirit, and drawing from the Akasa that alone which insures our perpetual safety? Right here we have the basis of a religion suited to the needs of every human being. It is not a religion to be found at "revivals" or during mighty sorrows: it is Nature speaking with kindly tongue to the children of earth. Moods of every name and nature come upon us—we know not why; but well equipped is the soul that is proof against them. I have stepped into the offices of business men where the atmosphere seemed to be blue with contagion; and, though I may not receive one word of discourtesy, yet I am made to feel the prevailing moods of both proprietor and employee. Something must have gone wrong, for little animosities are chasing one another from this mentality to that, and I go away more or less dispirited and distrustful of humankind. Some of our business men have and act upon these moods despite the well-established principles of right and wrong taught in our schools and colleges. The traveling salesman scents these unfavorable conditions as the hound scents his game. He is paid to ignore them, and so he does as best he can; yet, though he maintains a jocular countenance, he goes his way with a decided heaviness of spirit. Mighty is the tradesman whose store of vital life is constantly felt by his patrons—whose fund of generosity never gives out, but is added to hourly. Successful indeed is that teacher of Truth whose furnace-fires of love are kept constantly burning.

Prayers, of all things, are most unavailing if they reflect a mood of discontent. The prayer that bubbles forth in the fulness of thanksgiving, of realization, of love, is ever fit for

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the lips of a Master. Our safety in thought and action equals at all times just what we choose to appropriate of the divine, clarified soul-substance of the heavens about us. That same love which chasteneth the heart and allays the thirst of the multitude can save the most troubled soul among men. It is heaven-sent; in it we are safe; and deeds thus inspired are ever righteous ones.

Since the race is every moment growing more refined, we are amply forewarned to keep constantly to the right. Our safety depends upon our measure of refinement, for our misdeeds must necessarily bring us greater sufferings. In the stone age the moral standard was the lowest; to-day it is divine, for man has discovered that he is a living image, responsible to the utmost farthing. The inebriate, under the ban of habit, feels more deeply the pangs of distress than did the drunkard of a century ago. A decade hence the torment of a soul in the toils of any vice will be even more excruciating. This is the edict of Nature—the will of a just God made manifest. It is the voice of eternal wisdom that whispers to us in the silence and bids us live in the spirit constantly, unswervingly, cheerfully. Safety in thought and action is but a step into the sunlight. It behooves us to be vigilant and calmly guarded against the shadows of self. Life is worth living even in its minutest aspects.

GOOD-NIGHT!

I stood in the land of the midnight sun,
  And *tried* to say, "Good-night";
But as this day was never done
  Those useless words took flight.

How can we ever say, "Good-night?"
  There is no night at all;
For every shadow takes its flight
  When at God's feet we fall.

SIRI E. SWANANDER.

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MENTAL INFLUENCES.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

Very few persons have an adequate conception of the wonderful power exerted by their thoughts. All of us know something of the action of thought upon others, and also of the action of thought upon ourselves; but this knowledge is usually very limited. We do not realize the tremendous influence that we are exerting every minute of our lives—an influence that makes for good, for strength and happiness, both to ourselves and others; yet this influence can also produce ill effects.

We do not understand the thoroughness of our relationship to our fellow-men. We do not realize that we are members one of another. We regard ourselves individually as being separate and detached from all other personalities; yet there is no detachment—there is no separation. Each and every one of us is a part of one Life Principle—a controlling and directing Supreme Intelligence—which is omnipotent and is imparted to every entity in the universe according to its need or demand. So we may have health, strength, and intelligence to the measure of our fullest requirements; but we must make our demand in accordance with the eternal law.

If we would successfully accomplish any undertaking we must closely follow the *law* that regulates such activities. In life, if we would be strong, whole, and happy, we must understand more of this law that regulates life and learn to conform thereto. We find that everything in life has its own vital center whence it develops outward. In the past we tried to reverse this eternal order by working from the circumference toward the center. This, perhaps, was right enough until, in the course of evolution, we learned that there was a better way to grow than that of working from the outer to the inner.

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Let us accept the Master's word that "the kingdom of God is within"—that the center of power is within our own souls; that man is in every way superior to anything in the external world, and that to him were given dominion and power over all things. Has he exercised that authority? No; he trembles at many things in the outer world. His mind is filled with fears of all kinds. He has not come into dominion and power, because he has not achieved this ascendency over his own life, and because all true dominion and power begin at the very soul of things—in the life of man.

In the past we have tried to shape our lives in accord with external things; we have sought to develop peace and harmony in the outer world while neglecting inner harmony and inner peace. "Enter into thy closet, and . . shut thy door." These are the words of Jésus. What does he mean? He means that there is an *inner* consciousness of life. We must ignore the external life for the time being in order to connect with the power that is *within* the soul of man. "Ye are the temple of God, and the Spirit of God dwelleth in you." Where shall we seek God save in our own souls? We must know him *therein* before we can recognize him as expressed in the external world. We must go to the very Source to know the power of God, and to realize it in our own lives.

Some have deceived themselves by thinking that, if they had certain external possessions, nothing more was necessary. They consider themselves true Christians; yet the true Christian is he that follows in the Master's steps. God is Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth. God requires no external adoration from any soul. The worship that is true is an expression of God in the inner life of man; hence, we may conform perfectly to every external form—to every creed in Christendom—and still *know* nothing about the religion of Jesus Christ. The religion

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of the Master is one that produces wholeness and heals the sick. It is liberty—and this is why it brings the believer into a greater freedom than he can otherwise enjoy.

Jesus said to his disciples: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature, and as you go heal the sick, cleanse the lepers," etc. It is not enough merely to preach the gospel. Something more is necessary—the healing of the sick. The gospel of Christ does this. When the truths of being enter the life of man, and he realizes their force—that the word of God in his inmost life is to assure freedom and peace—this inner mental passivity gives perfect physical harmony and strength. We can only obtain peace by recognizing this inner center of being and striving to work therefrom outward.

Whence do we get the force of life? Do we find it in the external world? No; neither is it contained in the things we eat or drink. There is a higher than physical food necessary in the life of man, and if we lack this we virtually starve to death, even in this world. There is no real assimilation or digestion of physical things. As our bodies are in reality the summing up of our thinking, they are strong only when we have wholesome thoughts. We make our bodies what we will to make them when we observe the laws of life. We may realize this so thoroughly that we can have our heaven here on earth. God has given us this power to use in such a way that it will bring us health and happiness.

It is essential, then, that we should start right by carefully considering the underlying principles of the science of life—the truths in which Christian people have asserted belief for many centuries. What are these principles? First, there is but one power in the Universe—Omnipotence. Even those claiming to be "materialists" recognize this power. Herbert Spencer asserts that we are in the presence of an *infinite* Power, which governs all things, and "material scientists"

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everywhere are coming to believe in an omnipotent God. Every atom of force in the Universe represents God's power —everything to some degree is an expression thereof. Yet we must distinguish between power and its expression—between subject and object. In the great universe all knowledge is God's, and in its development shows that all things are manifestations of Omnipotence. This infinite power, while omnipresent, is manifested to the highest degree in the life of man. Everything in the universe is subject to the operation of the eternal and unchanging law of God, which regulates every part of the universe, from center to circumference, from the lowest form of life to the highest. The soul and life of man are equally under the operation of this law; hence, what we need to know is not more about the material world but more about ourselves and our relationship to God and to our fellow-men.

The more we understand, then, of our own lives—the more clearly we can comprehend the law and bring our lives into conformity therewith—the better results we obtain. Thus may we realize the kingdom of heaven here and now. At no time has it been discovered in the external world, where no one has even found bodily health. The outer world is good and useful, but it must be a perfect expression of the inner; at best it is only the *expression* of power, while the inner world is power itself. Why should we seek health and happiness in the mere *expression* of life? Why should we go out of ourselves for happiness, or any other good thing? We must begin with the inner life, making the outer life secondary, and must work from the cause to the effect of things—not from effect to cause.

People are continually telling us how they are affected by their environment, and by the thoughts of others. In truth, no man stands alone; yet no one need be *subject* to the wrong thoughts of others. When we have knowledge, we can no longer excuse ourselves by saying that other persons

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have an ill effect upon us or injure us. We have power *within* to make conditions what we *will* to make them. If we will to be strong, to be happy, to be well, then let us acquire these blessings in the right way. Let us seek for happiness and health in the only way in which they can be obtained. Let us recognize this inner part of being—the light that is to enlighten every man that cometh into the world. Let us realize the God *in* the being, and work from the center outward.

With knowledge of this inner consciousness of life we come in proper touch with every external thing. We know that all life is one; that we are related one to another; that the soul of man is one with the great Universal Soul. This realization we manifest in the outer world. Instead of viewing chaos and discord on every side, we see a great universe operating in accord with eternal law, and destined in every part ultimately to reach the fulness of perfection. We no longer look upon the world as evil, but see in everything the potentiality of good. Little by little the ideal life is being disclosed; our minds, instead of being prone to evil and bemoaning the sorrow and misery of the world, become filled with joy because we know that all things are working from a lower to a higher condition. Thus do we turn from the pessimistic to the optimistic side of life, and become useful members of society.

Sometimes we are inclined to think that thought is the very highest function of our being. Then we lay great stress on the intellectual side of thinking, and declare that *reason* is the one supreme fact. But there is something more than reason in the life of man—something more than thought; there is something that produces thought and transcends it. Every thought contains a picture. We get an idea—a picture that corresponds to something definite in the outer world. So there is an element that brings the thinker in touch with the highest. The inner mind is passive. This inner presence

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makes for faith, happiness, and love—the qualities of soul that cannot be pictured by the mind and that alone can fill the life of man. These different elements give color and tone to every thought, and extend to all external things, which thus take on new coloring and new beauty. Because of the inner beauty of thought we recognize beauty in the outer world; for only what one sees interiorly is visible in the external realm. If we have gloom and distress in our minds we are related to the gloomy and distressful things in the outer world. If we have brightness and hope within us, then we see these blessings externalized. The outer world is a picture of the inner world. If our thoughts are neither strong, happy, nor wholesome, we cannot expect to express health and strength in the body. It is only by entertaining the best and strongest thoughts that the inner power of life is expressed.

If we wish to be healthy and to do good in the world, we will accomplish most by recognizing the oneness of life—that our finite life is a part of the Infinite. As we do good to others we do good to ourselves. We can only be happy by making others happy. This is what Jesus meant when he said, "He that loseth his life shall find it." Let us lose it by finding it in others, and thereby come into the fulness of life.

Every thought we think has a definite effect on the body—it pictures itself there. Life is made up of many things. As sorrowful and distressing things enter the life, if the mind is allowed to dwell on them, the body becomes weakened. Dwelling mentally on the bright and beautiful things that come into the life strengthens the body. Everything in this world exists for some good reason. Every sad experience we pass through teaches a needed lesson, which, if we would only learn it, would not require distressful repetition. One experience follows another, and if we do not heed the lesson that each contains for us, it must be repeated till we do.

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There are only two paths in life, and we must choose between them. The eternal law is ever seeking to bring about perfect expression of life. If we understand the law and conform to it, then peace and rest result. Oppose the law, and purification can come only through bitter experience. There is no going back; there is no standing still. In the evolution of life we must unfold to that which tends toward the perfect likeness of God. In some lives this comes gradually, while in others the development is more rapid. There is no escaping from the purifying process. It may come "as by fire," or by obedience to the eternal law of God; but in either case "all things are working together for good." Everything is seeking adjustment. The inner adjustment of *law* is written on the tablet of every soul. By "law" I do not mean the law of hygiene or that of physics, or of anything that operates upon the external; for if the mind is right within it will express itself outwardly in perfect wholesomeness. It is impossible for a man that is clean in mind to be unclean in body. It is the inner cleanliness that expresses itself in the outer. Our thoughts being right, every word and every deed will be so expressed that nothing but good will result.

I am not asking the reader to believe in any creed or any dogma. All I claim is that law and order regulate life. From their observance good results come here and now. From disobedience comes the reverse. In one case we get the good, the strength, the perfection of life; in the other we get the pain, the distress, and the disease. It is a condition of mind to be actualized. Obedience to the inner law will bring about a perfect demonstration. If we put heaven off for a future realization, it will always be postponed. "The kingdom of God is within you." We must realize God's kingdom here and now. By realizing that inner realm of life we will find that the outer expression is good and beautiful, and that in so doing we are working together for the good of all.

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WHAT IS TRUTH?

BY J. A. PLUMMER.

For nineteen centuries Pilate's question has puzzled the soul. The answer has differed almost with each succeeding hour. The thinking mind never stands still, and every moment of time, affording additional opportunity for thought, has carried us along to broader planes of observation—and the oft-repeated question is again and again answered anew.

Truth is absolute, but our changing point of vision gives it always relative application. It is ours only as we assimilate it. To the wise man, that is folly which to the fool may seem supremest wisdom. He that is learned in the history of our race feels the glow of truth where the unillumined soul knows nothing but inky darkness.

Moses thought he argued with God, and convinced Him of the error of His ways. In the dawn of the twentieth century we find this to have been a psychical illusion. But Moses was thereby led up to a higher level of living. He saw more of real goodness and felt perchance that heaven was nearer home; yet, what was truth to him is now to us simply an interesting study.

Joshua supposed that the sun stood still a while, that he might make his work of carnage more complete. How many people are there now who think that killing men is worshiping God?

The world moves, and as the shadows disappear the error and the folly of attributing brutal instincts and motives to a natural origin becomes more and more evident. The language of the soul wherever voiced is Truth, be it found in Christian Bible, Hindu philosophy, or the cruder Alkoran. "It is the Christ within."

Is it supposable that the warped and narrow souls who

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taught that the world was flat, and that the sun went around the earth, knew all the truth when sitting in judgment on our canonical writings? Is it true that our salvation depends on faith in their inerrancy? Is it also true that character alone counts for nothing in the life to come? Must we accept against our reason some priestly doctrine, or forever wander through a realm of blackest darkness? Must we believe in hell in order to reach heaven? Did the loving Father of us all create a Devil, and then our race for him to capture and confine in endless torments? Is it possible that Infinite Life is such a failure? Must nobility of soul end only in ultimate ruin unless the faith is also cherished that untold millions are destined to eternal gloom? Was the book of Revelation closed ere science had had its birth? Was all spiritual truth disclosed in the morning of civilization? Did not our fathers simply teach up to the level of their development? Was inspiration theirs, and theirs alone?

"From out the wilderness" there comes no answering voice; but deep within the soul we feel the strenuous "No!"

If God is omnipresent and Omnipresence, all knowing and all Knowledge, all loving and all Love, He accompanies the life current in our veins and throbs in our pulse just as much to-day as ever in the history of man. There is no personality to the Infinite. "God is Life." "God is Spirit"—not *a* Spirit. Paul caught this glimpse of truth and thereafter he spoke as one with soul illumined.

From the infancy of man to his present state is a long line of thinking. What we are pleased to call goodness is the slow accretion of the centuries. The study of life has brought us into closer relationship, and we are becoming more and more willing to sit down and reason together. The charm of the supernatural has given us many strange fancies. The incoming of the natural dispels them one by one.

Heaven is no fiddler's court. It is a condition into which we can enter here as well as hereafter, and, if "God is every-

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where," the conclusion is unavoidable that we are as near to him on earth as we will ever be.

My way to everlasting bliss and your way to endless woe find little lodgment now among the world's accepted truths.

Virtue is the growth of the ages; perfection did not mark man's inception. Adam would be a barbarian to-day.

The tides of destiny wait not on mere beliefs. Doing and being and taking part in the general uplifting of humanity constitute the largest expression of Truth.

Immunity from future "fire" is not the great desideratum of present life. The conflagration in the soul that burns out thoughts of kindness and takes away compassion for the weakness of man is the deepest hell we'll ever find, and its entrance is through the door of personal selfishness.

To me, agnosticism is unsatisfying. It does not answer the requirements of a mind that seeks to know. Intuitively, we believe that what we see is not all there is in life. Something back of it all, back of the thought that thinks, back of the feeling that feels, speaks in its own peculiar language and tells us of an existing soul. He that possesses most of this indefinable element is always the master spirit of his age. It did not spring into being at birth, else it would pass into nothingness at death. A beginning presupposes an ending. Is not life, then, but a part of the Infinite manifested in man? If God is "All in all," what are creeds and doctrines? Mere flesh barriers, not soul cleavages; simply shadows cast by a central sun.

Spiritual truth admits of no "trust." There is no "cornering" of eternity. The gates of Paradise are opened and closed by our own lives here and now; not by some white-winged angel in a distant, far-off land, on our profession of faith in another's scheme of salvation.

Truth lies next the heart, and the nearer we reach the soul the nearer we reach the well-watered land where grow no noxious weeds. It is there we find the alembic in which error

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is dissolved. It is there that doctrinal distinctions are consumed. It is there that names by which we conjure become meaningless unless the spirit gives them life. It is there that we no longer "see as through a glass darkly," but know Him face to face. It is there that the Infinite and the finite unite in life's continuous flow. It is there that God and man are one.

The amelioration of man, not the adulation of Deity, is the crying mission of the hour. Service to our kind is noblest worship. We must *live* our prayers. And what is prayer? The holiest of thoughts and aspirations. 'Tis the awakening within us of our better selves; the communion of the soul with eternal Good, not the imploring of some Deity for personal favors—to revoke the law of cause and effect, and thereby open an avenue of escape from the consequences of our wicked deeds. That seems to me like selfishness or cowardice. The good within, not the good besought from without, measures the depth of the soul; and there, in the silence, alone, the spirit of man feels Truth. To paraphrase the words of Father Ryan—

> "We must walk in the valley of silence,
> Down the dim, voiceless valley alone;
> And we'll hear not the sound of a footstep
> Around us, but God's and our own."

No "miserable worm of the dust" man is here. He is the highest manifestation of the God-life. The rocks, the hills, the universe of stars above, give back no answering thought. Man thinks, and knows he thinks; and 'tis the God within that is the soul. His or its greatness is not augmented by any words of ours. The Creator of the Universe needs no commendation from our lips. All that we can hope for is the calling forth of his reflected glory from within, and to reach a higher level—a richer, better, nobler estate—by contemplating the wondrous prevision that hedges all Nature round.

We climb affection's fairest heights in times of silent, wordless adoration. The love of the Divine is the profoundest

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depth within us answering back to still profounder depths without.

There's no begging here for "daily bread." It is the grateful acceptance of our part, the performance of our task, the touching of one chord reverberating in the sympathy of universal harmony. It is the anthem ringing clear from within the holy of holies—the response of omnipresent life to omnipresent Life.

The enrichment of present existence, the lifting of burdens that press others down, is the greatest good; and the Christ-like man is he that stretches forth a helping hand and leads to that better way without regard to creeds, beliefs, or future promises—*he lives the truth.*

THE greatest good that any man can do is to inspire a love for the higher life in the mind of another. "For his or her sake" forms a very large part of the motive for human action. The crowning point in a human life is where, having begotten love, the influence engendered is used to stimulate the noblest qualities into action.—*Selected.*

ALL great men have a curious under-sense of powerlessness, feeling that the greatness is not in them, but through them, that they could not do or be anything else than God made them. And they see something divine and God-made in every other man they meet.—*Ruskin.*

THE universal love and the spirit of joyful service toward all is the strongest and holiest tie thou canst have with thy friend, and begets the deepest satisfaction. I come unto my friend as to a shrine, and my friend unto me.—*"Trinities and Sanctities"*

"THE soul that is in earnest does not stop to count the cost."

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CONCERNING WOMAN.

BY ALIDA CHANLER EMMET.

In the spiritual life there are two states. The first is the positive, or affirmative, and is expressed by the words *I am;* the second is the negative, or receptive, and is expressed by the words *I receive.* The former of these states is represented by man, who is an ultimate expression or image of God, and the second by woman, who is the intermediary source of that expression.

The meaning of woman is non-resistance to force; and by obedience to this law in the higher sense she becomes the chief channel of inspiration to man from God. She is subjective, he objective; she is receptive, he positive or affirmative.

The giving and receiving between the sexes have been too much restricted to their personalities; hence passion, overnourished, has concentrated the force of life on the lower or selfish nature of man. Man's soul has failed to receive its due nourishment from woman; his lower nature has fed on her passion, and he has starved spiritually and morally—at times almost to annihilation.

The present need of the world, therefore, is a new womanhood: one that shall be a purely spiritual force, and shall free itself from man's lower nature and become the inspiration of his higher consciousness—the sap of his tree of knowledge and of life. Woman must become independent of personal passion in order that she may receive the full influx of wisdom from God, untainted by the lower nature of man. This condition of purity and freedom is prefigured by the Incarnation; it was essential to the birth of Christ, and is essential to the moral life of the generations to come. It is not by resistance to man that this state of freedom can be reached, but by non-resistance or receptivity to God, by which, the power of man's

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lower nature being annulled, there shall be born men and women that shall express the perfect union of the sexes and walk as gods on earth.

It is not in a literal or individual sense that the divine conception need be repeated, but in a general and moral one. Women, freed from ties of prejudice, conventionality, and mistaken sentiment, will do their work as wives and mothers in the world at large—in the business and political as well as in the social world. But, in order that good may come of this broader life and field, they must bring their woman nature into full play in all their dealings with the world. And this woman nature must be purged of over-indulged passion, of vanity, and of personal ambition; for it is through the soul freed from the love of self that divine wisdom flows without obstruction. If woman lack this higher receptivity, her proper heritage and meaning, she becomes either the source and reflection of man's lower nature or a being without its full powers, creating the stagnation of which John speaks in Revelation, "Because thou art neither cold nor hot I will spew thee out of my mouth."

It was not to women alone, however, that these words were addressed; men, when out of their sphere of positive action, become as stagnant pools. But the sin of inertia has been little seen in man. His love of self, fed by woman's passion, has sent him into the world creating and destroying to his own ends, and has annulled the consciousness of his and of woman's relation to life. Yet, as home life has not been man's only field, he has, in a measure, thriven and grown strong through the labor of his hands and brain, and by putting to use the fire that has been his daily food.

Woman, on the contrary, has understood her destiny to be man—man alone, and in the personal sense. Her home has been her world, and she has made it a beautiful one; but inasmuch as it has been a limited world, a world of personalities, her influence on man has been restricted. She could not give

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him a knowledge of life broader than the life she lived—one that began and ended in his love. Therefore, her inspiration was necessarily personal and led to personal ends—to an expression of himself rather than of God.

As woman's influence on man has been restricted her own development has been greatly hampered. Man has received his impetus from woman, has loved and cared for her, and has then gone forth to produce the fruits of this impetus; but woman, believing man to be her source of inspiration and her destiny, has lived on that part of his life which has been hers, namely, on his love, sympathy, and protection.

The dawn of woman's true work and destiny is rapidly approaching—is now here; but before this light is fully reached woman must go through the fire of purification. She must awake to the consciousness of her mission.

The Incarnation and the Resurrection are two great instances of the highest spiritual growth—instances of the power of mind over matter, of soul over body. They show the breaking away of the spirit from conditions outgrown. There was no man living worthy to be the father of the Christ. A woman then, born of the necessity of her times, proved the meaning and power of her sex, namely, that of the recipient of God and the giver to man.

The power of the Incarnation and of the life and teaching of Jesus has been striving through the centuries to be brought to the use of humanity. There may no longer be the need of a Virgin Mother, or of a crucified Savior, but there is the need of a pure and enlightened womanhood and of a self-abnegating manhood.

The work of woman, therefore, is one of being rather than of doing; one of clarity of vision, by which, through man, will come purity and nobility of action. But, in order that her powers may be increased, she must have a broader field. As man gives of his strength to the world as well as to his home, so woman must give of herself to the world as well as to her

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husband and children; and in so doing she need not spend the strength abroad that is needed at home. It may be more in sympathy and thought than in action that her work is to be accomplished; but her nature must be free—free from vanity and over-concentrated affection, and open to the highest inspiration, which, having received, she cannot fail to devote to the highest and broadest ends.

WHEN you have learned, through your soul's deep experience, that the indwelling Spirit is the source of all true living and high service, Nature, which now seems to you a vast machine, will be transfigured into the shining vesture of the Eternal; and the inner chambers of your soul, ever open to the celestial sunrise, shall be filled with its unclouded peace.—*"Light on the Hidden Way."*

WE expect immediate results. We wish, we plan, we pray for them. Not God's law, but the law of our impatience, governs us. We fret at delays, at slow, small gains; consider them unnatural—when they are simply the inevitable laws of progress, the conditions through which all things inevitably pass in their way to accomplishment.—*J. F. W. Ware.*

IF you wish to be miserable, you must think about yourself, about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you; and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch. You will make sin and misery for yourself out of everything that God sends you. You will be as wretched as you choose.—*Charles Kingsley.*

LOVE is the fulfilling of the law, not because it stands instead of other things—truth, justice, and so forth—but because it leads on to these, and supplies the moral motive power for them.—*Brooke Herford.*

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DOMINION.

BY MAIA PRATT STANTON.

A hungry spirit walked the ways of earth—
  A woman, burdened sore with sense of blight—
A soul which keenly felt its daily dearth
  Of that which stands for joy, uplift, and light.
No weakling's discontent was hers—in sooth,
  Unrest divine goaded to'ard Heaven her looks.
She thirsted deep for progress, beauty, truth—
  For freedom, friendship, knowledge, travel, books.
But her starved days seemed fixed in barren mold.
  So in despair she dumbly crushed desire
Until she felt all forceless, numb and cold—
  Insensible to former craving fire.
One day, as in a last expiring flame,
  Her spirit blazed in anguished, sharp command.
"O God!" she cried, "I call once more Thy name;
  I want my own—demand it at Thy hand!
Long have I prayed and plead for soul delight—
  No longer do I beg on bended knee!
It is not alms I ask, but my birthright
  As child of Universal Potency.
Man is not born a pauper, but a prince,
  The rightful heir to all that mortals crave.
I do not at annihilation wince;
  I would be nothing rather than a slave."
From out the Silence flashed the answer grand:
  "Well hast thou spoken—well fulfilled the Law.
Good waits forever on the soul's demand,
  And of its children asks not tears nor awe.
The heir of wealth must boldly state his claim,
  Assert his birthright, realize his power.
This thou at last hast done in the One Name.
  Go forth, and rule thy kingdom from this hour."

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UNIVERSALITY IN RELIGION.

BY HESSAY W. GRAVES.

Wherever sense can reach or mind imagine, we find action and reaction—the constant interplay of opposed forces: in physical matter attraction and repulsion; in the internal world, love and hate, good and evil. The higher the field of action, the more potent and the more remarkable is the action of these forces.

Religion is the highest plane. The intensest love and the cruelest hate mankind has shown have been associated with religion.

Out of the turmoil will harmony ever come? Many are the panaceas—social, political, religious—that are vaunted as the only hope of humanity. How many of these will bear the test of inwardness; how many touch the springs of action; how many promise beneficence in direct measure of their universal application? If they are local, partial, symptom-regarding, they are condemned already.

Can we not recognize at once the essentially mental nature of our problems and our maladies, and, penetrating to the center, feel assurance that outward phases of pain and strife shall surely disappear when that center is made pure and calm? The method of inwardness must ever appeal most powerfully to those who have sought deeply in human nature for the solution of life's problems. And if a man have found there any clue he will not add to the existing discord by denouncing those who follow *their* convictions. Socialism, the single tax, asceticism, colonization, anarchism—all contribute after their kind to the new order whose evolution the new century must witness. All prepare the way for religious thought that shall be universal, positive, pacific; that shall be as lofty as Emerson, as broad as Walt Whitman. One may either hasten or retard

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such a consummation—hasten by following manfully individual convictions, whatever they may be, and retard by criticizing and denouncing others because forsooth they are not weak echoes of ourselves.

The social fabric is seething with the forces that shall mold the future; and in that ferment the forces of so-called evil must inevitably contribute their quota to the grand result. But Harmony—that may be made the watchword of all. Whether one shall seek to better environment by external agencies, or to conquer the world of mind through an understanding of eternal laws and principles, he shall be welcomed by Nature—ever universal, ever non-partizan, ever the friend of *all.*

The great lesson, it would seem, that is plowed by the present state of society into the consciousness of man is the stupendous waste of energy resulting from the antagonism between workers in the various fields of effort. Yet might our work, whatever it is, be conceived in a spirit too high for jealousy and too earnest for sloth.

Can we find a better watchword than Harmony? No; and it shall be realized just in proportion as the sacred, the central, fact of Individuality is vindicated by the universality of our aims. Every investigation of the internal nature of man bears witness to this truth. It were futile to seek harmony through attempted elimination of differences—that were to blaspheme individuality. Each must be himself: true to the pole-star of right as seen through conscience; no man judging another or daring to make him afraid.

Evidently the real warfare to which the future invites must be interior to the man—the mind the armory. We shall yet turn with reverent steps to the teachers of the laws of mind, even with reverence such as no monarch ever knew. Here surely is the crowning work of an age of marvel. Hail to the pioneers! And as touching this work, one is fain to believe that America is the most favored nation.

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To control the mind, to cast out selfishness, to receive consciously the Light from within—what a task! The solution of all problems lies capsulate here. And yet the Masters in such lore exist. Their message is with us. To quote from a little work issued from the New York press only this year:

"Thy right is only to the work, never to its fruit. Let not the fruit of the work be thy motive; yet desire not to abstain from work.

"Perform works standing in union, putting desire away; be equal in success or failure, for equal-mindedness is union.

"Work is far lower than union in wisdom; seek refuge in wisdom, for pitiful are those whose motive is the fruit.

"He who has reached union in wisdom gives up even here all things done well or ill; strive, therefore, after union. Union is well-being in works.

"For the wise who have found union in wisdom, giving up the fruit born of works, set quite free from the bond of birth, go to the goal where no sorrow dwells."

THIS is the preparation for a good old age: duty well done, for its own sake, for God's sake, and for the sake of the commonwealth of man. When a man works only for himself, he gets neither rest here nor reward hereafter.—*Robert Collyer.*

WHETHER any particular day shall bring to you more of happiness or of suffering is largely beyond your power to determine. Whether each day of your life shall *give* happiness or suffering rests with yourself.—*George S. Merriam.*

CALL it happiness or call it blessedness, the life whose end is righteousness is a life which satisfies, and which one is not willing, but glad, to live; its ways are ways of pleasantness, and all its paths are peace.—*Rufus Ellis.*

WHEN everything is in its right place within us, we ourselves are in equilibrium with the whole work of God.—*Amiel's Journal.*

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ARE WE FREE?

BY W. H. PHILLIPS.

Is Liberty in the United States a fact or a superstition? We American citizens are wont to boast of our Liberty and to glorify our country above all others, as if Freedom were unknown elsewhere. Let us see upon what we base our claims to superiority and what this boasted Liberty of ours amounts to.

The immortal Declaration of Independence asserts that "all men are born free and equal." Is this a truth or a mere metaphor? All men are certainly born *utterly helpless;* but what *freedom* has the babe in arms—the slave of its parents or nurse, unable to feed itself or to procure food by itself, or to direct any of its conscious actions contrary to the will of its guardians? Who has any choice as to his father or mother; as to the circumstances or surroundings of his birth, breeding, or rearing; as to whether he shall be born an Israelite, Catholic, Protestant, or Buddhist—an American, German, Frenchman, Englishman, or Arab; or as to whether he shall be born with a brain capable of development, or with some rare and special gift, or with only an average intellect, or an idiot; or handsome or homely, sound in body or deformed, healthy or sickly? Over not one of the conditions essential to success in life has man at his birth the slightest control or choice. When, then, and how, is he born "free"?

And "equal"? Is a born idiot equal to a child with normal faculties? Is the babe beginning its existence in a hovel and amidst poverty and the dregs and scum of society born *equal* with its brother who comes into the world "with a silver spoon in his mouth?" Is the mentally deformed or lacking *born* equal with the genius? One might ask a hundred such questions, to all of which there could be but one answer. It is even a fact that man's superiority over animals is due as much to his having *hands* as to his mental advantages; for of what

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use were an architect if there were no bricklayers? And what practical avail would it be to think or plan if there were no power to execute? What could Man do if he were obliged to walk on all fours?

No; we are *not* born free, and we are *not* born equal. What the Declaration of Independence should have asserted is that all men are born free and equal, *or ought to be, before the law.* It is declared that all men are born with certain natural, inalienable rights—as the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. This is another fiction. We have been treated to many learned discussions of our natural rights, but it still remains true that the only right that Nature seems to know is comprehended in the phrase, "Might is Right"; and it is because of this fact that man has created society—to protect the weak against the strong. The only justification there is for the existence of society and for its obliging men to surrender this natural right of might is because it is the *only* natural right, and it is the effort of society to overcome or lessen the hardships of certain of Nature's conditions and obstructions to civilization—"the simple plan that they should take who have the power and they should keep who can." *"Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietam,"* says the motto of Massachusetts. *Homo homini lupus*—man is a wolf to man—speaks the Latin proverb; *Quin cupit facit*—he who takes it makes it. But man, realizing even when not willing to admit it that might is his only right in a natural state, has organized governments and society to confer certain rights upon him in his search for Liberty. Grievously disappointed time and time again, crushed and downtrodden, he has fought the battle for Freedom over and over—and is fighting it yet.

In its fullest sense, Liberty is not a possibility. "The Universe is governed by Law." The sun, the moon, the stars, cannot deviate one iota from their courses. The rivers and the oceans cannot alter their waves or currents. Mountains cannot move of their own accord. The earth remains fixed,

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yet here and there is unable to do so because of the fires within it. The birds of the air, the fishes of the sea—all are bound and fettered by Nature's laws, which they cannot change. And *absolute Liberty*—the freedom to do whatever one may wish or caprice may dictate, without regard to or for others—is not consistent with or possible in a civilized community; neither is it compatible with Nature, or desirable. (I am not confounding Liberty with License.) But liberty, freedom, and equality before and under the law are possible, and are what man is seeking for. Have we found these in the United States, or do they exist elsewhere to a greater extent?

Here a law is enacted for us by alleged representatives, and without the people passing upon it. In Switzerland, the Cradle of Liberty—Switzerland, which is generally overlooked in these discussions and the credit given to the French Revolution of 1789, that movement which promised so much for mankind, and to which, indeed, we are under a heavy debt, but which unfortunately stopped short of what it might have accomplished—in Switzerland they have what are called the *initiative* and the *referendum* as parts of the system of government; and every law before it takes effect can be passed upon directly and at once by the people, or if it becomes obnoxious be at once wiped out. The lawmakers are controlled by the people and are unable to act in opposition. Is this true in the United States? Do we control our legislators or the making of our laws? Certainly we can elect other men in the course of time and repeal obnoxious measures—when we spasmodically are seized with a fit of public virtue—but this means time and patient suffering in the meanwhile, and even then the result is uncertain. Who hears of "bosses" outside of American politics?

We elect a President and Representatives for fixed periods, and they can do what they please without regard to the public will or public interest so long as they keep within the borderline of impeachment, and we—"free people"—must groan,

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suffer, submit, and wait. For many months we had a Congress, elected on a plain and distinct issue, which practically defied the will of the people, and accomplished—what? An almost complete paralyzation of the industries of the United States. And this has happened more than once.

What would result under similar circumstances in England? Parliament would be dissolved, a new election held, and the voice of the people would be heard and obeyed at once. What power has Britain's King compared to that of our President? What power has the House of Lords compared to that of our Senate—if, indeed, the House of Lords has *any* nowadays? It was an Englishman who declared that "every man's house is his castle." It is Englishmen who make the police their servants, not their masters—and it was an English police force that went on a "strike!" It is disagreeable for us as Americans to admit it, but the truth is that nowhere in the world is individual liberty so widespread, guarded, and cherished as in England. We scoff at the English aristocracy of birth; but look at our own aristocracy of gold, trust, and railway kings and monopolists. Which is the worse?

Again, where is the Liberty that dictates from whom and where we shall purchase the very necessaries of life—under the mask of "protection"? I am a Protectionist, but who can honestly believe in the imposition of excessive and unnecessary duties such as we have? We pay seventeen cents a pound for meat in New York that is shipped from Chicago to Berlin and sold there for six cents! And this is true of almost all articles of food and clothing. Yet we are "free"!

Does any one imagine that the state of affairs which the Lexow Committee showed to exist in New York is anything new, or is confined to New York? Could such a state of affairs exist in London, Paris, or Berlin? It is "pay, pay, pay" for everything. And when we get an occasional spasm of virtue, how long is it before the old conditions return?

Within the last ten years, about two hundred crimes have

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been added to the statute-books of New York State; that is to say, acts that were innocent before, and whose moral aspect has in no way changed, are now criminal offenses. And with few exceptions all these laws are directed against the laboring class —against "strikes," "boycotts," etc. Even the press, which stands between us and our "bosses," is hampered by absurd libel laws. In fact, after reading the penal code of New York State one is forced to wonder whether it is not a misdemeanor to breathe.

Look now at one of our great "strikes" of a few years ago. In my opinion no one conversant with the facts can deny that this "strike" was justifiable. The Pullman Company had been grinding both the public and its employees; everybody is aware of this. It is doubtless true that, although it had declared on an enormously watered stock its regular dividend at the rate of eight per cent., the company did not make as much money as in prosperous times, or even lost a little. But what of it? We all suffered. And suppose the Pullman Company had been obliged to reduce its dividend for one year, would it not have paid better than the strike? Why did it not proportionately reduce its rents and the cost of provisions at its stores? And does any one imagine that if its earnings had increased instead of decreased the wages of its employees would have been increased? If it was right in its contention why did it refuse to offer any proof of the fact—why imperiously decline to arbitrate?

In this land of Liberty the arbitrary will of one man was permitted to plunge the country into a state of disturbance, and we saw the military force of the United States called out on a pretext to enforce the dictates of monopoly. I say on a pretext because mails are not carried on Pullman cars, nor is freight, nor are such cars necessary to the operation of a railroad. And will any one pretend that the Interstate Commerce Act was ever intended to be construed as it has been, or dreamt of for such a use as it has frequently been put to? Enacted as

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a protection to the people against the oppression of the railroad companies, it has been turned by the companies to their own advantage in the use of United States troops. I am not upholding "strikes" or mobs, and it is quite true that there are emergencies when it becomes necessary to disregard the strict letter of the law; but that is always dangerous, and this was not such an emergency. Although the President's action was upheld by many able lawyers, I still venture to say that it was *not* constitutional and was uncalled for. It has been repeatedly held by the courts, and particularly by the courts of New York, that a strike is not an excuse for the non-operation of a railroad when it is in the power of the company to remove the cause of the strike or to avoid it. The "Pullman" strike is not an exception; what happened then will be repeated so long as the public submits. It was only the exigencies of politics that forced a settlement of the Pennsylvania coal strike.

Again, look at the "government by injunction" which has grown up in the United States. The power of a court to grant injunctions is an absolute necessity for the due administration of law; but is there any one who can justly claim that as exercised to-day it is not shamefully abused and in direct violation of the principles to which it owes its existence? There would be no difficulty in clearly defining the cases in which it should be exercised; but we are "*free*," and therefore submit to be enjoined almost from thinking.

There is another power also exercised by courts, and a necessity to their existence, but which as practised to-day is in anything but accord with freedom—the arbitrary, intangible, often visionary "contempt of court," which in a measure defies definition, but would be, if we were really free, carefully guarded against abuse. Under this power a Judge who could not render a decision against us for fifty dollars without the verdict of a jury can arbitrarily deprive us of our liberty without any right of appeal. And every one knows to what a sweeping, drag-net length this power has been carried.

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As children we had bugaboos; as adults we continue to have them under other names. The two principal ones of today are called "Precedent" and "Vested Rights." Was there ever a more shameful spectacle presented to a civilized (?) world than the trial of the man Youtsey in Kentucky? "Precedent" is the excuse given for it by the Judge. It was not "Precedent" that gave birth to the Magna Charta. And what is "precedent" but the overthrow of "precedent"? And "vested rights"—what are they in the majority of cases but the upholding of acts of spoliation committed by our barbarous ancestors; or a mask for oppression; or the control of the living through the will of the dead? How is that freedom which reaches its hand from the grave and forcibly binds us by law, though the entire environment of man has changed?

Incidentally, attention may be called to another insidiously growing abuse by our courts, which seemingly is occurring without exciting comment—the forcing of juries into agreeing upon a verdict. In a recent case in Chicago, when the jury retired eleven jurymen were in favor of acquitting the defendant; but, as a result of this process, when they were discharged eleven were in favor of conviction and only the strict conscientiousness and exceptionally firm will of the twelfth man saved the prisoner. This abuse is wholly subversive of the principles of trial by jury and reduces it to a farce.

I might cite many other illustrations in answer to the question that heads this article, but the foregoing are sufficient to show that the liberty of which we boast is not so much of a fact as we would fain believe. I do not for one moment think that republican government is a failure, or that men are going to permit it to be swept out of existence; but if "straws show which way the wind blows," and if "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," it is time that we opened our eyes and kept them open.

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THE SUN AND THE OAK.

BY A. A. HAINES.

High on the slope of a long, green hill there stood a mighty oak. It stretched its great arms wide and welcomed the storms and the gales; and far over the hill-top it looked and gave a greeting to every morn. The squirrels frisked about it and loved the hollows in its trunk; and feathery birds, upon its boughs, long had wooed and sung. In its shade, so broad and winsome, many a dreamer dreamed; and many a tattered wanderer, wretched and worn, in its kindly shadow forgot to long. The wind liked to play in the branches and talk with the beautiful leaves; and it slyly pulled the acorns sleeping on the boughs, and it laughed with the leaves when the acorns tumbled to the ground.

The tree was old, exceeding old—it had seen scores of years pass by; but it caught their whispers as they passed, and had learned from the flitting years. Yet, in spite of all its wisdom, its love, its wealth of life, the tree had a hidden sorrow—it was sad because of life. Long the oak had pondered, often it mused and sighed; it longed to know the reason of life's constant, changing flow. The tree had seen each springtime robe the hills and the fields anew; in wonder it watched the green stalks rise from out the damp brown mold, and it saw the summer spin and wind fresh silk round the long white corn. The brooks and the river it tried to find, but they were always new; and the rocks—they all were changing too. It caught the frost, sly and cunning, breaking the rock on the side of the hill, and it was not long ere the rock vanished in the flow of the rushing streams. The flowers flamed in the gardens, then died like lingering sparks; the woods took on a wonderful glow, but it went with the autumn days. The whirling bits of beauty born in winter air lived for a while

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their pure, white lives, then touched the earth and died. The sky was always changing—no morn ever came twice. Restlessness was everywhere; all things disappeared.

"Will this coming and going never cease?" the old tree softly sighed; "nothing ever comes to stay." And it looked where the fallen acorns lay. "Is there not something constant —something that I can hold? What is this darkness inscrutable that hides all birth and death? Perhaps I am dreaming —but no; that cannot be, for the love of the birds is in my heart: that was never a dream. Whence came they, my beautiful ones? Why have they gone from my boughs? Shall I no more see them—nevermore hear their songs?"

The great tree shook with sorrow and bowed its stately head; and the old night wind sighed and moaned. The sun, though shining far away, knew the oak tree mourned, and sent great beams of moonlight with a message for its burdened heart. The moonlight said it should not mourn; its woe was nearly o'er. There was something true and strange that the oak had never known; and in the early morning the sun would tell the tree, when its sorrow would be ended—it never again would grieve.

A sigh of hope shook all its leaves as the tree raised its low-bent head. It knew the sun was always true, and it waited for the morn. The dawn came gay and rosy and laughed the clouds away, and made a golden pathway to the earth where the green hill lay. The leaves of the tree moved softly, and its giant boughs bent low as the sun poured gently upon it the splendor of his beams; and in the early stillness the sun spoke to the tree: "O tree, thou shouldst not grieve. Let thy mourning cease; for know that all thine anguish is but a dismal dream. There is something constant; there is something thou canst hold: but thou hast never known it, for thou art living in thy dream. Thine eyes see only shadows, only passing forms, and if thou lovest them, dear one, thou wilt always long. It is the *soul* of things that lives and moves and

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breathes. It alone is constant; it alone is free. But it ever changes its raiment—it lives in myriad forms, and on, and on, and on it soars to heights beyond all dreams. There is no birth; there is no death: there is only change of form. The garments dropped in passing are woven again and worn. The same things are always here—they neither come nor go; but this, never hast thou known. Look beyond the hill-tops, out where the ocean rolls. Behold how great and wide it is; hear its mighty roar. Though its waters are so great, though they be so strong, yet they put on other forms—and some are exceeding small. The drops that sparkle on the grass and the dancing, whirling snow are lovely shapes the ocean takes to work in frosty air. The clouds that roam, the rain that falls, the streams that swiftly flow, the frost that works in rock and soil—they are other forms its waters wear. The wind speaks in different voices; the storm has many moods. I myself live in countless forms, yet thou hast known but one. In the color of the flowers I move—in the tints of wood and field. I am the glow of the orchards gay; the blue of the sky and the sea. The smoke from yonder chimney is made by my golden beams that have slept in forms of deep-black coal, long, long ages through. Again they have put on their vestments of shining, yellow light; but always are they my children—it matters not what seems. I live in the air; I dwell in the sea; I am moving everywhere. In this grand old tree I am with thee—why hast thou never known? And thou, too, art in other forms. Behold on the ground the acorn. See what thou hast sown! There thou art lying, sleeping within its tiny walls. Yet thou wilt wake and live again in the form of another tree, for each must reap what he hath sown—it is the immutable law. But know the tree is not thy *self;* it is the garment in which thou art wrapped for a while—the self was never born. There lives One beyond all form, untouched by time or change; without beginning, without end—the Everlasting Tree. In everything It is breathing; It is the *self* of thee and me. Through

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every form it is peering; all difference is in the wearing of a thinner or thicker screen. Look behind the form if thou wilt see the real; live the self of thee if thou wouldst know the changeless—the free. Live and know the self alone—where, it matters not. Whatever form thou art wearing, let the self shine out. Fix thine eyes on Substance; care not for form. Stand thou in the Eternal One; thy *self* live evermore."

A hush, a peace the world knows not, brooded o'er the hill, and a beauty born of the Light ne'er seen shone out from that mighty oak. Nevermore could it grieve; never would it mourn: the tree knew its earthly mission—the dream was forever o'er.

To THINK is better than not to think, even though one takes the chance, now and then, of thinking erroneously, just as it is better to be a free moral agent in matters of conduct than to be a stick or a machine, even though one goes wrong now and then in the exercise of this freedom.—*Rev. A. B. Hervey, D.D.*

WE, too, like our great Leader, must be made perfect through suffering; but the struggle by night will bring the calmness of the morning, the hour of exceeding sorrow will prepare the day of godlike strength, the prayer for deliverance calls down the power of endurance.—*James Martineau.*

How IS our fainting courage reassured, and our faltering will reenforced, and our troubled heart calmed, when we but think of God and remember that "his greatness lies around our incompleteness—round our restlessness his rest!"—*Samuel Longfellow.*

THE best man is he who *tries* to perfect himself, and the happiest man is he who feels that he *is* perfecting himself.—*Socrates.*

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MATA THE MAGICIAN.

By Isabella Ingalese.

CHAPTER X.

MY MOTHER.

When we returned to the study, after breakfast, Mata declared she must start that day for school; that Guru had said last night when he was here that there should be no further delay.

"But are you able?" I asked, in surprise.

"I feel as strong and well as ever, and Guru would not have bade me go if it were not best," she said.

I asked Kate to remain at my office during my absence, and to tell all callers that I would be at home on the following Sunday, but on no account to mention Mata nor my errand. The girl promised faithfulness to all my directions, and added: "Divil a bit o' satisfaction'll ony wan get from me regardin' the whereabouts of ye, docther."

At the convent school I made arrangements for a five-years course in such studies as were needed to fit Mata for the social life she would lead, and returned well satisfied that she would be nicely cared for in her new home.

I found Kate had cleaned and regulated my bachelor quarters to a point of neatness far beyond my anticipations. Everything was in perfect order and the old study had once more resumed the look of comfort it had worn when Ted was housekeeper. She also had a warm dinner ready, and while I was enjoying it she undertook to tell me the news. Among other things that she regarded as important was the announcement of her own approaching nuptials. She and Pat were going to be married the very next day.

"Why, Kate!" I exclaimed, with my mouth full of hot mince pie; "how's that?"

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"Ye see, sur," she replied, "Pat says as how 'tis foolish t' be waitin' ony longer, as he's a stiddy job an' has saved a thrifle o' two hundther' or so o' his wages, an' I have as much; we can go housekapin' on a small bit, av we both agrees to it, an' 'twould make a home fer both av us."

"A very good idea, and I shall give you a wedding present," I said.

Kate put away the dishes, swept the kitchen, and then came in with her hat and shawl ready to leave.

"I'm goin', sur," she said. "Good-by."

"Here is something to help you start your new life with," I said, as I held out a check for one hundred dollars.

"May the saints love an' purtect ye from all harrum so long as ye live, sur; but I'm afraid ye can't afford it," she said.

"Yes, I can; and with it I offer you my best wishes for the future. May you be happy and prosperous."

The girl wiped a tear from the end of her nose, where it had trickled down from her overflowing eyes, and, as she hid the precious paper away in her bosom, murmured: "Sure, ye air a thrue gintlemon, so ye air; an' I niver ixpictid so foine a prisint at all, at all. But if ye're iver in throuble an nade a frind, Kate Maloney's the wan t' sind fer, an' I'll sarve ye wid me heart's blood, so I will."

I thanked her and promised to let her know if at some future time she could be of assistance, and bade her good-night.

At last I was alone, and had time to think. Seating myself in an easy-chair before the fire, and leaning my head back upon its comfortable cushions, I let my mind wander backward in a mental review of the many events that had occurred during the last few years of my life. It was just seven days ago, to the hour, that Mata had called for me to visit her grandfather, and, as the panorama of events passed slowly before my mental vision, I could scarcely realize that it was I who had sat in that place, listening then as now to the winter wind as it

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whirled round the corners of the building, shaking the window sashes and swinging the signs. It seemed that an age had passed since then, and that years instead of days had been registered on the calendar of time. Then my thoughts went back to the time when, a boy of fourteen years, I was left with my mother—one of the dearest and best of parents—to travel through life without the help and encouragement of a father: he to whom a boy is expected to look as a model for his own unformed character. Not having his advice and counsel, my mother assumed the double relationship—that of companion and friend as well as parent.

With true earnestness and sympathy she entered into the plans for future greatness that the coming years of manhood were expected to bring to me. It was her sweet face that always came between me and the temptation to do wrong; and, after I left her to undertake my course at college, her letters, like white doves of purity, came to me every week filled with loving encouragement. They served as talismans, bringing me good luck in my examinations and helping to quicken my intuition.

My mother was always true, and taught me that deception, whether acted or spoken, was a lie; and that the harm resulting from one was as great as that resulting from the other. She believed that truthfulness, charity, benevolence, brotherly love, and unselfishness were the soul's jewels, which should be treasured in all hearts and, by constant use, be kept shining so brightly as to illuminate one's whole life. Gold, she said, was a necessity only on the material plane, as a medium of trade; at best it was perishable and transitory wealth, and should never be compared in value with virtue.

The last conversation with my sainted mother I had always remembered. It occurred just before going back to college for my final term. That day stands forth more prominently than any other of my boyhood days. She looked so frail and fair as, robed in a pure white gown and with a fleecy shawl

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wrapped round her slender form, she half reclined upon a couch and talked to me about my future.

"My boy," she said, "I have a presentiment that this is the last day we shall be together in this world. I am not strong and seem to tire with the least exertion. Before leaving you, I hoped to see you established in your profession and doing well; but I fear my hopes will not be realized, and there are some matters that must not be neglected or postponed. You know our means are not abundant. There will be, however, quite enough to take you through college and start you in a humble office in some small city where you must work your way to whatever height you may attain. I do not deplore the fact that you have not wealth, for many times it leads astray those who, had they been obliged to work for a living, might have kept in the path of virtue. It is no disgrace to toil; it is the law of Nature. The birds, the bees, and even God himself must work. Then why should man, the masterpiece of all creation, think labor beneath his lofty greatness? The idea that work is degrading is a great mistake; and one truth you must bear in mind is, that all men are dependent on their fellows for the necessities, comforts, and luxuries of life. The man who counts his gold by the bagful is dependent upon the man poorer than himself for his supply of food and fuel. He cannot eat, drink, nor wear his gold, and if there were no one in the world ready to exchange with him he would have to suffer want, although still in possession of his gold. Many attach great value to those glittering gems called diamonds; but they are only the artificial representation of the real jewels, virtue and honor. If you cannot afford but one kind, keep the everlasting ones—and these the poorest man in all the world may possess."

At that moment our interview was interrupted by callers, and we had no further conversation that day. At a later hour in the afternoon I took my leave and never saw her again alive.

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The long up-hill journey from the day I took the last look at my mother's dead face as she lay in the casket had been filled with poverty and struggle. There was no disgrace attached to our name, nor had I ever done a thing I would blush to have her know. Sometimes the goal seemed not worth the effort made to attain it; then came the temptation to cease striving and drift with the tide. Now, however, my shadows had turned to sunshine and my poverty to plenty, and I was happy. But the shadows in the room gave warning that the fire was nearly burned out, and I decided to retire, hoping in dreamland to meet my Mata, look again into her glorious eyes, and listen to her sweet voice.

CHAPTER XI.

THE HON. JOHN BRUNT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

At an early hour on the following morning I was waited upon by the Hon. John Brunt, attorney-at-law. This gentleman informed me that he represented Miss Arabella Smythe and her mother, and had called to see me for the purpose of trying to bring about some kind of an amicable understanding between myself and the ladies mentioned.

"What do you mean, sir?" I asked, in astonishment.

The legal gentleman was a very pompous man and seemed to realize that upon him rested a great and important duty. Drawing his portly figure to its greatest height, and setting his hat well back upon his head and a little to one side, he hooked both thumbs into the armholes of his vest, set his left foot forward, scowled, squinted his eyes, and looked down upon me for a full minute before answering my question. Then, with great superiority of tone, he replied:

"Young man, you know that these ladies proposed a mar-

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riage with you—which you rashly and, I must say, impudently ignored. Mrs. Smythe offered her daughter to you for a wife; you have given her neither a favorable nor an unfavorable reply. You ought to know that your conduct is very ungentlemanly and betrays a lack of gratitude and politeness. The ladies feel this humiliation very much; Miss Smythe is completely prostrated, and her mother is—well, very indignant, to say the least."

I was dumfounded, and believed the case was without parallel on the American continent. When my wits returned sufficiently to allow me to speak, I exclaimed: "How could my conduct cause Miss Smythe prostration or her mother annoyance?"

My legal visitor inclined his head till he could look over the rims of his spectacles at me; he frowned so fiercely that his eyebrows met together over his nose, and, bringing his left foot down upon the floor with a slap that made the medicine bottles in the cabinet dance, roared: "Young man, do you realize that you are poor, without even a name to back you; that these ladies you've insulted are the wealthy leaders of society, to whom all the best people in town bow with the greatest of respect? *They are social queens!*" And the man let go his hold on an armhole long enough to make a sweeping gesture indicating that his clients ruled the social world.

I did not reply, and while he waved his left hand high above his head, he continued: "They're worth no end of money—did you know that? Zounds! I think you are a blooming fool to let such an opportunity slip through your fingers. I wish it had been presented to me."

"You are quite welcome to this great opportunity that is going to waste," said I, "for I shall not marry Arabella Smythe. His Satanic Majesty and the infernal regions would be preferable to me than either of those women. The mother is as desirable for a wife as the daughter; really there is no choice between them. If this is what you came for you will

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oblige me by putting an end to this interview. My time is valuable." And I began putting on my overcoat.

"Hold on!" exclaimed the gentleman. "Am I to understand that you refuse to consider Mrs. Smythe's proposition under *any* circumstances? Could you be induced to reconsider your decision if a certain amount of money—say ten, or even twenty thousand dollars—were to be placed to your credit at the bank?"

Turning away in disgust, I remarked:

"Mr. Brunt, realizing that you are only saying what you have been hired to say, I am restraining myself from kicking you into the street. There is nothing either you or they can offer that would induce me to reconsider my non-acceptance of their proposal. I may be financially poor, but I am not ready to sell myself for the Smythe gold. Just why Mrs. Smythe should have taken the idea into her head to give her daughter to me for a wife I cannot understand. The woman is almost twice my age, and nothing has ever occurred between us that should give her reason to think that I am interested in her in any way. When the ladies have been ill I have attended them as their physician. I have never paid Miss Smythe any attention other than that imposed by my professional duties; and if she has been so foolish as to give her love away unasked and unsought, then it is her own mistake, and she must take the consequences—if there are any."

Again the old man looked over the tops of his spectacles, opened his eyes to their widest extent, and, with astonishment pictured all over his face, muttered: "Humph! Gritty little cub." Then in a tone of impatience he loftily replied: "Very well. I must see my clients before offering you anything more."

"You need not trouble yourself," I said; "my answer is final."

Muttering and gesticulating, the man shuffled out of my office without so much as saying good-by, and, considerably

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perturbed, I started on my daily rounds of calls among my patients. The same afternoon I took a satchel filled with bags of coin and started for the First National Bank. The receiving teller knew me very well, but, believing me of no financial value and therefore of no consequence, he bowed coldly when I appeared at his window. From the sphinx-like expression on his face, I inferred that he believed me about to ask for the accommodation of a loan, and was ready to refuse; but when I informed him that I would deposit ten thousand dollars in gold with him that day, he looked incredulous, and when I lifted out the bags of money and laid them on the desk he actually gasped. Taking a seat and picking up the morning paper, I pretended to be interested in the perusal of its columns, while my gold was being counted. When my book was ready I looked it over, slipped it carelessly into my pocket as if this were an every-day affair, took my empty satchel, bowed as coldly to the teller as he had bowed to me, and left him betraying strong symptoms of approaching paralysis.

Returning to my office, I refilled my satchel and made my way to the Second National Bank. The same ceremony, with very little variation, was repeated until I had called at the different banks and had deposited the whole fifty thousand dollars. Next I hired a drawer in a vault and placed the jewels and papers in it, and when everything had been disposed of according to the directions of the old mystic I felt relieved of a great burden.

It had not occurred to me that the tellers of the banks would tell of my deposits; but when several gentlemen at the hotel who had previously refused to recognize me came forward that evening with smiles, greeting me with great cordiality, I concluded that the news of my sudden rise to financial prosperity had been given out, and that this interest was not for me, but for my money. I had an opportunity to decline three invitations to take dinner with different persons, and went back to my office to find poor little Ted waiting to see me. He was

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very pale and looked so miserable that I instantly revoked my threat to chastise him for leaving Mata alone that day, and asked what was troubling him. He said a runaway horse had knocked him down the morning after I left. He was carried home insensible, and since I was not to be found another doctor had been called; and this was the first time he had been out since the accident. He wanted to come back to work, and I gave him his old position again.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SMYTHES' LAST APPEAL.

The next morning the Hon. John Brunt appeared at my office at an early hour. His manner at this second visit did not seem quite so pompous. I offered him a seat, which this time he took, and, taking off his hat, wiped his bald head nervously with his handkerchief. While I waited for him to speak he cleared his throat, fumbled in his pocket for something he did not find, looked into his hat, adjusted his spectacles on the end of his nose, and then looked over them at me with so owlish a stare that I leaned back in my chair and laughed long and loudly. My visitor became indignant, and with a very red face inquired what I was laughing at.

"At you," I replied.

"At *me!*" he exclaimed. "And what is there about me to laugh at? You don't seem to realize that this is a serious matter—one that should not be treated with levity."

The old man's appearance was so irresistibly funny that I could not restrain the feeling of amusement surging over me and I laughed again. This time he became quite angry, and with great dignity remarked: "When you are done with your laughing I will state my errand."

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"You had better be about it, then," I said, "because in twenty minutes I have an engagement."

Mr. Brunt cleared his throat again. "Young man," he said, "I have come to say that my clients would like to see you at their residence this afternoon for the purpose of having some conversation regarding this matter."

"You may tell your clients that I have no time to spare and beg to be excused."

"Am I to understand that you refuse to see my clients anywhere?"

"Certainly, sir."

The old man fidgeted in his seat; he crossed his right leg over his left, uncrossed them, and crossed the left one over the right.

"But I have been authorized by my clients to make some kind of an arrangement with you regarding this matter. The ladies have set their hearts upon this marriage; they are very kind and generous—yes, they are generous to a fault. I don't think I ever met such charming women as those two clients of mine."

The old man seemed quite overcome by the loveliness of character displayed by the Smythes. I smiled broadly, but refrained from disturbing his meditations by another laugh.

"We will not discuss the characters of the ladies, if you please, but will assume that they are above criticism and come to the point at once, because I really must go."

"Yes, yes; that's more like it. Now you begin to talk reasonable—reasonable, sir. Ah, let me see; where was I?"

"You were about to say that Mrs. Smythe and her daughter had authorized you to make an arrangement of some kind——"

"Oh, yes, yes; I was about to say," interrupted my visitor—"well, *as* I was about to say, Miss Smythe is greatly humiliated because you have refused her hand. She is a noble girl and loves you, notwithstanding the shabby way you have

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treated her; and she is still quite willing to place her whole fortune at your disposal—which is a great deal for her to do, since she is immensely wealthy—if you will only consent to marry her. She is so charming that you cannot help loving her when once you get accustomed to her—and the trifle of difference in your ages does not matter; you will never think of it, after you get used to it."

The laugh that was choking me would not be repressed another moment, and I almost roared. The man sprang to his feet and in his excitement knocked off his spectacles, and before they could be recovered he had ground them into powder under one of his number-eleven shoes.

"I wish you would stop laughing. It is, to say the least, very undignified!" he declared, vehemently.

"Then don't tell such funny stories," said I.

"*I* tell funny stories! Why, I never told a funny story in my life!" he exclaimed. "I was never given to such hilariousness; I take a more serious view of life."

Springing to his assistance I brought from under the couch, where it had rolled, his shining tile, and as I handed up the dented headpiece he glared at me and remarked that he should not soon forget the indignities he had been subjected to that morning. Then carefully placing the remains of his smashed spectacles in their case, and tipping his hat jauntily on one side of his head, he gave himself a little shake as if to adjust his rumpled garments, and asked:

"Well, what shall I say to my clients?"

"You may tell Mrs. Smythe that when she sent out a detective to look into my private affairs there was one thing he did not learn, and that was that I am already married. And since the laws of the State of New York allow a man to have but one wife at a time, it will be impossible to make any matrimonial arrangements with me."

"You a married man!" gasped the attorney. "Why in the name of all that's wonderful didn't you say so before?"

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"For the simple reason that neither you nor your clients asked for a reason *why* I would not marry Miss Smythe, but insisted that I should. Then, Mrs. Smythe took pride in the shrewd manner in which she had traced my family affairs, even to the most minute detail, back to my Puritan ancestors. Under these circumstances I thought it unnecessary to offer any further information. However, this little thing has become so tiresome that I concluded to enlighten your clients regarding this one small fact that has been overlooked."

The legal gentleman bowed stiffly, and with all the dignity of a potentate marched from my office. On the same evening there appeared in the *Evening Journal* a notice that read:

"PERSONAL.—Mrs. Smythe and her daughter are about to close their elegant home, with the intention of spending the winter in the South, Miss Smythe's health requiring a change of climate. The rigorous winters of Chautauqua County are entirely too severe for her delicate constitution."

"And so this is the end of that affair," I muttered; "and to-morrow I shall engage an architect to make plans for our new home—Mata's and mine!"

(*To be continued.*)

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

VOLUME EIGHT.

MIND is now three and a half years old. Its eighth volume begins with this issue. Though still in the early stage of its career, the magazine has made a pronounced impression, commendatory of metaphysical teachings, in intellectual circles that are quite distinct from any branch of the New Thought movement. It is read with avidity in economic societies and social clubs, in political and moral reform organizations, in liberal Christian associations, and by individuals interested in the rescue of science from the pitfalls of materialism. Its mission is to introduce the leaven of spiritual truth into channels that have become stagnant with theological decay, and it is by virtue alone of its breadth of policy and evident sincerity that it has gained access to these educational centers.

The profounder students of the New Thought, who recognize the unity of *all* truth, predict the eventual rally of every body of reformers to the metaphysical standard; indeed, they hold that progress is impossible without recognition of the spiritual element in all forms of advancement. This coalition of the lovers of their race, when consummated, will present one practicable instance of that coöperation which is the law of mutual success. By reason of the assured permanency of its position as "the leading exponent of the New Thought," MIND is the herald and pioneer of this endeavor. It is a magazine of constructive aims—the harbinger of that *mental* freedom which must precede all political and religious emancipation.

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SERIAL ARTICLES.—Our eighth volume opens auspiciously with the first of a new series of essays from the brilliant pen of the Rev. R. Heber Newton, D.D., on "The Training of Thought as a Life Force." Dr. Newton's previous contributions to MIND attracted world-wide attention, being copied and discussed editorially by secular newspapers in various parts of the world, and his present articles on the above subject will be found even more instructive and helpful. Our readers will be glad to learn also that Editor Patterson's essay on "Mental Influences," which appears in this issue, is likewise the initial paper of a series on topics relating to Advanced Thought by the same writer. These contributions to the Essay department will cover the whole range of spiritual science, touching incidentally upon subjects of timely and popular interest viewed from the metaphysical standpoint.

* * *

BOUND VOLUMES.—It is not our custom to obtrude the commercial side of our enterprise—for it has necessarily a financial aspect—upon the attention of the readers of MIND through our literary pages. But there is one feature of The Alliance Publishing Company's business that should interest all friends of the magazine, and that is the preparation of the publication for reference and library use. As time passes, back numbers of MIND become scarce and of increased value—some of the issues are already out of print save in cloth-bound form, for which purpose a few hundred extra copies of each edition are printed. The present demand for the seven bound volumes now ready for delivery will soon exhaust the supply, and all who wish to procure complete sets should purchase them without delay. The price for a single volume is $1.50, but the entire number thus far issued will be sent post-paid for $8.00. A full description of these handsome and valuable books will be found on page 2 of the cover, though the importance of preserving our monthly issues in this durable form is self-evident. J. E. M.

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A MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF ATLANTIS.

A NOTABLE discovery of more than ordinary interest for historians, especially those who have a leaning toward antiquities, has lately been made by the well-known archæologist, Augustus Le Plongeon. This discovery should particularly attract the attention of Americans, since it enables them to lay claim to one of the most important monuments of ancient times. The edifice in question is the Pyramid of Xochicalco, standing 5,395 feet above the level of the sea, and situated to the south-southwest of Cuernavaca, sixty miles from the city of Mexico. For more than a century the pyramid has been occasionally visited by distinguished travelers, including the learned Humboldt; but none succeeded in discovering the purpose for which the monument had been erected, nor in deciphering the mysterious inscriptions on its sides.

As far back as 1886, Dr. Le Plongeon published his alphabetic key to the Maya hieroglyphs, comparing this with the ancient Egyptian hieratic alphabet. He has now found that the signs on the Pyramid of Xochicalco are both Maya and Egyptian; and a careful study of these decorative inscriptions has made it plain to him that the pyramid was a monumental structure erected to commemorate the submergence and destruction of the great Land of Mu (Plato's Atlantis), together with its population of 64,000,000 human beings, about 11,500 years ago.

Dr. Le Plongeon, in his remarkable work, "Queen Moo and the Egyptian Sphinx," gives four Maya accounts of the same cataclysm. This, then, is the fifth, and, in his own opinion, the most important of all the known records in Maya language of the appalling event that gave rise to the story of a universal Deluge that is found in the sacred books of Jews, Christians, and Mohammedans.

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This discovery may go far toward solving the mystery of the origin of the Egyptian and the Maya races, as well as other mooted questions, historical and geological. J. E. M.

THE BEAUTIFUL AND THE USEFUL.

I do not agree with Goethe that we should encourage the beautiful because the useful encourages itself. *Beauty* has inherent attractions, as is proved by the very term, which implies "to be admired." But the useful is often a very hard subject, to be sought with toil and tears. A boy grubs his way through the tangled forest of philology and grammar. You mav direct his attention to a lofty spire that glitters a long way off, and assure him if he perseveres he will cut his way through this very hot and dry tropical jungle. But he may faint by the wayside, or even desert before he reaches the goal of his labors.

We must make the useful easy and attractive. We must conceal from the youthful mind the labor required, and so distribute that labor along the line of learning that the highest altitude is to be attained by the easiest grades. (It is thus that the Pacific Railroad attains the Sierra Madre summit, and the surprised passenger looks down on the land below without being sensible of the force that has been applied to attain it.) Interest his mind in the elements of learning, and mix this labor with that recreation which his tender years require. A badly warmed, ventilated, or lighted schoolroom; school furniture uncomfortable or unsuitable; an incomprehensible book of grammar, in which the small pupil is assumed to comprehend all that the wise author has taken a lifetime to acquire; long hours and savage severity in the teacher—these tend greatly to discourage the youthful mind from pursuing the useful, and incline it to suspect that the beautiful must be out of doors: when the birds sing and the brook warbles and the wind waves the summer leaves, or when other little boys wade through snow to slide down the hill, or blow their fingers in glee as they slide upon the glassy ice; in a word, to sigh and suspect that the beautiful is where the useful is not. J. M. SAUNDERS, PH.D., LL.D.

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NEW CENTURY IDEALS.

To weigh the material in the scales of the personal, and measure life by the standard of love; to prize health as contagious happiness, wealth as potential service, reputation as latent influence, learning for the light it can shed, power for the help it can give, station for the good it can do; to choose in each case what is best on the whole, and accept cheerfully incidental evils involved; to put my whole self into all that I do, and indulge no single desire at the expense of myself as a whole; to crowd out fear by devotion to duty, and see present and future as one; to treat others as I would be treated, and myself as I would my best friend; to lend no oil to the foolish, but let my light shine freely for all; to make no gain by another's loss, and buy no pleasure with another's pain; to harbor no thought of another which I would be unwilling that other should know; to say nothing unkind to amuse myself, and nothing false to please others; to take no pride in weaker men's failings, and bear no malice toward those who do wrong; to pity the selfish no less than the poor, the proud as much as the outcast, and the cruel even more than the oppressed; to worship God in all that is good and true and beautiful; to serve Christ wherever a sad heart can be made happy or a wrong will set right; and to recognize God's coming kingdom in every institution and person that helps men to love one another.—*William De Witt Hyde, in the January Outlook.*

DR. CAULDWELL says that everybody has consumption, which is a somewhat more radical statement than Dr. Hamilton's that every Christian Scientist is insane. When a doctor sets out to be an alarmist he never stops half way. Whatever things the Christian Scientists do that are reprehensible from the doctor's point of view, it must be admitted that they accomplish good in "demonstrating over fear." Fear has slain its tens of thousands, not to mention the brown-stone habitations it has built for medical men.—*Editorial in New York World.*

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THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Conducted by

FLORENCE PELTIER PERRY AND THE REV. HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

FOR THE PARENTS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. T.—Do not feel discouraged at what you call the "lack of order" in your restless little girl. You say she seems exceedingly fond of beautiful things, yet will take no care of anything, even of expensive clothing or toys. Perhaps you have not been discriminate in the choice or quantity of her possessions. Too great an abundance fatigues rather than stimulates the mind. A child cannot at once grasp the relation between *many parts* and the perfect *whole;* hence, a few things well chosen and harmoniously related will often teach order and appreciation of beauty a hundredfold better than the most elaborate "preachment" on the vice of carelessness.

There is much to be taught by environment; and a child surrounded by objects that suggest the ideal will often become intuitively cultured in all that tends to real art, whether the Fine Arts—music, literature, painting, etc.—or the simplest and finest of all: the art of true living.

Children are both imitative and creative: imitative because of their keen observation, and creative because of the innate desire to make into form or to express what they inwardly feel. It is this sense of beauty and desire to express

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that begins to stir and thrill toward outer form when the child draws pictures on the parlor wall, or in the spacious margins of books. But too often thoughtless mothers have scolded and shaken the little would-be artist into rebellious tears and outraged feelings, which, more than anything else, break that tie of sympathy and fellowship which should bind, through all the years to come, the child to the mother heart. And thus what to the child is the delight of original creation is to the mother simply the exhibition of tantalizing destructiveness. This misunderstanding results, naturally, in the child turning from the subjective or soul side of his being to the objective or sense side. His dream is ended, his work destroyed, and he an outlaw. Think of this, in all its far-reaching suggestiveness.

When the child knows that order must be preserved because that is the only way to keep the beauty of the home, and at the same time is encouraged to give expression to his own thoughts of the beautiful, he is as eager to take his part in making and keeping visible harmony as any one else. When the environment and home atmosphere are ideal, even the restless children will unconsciously yield to the subtle influence and gradually become orderly and artistic. Make all voiceless things speak of beauty, of order, of rest, of purity, of truth. You will notice the evolution of the moral sense, also, through these means. As surely as "cleanliness is next to godliness," so is beauty next to truth.

* * *

About your four-year-old boy, Mrs. C.: Under no circumstances allow him to argue with you. It makes no difference how cunning his baby reasoning, his shrewdness in evading the question, or his clamoring insistence on an explanation, *do not allow one instant's parley* over what you

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have decreed. This is a point that *cannot* be too strongly emphasized. In the first years of a child's life the parent stands as the embodiment of Law as well as Love. Law is inexorable. Its decrees are absolute. An infringement brings sure penalty. Without law there would be no order in the universe, no harmony in the home—no symmetry anywhere. If you, as the voice of Law, issue an edict, see that it is obeyed. You have a reason for its utterance, or you would be silent. You are the supreme authority. Let no entreaty, persuasion, or argument tempt you to be moved, else, alas! you are no longer Law. This is the beginning of chaos in your domain, and, saddest of all, the perversion of your boy's respect. Do not be harsh; be simply firm and patient. If you *begin* on these principles, you will lead your child easily into the way of humility, obedience, reverence, and love. Without these virtues in his disposition, he is, or sooner or later may become, that often-seen and much-to-be-pitied object in the chaotic home—a "spoiled child"; and this means often a spoiled man or woman. It means lack of self-control; it means a want of reverence for the "powers that be." Since Nature is seeking through every means in her power to teach the lesson that Law *only* brings order out of chaos, why should parents not work according to her example?

Speaking of governing children, Susan Blow, in her book, says most admirably: "Are you clearly conscious that the method of force means to its victims a life oscillating between slavery and anarchy, while the method of explanation fosters irreverence and conceit, and is practically an appeal to the inexperienced and ignorant child to sit in judgment upon the action of his parents? . . Not in force, and not in appeals to reason, but in quickening faith must be sought the point of contact."

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"Can a mother help her children through her silent mental attitude toward them?"

Certainly; and that is one of the grandest uses to which metaphysical science can be put. When the children are small, their mother can keep them well, happy, and harmonious with others—can do much through her silent thought to uplift and develop the higher nature and quicken the moral and spiritual activities that make character. When they have grown older and taken their places in the wide world outside, she can follow them with her loving thought and weave a magic mantle of protection for their unconscious wearing. A mother of our acquaintance, whose son had enlisted as an American soldier in far-off Manila, declared that he would be protected through everything because she was "thinking truth" about him. Many were his escapes, his thrilling and dangerous experiences; but he came home safe and sound, with nothing more than his hat shattered and a bullet-hole in his sleeve. Did her thought do it? We believe so. But in all this thinking for others, even one nearest and dearest, we must not encroach on their individuality. In spiritual things we may not dictate. In material things we may only suggest.

It is important to know that thought given at night is more likely to be received quickly. So the devoted mother can breathe forth in her thought upon the child, near or far, to educate, comfort, and bless.

* * *

"The functions of the home, the church, and the school must be to develop through self-activity the highest selfhood of this child created in the image of God. The child's individuality is not only needed for his own self, but for the world's work, that he may become a supreme agent in the evolution of the race."

HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

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FOR THE CHILDREN.

"ROBINS call robins in tops of trees;
Doves follow doves, with scarlet feet;
Frolicking babies, sweeter than these,
Crowd green corners where highways meet.

"Violets stir and arbutus wakes,
Claytonia's rosy bells unfold;
Dandelion through the meadow makes
A royal road with seals of gold."

—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

LOUISE AND HER FRIENDS.

It is quite a long time since I had the pleasure of telling a story to the boys and girls who read MIND. This is a story about a little girl whose name is Louise.

When Louise was very young she would go out in the field, lie on her back and look up to the beautiful sky and the fleecy clouds and think how beautiful they were, and would say: "Dear, beautiful clouds and sky, I am one with you. I am a part of you and you are a part of me; I love you and you love me, dear beautiful clouds and sky."

And when the older children of the family were asked where Louise was, they would say: "Oh, I suppose she is out in the field dreaming!"

But what a wonderful dream it all was! With eyes wide open she would dream that the great mountains and the valleys and the rivers were a part of her and she was a part of them; that the birds that sang, and the crickets that chirped, and the saucy little chipmunks, and the handsome gray squirrels, and the nimble grasshoppers, and the gaudy butterflies were all a part of herself, and that she was a part of them all —that she loved them and they loved her.

There is one great, wonderful Love in all things, and, when any one loves even the smallest thing in God's beautiful world, that love makes him one with that thing. And so Louise's dream was to love everything, and in this way she came to know that she was a part of everything and everything was a

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part of her. All the little birds and animals were her little brothers and sisters, and all the larger ones her big brothers and sisters. Louise was very kind and gentle to them all, and for this reason they were all kind and gentle to her.

When she would go to the barnyard (for Louise lived in the country) a great big turkey-gobbler would spread his tail to look like a great fan, to make himself look as handsome as possible, I suppose; and he would say: "Good-morning, Miss Louise; I am delighted to see you." He did not speak just as little girls or boys would, but in his own language of "Gobble, gobble, gobble." Louise knew what he meant, and she talked in her cute little way and told him how well he was looking and how glad she was to see him.

Next she would visit Mr. Gander and his flock, and he would come running up with his neck stretched away out, talking in a funny way and saying, "Hiss-iss, hiss-iss, hiss-iss" —something like college boys do occasionally. Some little girls and boys might have thought that Mr. Gander was angry, but Louise knew better. She had never done anything to hurt his feelings, and of course he was too much of a gentleman to hurt her. She knew that his *hiss-iss* meant only "Good-morning, Louise"; and this was his way of telling her how glad he was to see her.

Then the visit to the old mother-hen was such a joy! Mother-hen had known Louise for a long time—almost four years. Each year she took great delight in showing Louise her large family of little chickens—such tiny little tots! Old mother-hen would say to her small but numerous family: "Now, you chickens, look just as pretty and peep just as hard as you can, for Miss Louise is coming!" Old mother-hen was very proud of her family, and the chickens would all say, "Peep, peep, peep," and mother-hen would say, "Cluck, cluck, cluck!" This is the way that the chickens and mother-hen say good-morning; and Louise would say: "Thank you, mother-hen and little chickens. I am so pleased to see you."

So Louise would go from one part of the barnyard to another, saying good-morning to the horses, to the sheep, and to the cows, to old mistress pig and the little piggies, and

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to all the little and big animals that lived together on the farm. And they all told her in their own language how glad they were to see her and how much better they felt because she loved them.

Louise would then go into the house to learn her lessons; but when the afternoon came and all the lessons were over, with Prince, the big dog, walking close to her side, and Fido, the little one, running about hither and thither and barking for very joy, all three would go out to the fields together, and after walking and running a while Louise would lie down on the soft green grass and Prince would get very close—so close that she would put her little head on his body for a pillow and Fido would nestle close to her feet. Then Louise, with eyes wide open, would look up to the sky and would begin to dream all over again that she was one with the great beautiful world and everything in it; that it loved her as she loved it; that she was a part of everything and that everything was a part of her—and she was very happy because it was so.

After a time the pretty eyes would close and she would go off into real dreamland, and in her sleep a beautiful woman, who looked to Louise as she thought the angels must look, would come to her and hold the little girl in her arms and kiss her and tell her how much she loved her little daughter and how happy it made her because Louise loved everything and everybody—because love was the very best and greatest thing in all the world. Then she would kiss her good-by, and by-and-by Fido would bark, because, I suppose, he wanted his little mistress to pay more attention to him. And she would wake up from her beautiful dream and then they would have another romp before going home for supper.

I wonder if the little girls and boys who read MIND ever dream that the sky and the clouds, the mountains and the valleys, the rivers and the ocean, and the animals and the birds of all kinds are a part of themselves; that they are a part of everything; that they love everything and everybody, and that everybody loves them; and that love is the greatest and most beautiful thing in all the wide, wide world?

CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

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MERCURY IN TOWN.

There was a great commotion up in the sky. Mercury had his hands full. For several days he and the breezes had been hunting up the clouds that had been driven away, and now the clouds came flying back again, and Mercury was hurrying on the showers that the new spring days were asking for.

Presently the rains fell, and every living thing sang thanks; for the hills and valleys were turning brown and the brooks were running away.

One large, soft, white cloud rested lightly on the side of a mountain, blown there from the west. A rift came in it—just at the edge, against the blue sky; and there appeared two winged feet, then a hand with a winged wand, then a smiling face crowned with a winged hat. Mercury had come.

The children who lived near by had been watching the flying clouds. From babyhood everything in Nature meant something special to Roman children of olden time. They knew that the stir in the clouds meant that Mercury was at work with the rains that would fall in time to wake up the flowers that had been asleep all winter.

And now Mercury took out his shepherd's pipe, which he had made for himself when he gave his lyre to Apollo, and began to play. The children flew to catch the merry sounds, and danced with the new butterflies, and sang with the birds. Such a happy time!

Music was one of Mercury's calls to the children. Sometimes he would have Eros with him, who would bring so much love that there wouldn't be a quarrel for days. Sometimes Mercury would tell all kinds of stories. He loved mischief, but was always in good humor, and had just the right answer ready to smooth away all ill feeling.

The pipe began to play softly. Then the children knew something was coming. They all drew nearer. Mercury's wings began to move, and the children, fearful lest their dear companion would take wing again to his home in Olympia, called out:

"Oh, Mercury, Mercury! Stay, stay with us!"

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And Mercury answered:

"Blue Eyes, Black Eyes, Brown Eyes, and Gray,
Come hither and hear what I have to say.
Watch yonder trees and you will see
A lovely nymph in ev'ry tree.

"For ev'ry bush keep open eyes,
For therein royal treasure lies.
And in one hour Apollo's rays
Will show you many, many ways
To feast your eyes, and hands, and heart,
And ev'ry child shall have a part."

Now the pipe began to play again—longer, louder, and in coaxing tones. The children watched. Mercury's eyes began to twinkle. Ate (goddess of mischief) must surely be hovering near.

Black eyes said, "Mercury is only teasing."

Blue eyes said, "Wait."

Brown eyes looked so happy that they made the others believe that everything was "coming true." And Gray Eyes looked so thoughtful that Mercury's eyes stopped twinkling, and he smiled just as he did when he had Eros with him; and the little fluttering hearts were full of hope once more.

"Oh, how beautiful! Look, look!" the children called to one another.

The tree-trunks began to move, the bark gave way, deep clefts opened, and out stepped the beautiful dryads, loved of gods and men. Down the mountain-sides tripped the lovely oreads that haunt the mountain nooks. From meadow and stream came trooping more beautiful nymphs—Rhodeia, of the brook "flowing among rose-trees," was there. Meleolosis, "of the river that waters the meadows," and Telesto, "nymph of the cool springs," were both there.

And there was a rustling among the leaves. The bushes swayed to and fro, and whispered, "Here! here!"

The children were wild with delight; for had not Mercury promised to "feast their eyes and heads and hearts?" Surely now the time had come.

Peering into the depths of the bushes, some of the happy

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eyes looked into marvelous grottoes, glittering with rainbow colors, where fantastic elves were dancing. Some looked into caves with roofs held up by pillars of gold—the floors of pearl and ivory. Barrows were bringing to the waiting hands heaps of brilliant gems, gathered from all over the world. And the hearts—what did Mercury have for them? About this part of the feast he had talked long and earnestly with Jupiter.

"Would toys, beautiful and various trinkets, answer?"

"No," said Minerva, who had been invited to the discussion, with her owl that blinked fearfully and turned his head twice at the suggestion of toys.

"Would long, happy feasts, from time to time, in the palaces made by the Immortals do?"

"No," said all to this. Here the owl sighed.

"How about a short visit to Olympus?"

"No!" Mortals—even ever so little—must wait Jupiter's final bidding before entering the home of the gods.

"What *shall* we give to these dear children?"

The blue-eyed goddess laid her hand on the owl's white breast, and awaited permission to speak.

"What sayest thou, Minerva?" said Jupiter.

And Minerva answered: "Would that Eros might go to every child, and leave with each a flower whose bloom will be immortal and whose name is Love!"

And now the moment has come for the children's heart-gifts. Their hands had taken the beautiful gems gathered from everywhere; their minds had enjoyed the enchanting sights; and now Eros carries to each sweet young heart the beautiful flower, Love, that will bloom forever and forever.

Twilight came; the nymphs vanished to wood and mountain-stream. Mercury waved his adieu on the wing to his home in Olympia, and the children skipped back to their homes, filled with joyous thoughts of the day's delight and with hopes of more happy times to come.

LORRAINE K. TRIVETT.

THE surest proof of being endowed with noble qualities is to be free from envy.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

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LITTLE GYPSY'S TEA-PARTY.

I know a cunning little dog,
  A terrier, black and tan—
The brightest, cutest little thing
  That on four legs e'er ran;
She'll sit up like a kangaroo
  And beg for sugar lumps,
And when her mistress tells her "No,"
  Poor Gyp is in the "dumps."
Gyp has a favorite little friend,
  A bright and charming child,
With rosy cheeks and nut-brown hair,
  And smile so soft and mild.

You'd say it was a pretty sight—
  If you that sight could see—
When Gypsy and her little friend,
  With dolly, play "take tea."
The little girl the hostess is,
  The doll her daughter dear,
And Gypsy is the honored guest,
  Invited to good cheer.
With tail upright and ears sharp pricked,
  And nose high in the air,
Miss Gypsy sits and patient waits
  Until she gets her share.

"Eat, Gypsy, eat!" the hostess says,
  And Gypsy quick obeys,
While full of mirth her hostess is
  At Gypsy's funny ways.
Gyp's plate is emptied; then she *speaks*,
  And, sitting, begs for more.
Her hostess quick refills the plate
  From out her bounteous store.

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The meal is ended; Gypsy barks,
As she would utter "grace."
"Returning thanks," her hostess thinks,
Would be much more in place.

MARY L. CLARK.

VOICES.

I was in the market-place, alone in my carriage, with a Turk on the driver's seat, and he didn't know my language and I didn't know his. This was away off in a city in Egypt. It happened, my dear children, that the friends I was traveling with had gone into the bazaars to look at the carpets and fine silken stuffs and the curios of that strange country, while I waited in the carriage until they should come out again.

Perhaps the driver wanted to exercise his horses. At any rate, for some reason I never knew, he drove through several narrow, crowded streets, and then turned into a large open square full of men unloading from their camels every sort of green, growing thing. They were all talking fast and hard. Yet I did not hear one familiar voice nor sound among them all. How strange it seemed to me! I understood no more what they said than I did when I listened to the braying of the donkeys. Oh, I was so glad when my driver turned his horses in the direction of the bazaars, and my friends joined me again, so I could have some one to talk with whom I understood!

But there are ever so many little people, right here at home, that twitter and peep and hum and sing, happy as happy can be—and yet it isn't in any language that you and I can understand. In early spring there are the birds that sing and talk ever so many sweet things, till it seems as if their little throats would burst with gladness. Then there are swarms of insects—yellow and white and gold, with gorgeous stripes of blue and purple and green and red; and they whirr in such a way that even the little birds do not know the tales they tell. And just as soon as it gets to be the least bit dark—

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listen! A little green insect in the tree-top says, "Katy did," and then right away another one says, "Katy didn't"; and all the evening long I've listened to hundreds of shrill voices that seemed to be saying nothing but "Katy did" and "Katy didn't." But, if they were to hear me say that, they might tell me, if they could make me understand, that they didn't say any such thing and were not disputing at all.

But, my dears, I couldn't begin to tell you all the many voices we hear; for the air is filled with them. But there is a Voice that *can* be heard, even when we do not see anything near us; and no one hears it but just the person to whom it is speaking.

Harry knows about this Voice; for we were talking of this very thing only last night. He was playing with his uncle's penknife, and somehow he broke one of the blades. His first thought was to throw it on the driveway and make it appear that Uncle Fred had dropped it, and the carriage-wheels had driven over it and broken it; for Harry took it without asking for it. Now, Harry knew that this would be deceiving, and he began to feel unhappy; for he heard distinctly the Voice within him saying: "Don't do anything wrong, Harry. Do right." So he went and told Uncle Fred how sorry he was, and then he felt happy.

There isn't a voice in all the world that is so sweet as this Voice of God when it speaks to us. It is a very low, soft Voice, and we need to listen. When we are happy—which you know God meant we always should be—it is because that "still, small Voice" is telling us we are good. Now listen, my dears. Aren't we happy? MARY J. WOODWARD-WEATHERBEE.

I AM glad a task to me is given,
To labor at day by day;
For it brings me health and strength and hope,
And I cheerfully learn to say:
"Head you may think, Heart you may feel,
But Hand you shall work alway."

—*Louisa Alcott.*

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A LITTLE PILGRIM.

He was about to start on his journey. The morning was clear and bright, and all around him the valley was smiling in loveliness. The birds were singing their matin-song, and the early sun shone on the little pilgrim and on the banner he carried. Now, the banner had upon it in letters of gold the one word *Love.*

"Love conquers all things," said the radiant pilgrim; and from the hills beyond the valley came the echo, "Love conquers all things."

So the boy began his journey. At first the ascent seemed easy—he was hardly beyond the valley. The birds were on the tree-tops all around him, and the skies were blue above him. Then a tiny cloud drifted across the blue, and the ascent of the mountain grew more difficult. The little pilgrim thought, "The hills are steep;" but he looked at the word upon his banner, and his heart grew fearless as before, so that he climbed up quickly.

There were others traveling the same road, and some of them passed gaily onward; but some came haltingly along, and some fell by the wayside. The little pilgrim on whose banner was the word, *Love,* often went to the aid of such as these, and spoke to them words of encouragement and good cheer. To those that fell he gave a helping hand, lifting them to their feet so that again they struggled upward. And always after he had helped others it was as if wings were given his feet, so fast he ascended.

Then came a time when the storms descended and beat upon the pilgrim's head. The blackness of darkness was around him. But the golden word upon his banner gleamed through the darkness and brightened all his way. Its light shone for others, too, so that they might not miss the path.

Then the clouds passed away and all was brightness. The pilgrim had reached the mountain-top where love breathes throughout the atmosphere and covers all things with its golden glory.

"I have come to my own," said the little pilgrim, "and it was love that brought me here."

LILLIAN FOSTER COLBY.

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

WISDOM OF THE AGES. By George A. Fuller, M.D. 211 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Banner of Light Publishing Company, Boston.

It is not often that anything of great value to the world is obtained through what is known in psychical *parlance* as "automatic writing." Yet these "revelations from Zertoulem, the prophet of Tlaskanata," transcribed through the agency of Dr. Fuller, contain much profound truth. They purport to come from the spirit of a Master of the race that attained a high state of civilization in Central America thousands of years prior to recorded history. Many of the assertions find corroboration in the archæologic discoveries of Dr. Augustus Le Plongeon—one of which is noticed editorially in this issue of MIND—and tend to establish the claims of certain scholars that the region that connects North and South America was the real birthplace of the human race. The esoteric teachings of the communicating intelligence are in perfect alignment with those of our modern occultists who are capable of demonstrating the truths to which they give utterance. The work is rational, credible, scholarly, dignified, and spiritual in the true sense; and if this could be said of more of the literature of Spiritualism, the odium which now attaches to the cult in many of its features and claims would soon disappear.

EVOLUTION OF THE INDIVIDUAL. By Frank Newland Doud, M.D. 96 pp. Cloth, $1.00. The Reynolds Publishing Company, Chicago.

As presented in most current books on the subject, the philosophy of individualism is open to the objection that it is too idealistic and abstract for easy comprehension; but the present volume is above criticism on that ground. When the average doctor of medicine begins to see the light of metaphysical truth, and is brave enough to publish his convictions, his aim is happily to make the teaching of practical utility in daily life. Individual helpfulness is the key-note of Dr. Doud's book; attention is continually centered upon the source of power, of health, of happiness, of success, that is *within* each human being. It is replete with suggestions whereby these blessings may be

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evolved scientifically—therefore most easily. Obedience to the law of life as revealed in the common sense of mankind is enjoined, to the end that a rational mode of living may be adopted universally and the physical and mental ills to which the race seems heir may be relegated to their native nothingness. The true dignity and majesty of the individual are shown to be still potential but to form an alluring goal of intellectual effort.

PERFECT HEALTH. By One Who Has It. 209 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Published by the author, Charles C. Haskell, Norwich, Conn.

This work contains one more simple panacea for the removal of bodily ills—a universal recipe, alleged not only to cure every disease but to enable the patient to retain his recovered health indefinitely. The author's claims, as is the case with most enthusiasts, are somewhat extravagant, and exactly one-half the book is filled with testimonials from grateful readers who extol the merits of the "plan" in no conservative terms. "Don't eat breakfast!" This is the foundation principle; and, in view of the American tendency to overeating, it has much to recommend it. Abstention from food for some hours after rising in the morning, and partaking of only two meals a day, would doubtless benefit any one, whether sick or well; yet so long as physical constitutions differ as widely as the *mental* processes by which they are governed, it would seem impossible to prescribe a regimen of universally equal applicability. It is as true to-day as in the time of the Nazarene that "not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man, but that which cometh out." Mr. Haskell's book is very readable, however, and contains many wise hints. J. E. M.

OTHER NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"NEW THOUGHT" HYMNS. Words and music. Paper, 26 selections. Byron & Willard, publishers, Minneapolis.

HOW TO BE ATTRACTIVE AND SUCCESSFUL. By Antoinette Van Hoesen. 17 pp. Paper, 20 cents. Olivia Publishing Company, Chicago.

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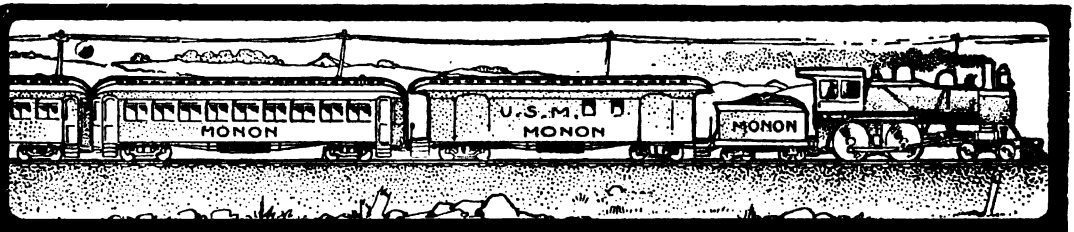

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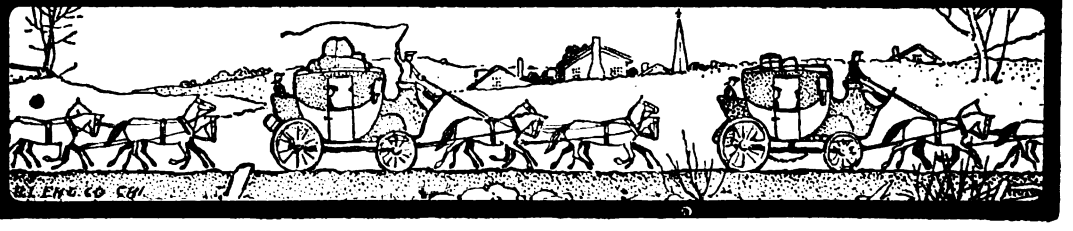

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MIND.

VOL. VIII. MAY, 1901. No. 2.

MYSTICISM AND SCIENCE.

BY FRANK BURR MARSH.

Whoever has examined even superficially the vast fabric of mysticism must be struck by the opposition it displays toward science. This opposition, however, is not so marked in its teaching as in its spirit. Everywhere in the writings of Theosophists and mystics is manifested a sort of contempt for modern science. Why is this? There is no real opposition in their teachings, for mysticism concerns itself mainly with matters with which science does not deal. Why, then, are they opposed? The reason is to be found in their different methods, a brief examination of which will enable us to see clearly the difference between them and the cause of their antagonism.

The scientific method is well known. It consists of reason and observation. The method of mysticism, on the other hand, employs intuition. The cause of the employment by the mystic of a method at variance with that of science is either that according to him this method is limited to the visible world or that intuition furnishes a better and safer method of reaching the truth concerning spiritual things. The idea that the method of science is limited to the visible world is by no means peculiar to the mystic—it is very common. Tennyson has expressed it in the lines:

> "We have but faith: we cannot know;
> For knowledge is of things we see."

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And he has also stated the practical consequences of this limitation:

"Behold, we know not anything.
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.
So runs my dream; but what am I?
An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry."

If, then, we aspire to know more than the external world we must according to this theory either employ some different method or accept some revelation. The great majority of men have practically chosen one of these, for agnosticism is not a doctrine with which any considerable part of mankind can be content; few, indeed, can say, calmly and peacefully, with Ingersoll: "We do not know—we hope and wait." Men require some kind of an answer to questions regarding their nature and destiny. The answer can be obtained in the ways suggested; that is, supposing the limitation of the scientific method to hold good. If, then, we set aside the theory of revelation, we have left only the method of intuition.

What is intuition? The word comes from the Latin *intuitio,* of which the German term *anschauung* is a translation. But the meaning of the German and the English words is entirely different. The term *intuition* was borrowed from scholastic theology, wherein it signified a knowledge of God supernaturally obtained. In mysticism it is held that the soul of a man that has reached the proper phase of development can perceive truth directly, without the aid of reason or the senses; and this transcendental faculty is called intuition.

In connection with intuition, two questions suggest themselves: First, is it necessary to call in the aid of such a faculty, and, second, can we know that such a faculty exists? The necessity of such a faculty rests on the assumption that the

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scientific method cannot give us any information upon such subjects as the soul and a future life. These two problems are very closely connected; for, if we could satisfactorily determine the nature of the soul, we could probably solve the difficulty. Can we by reason and observation determine the nature of the soul? The reason usually given (leaving out of consideration such metaphysical reasons as those of Kant) is that scientific knowledge is only possible concerning the visible world. This assertion is entirely unfounded. A large part of science is concerned with things we do not see; as, for example, atoms and ether. Both are invisible, but science firmly believes in their existence.

If, from the facts of the physical world, science can determine something concerning the nature of the ether, why may not science from the facts of psychology determine something concerning the nature of the mind? It may, of course, be true that the soul lies forever outside the realm of science, but we have surely no *a priori* reason for saying so. The very fact that we attempt to exclude science on the ground that it deals only with the material shows that we have assumed that the soul is not material; that is, we have assumed the very thing we are trying to find out. We have, then, no real ground as yet for the exclusion of the scientific method. The only reason we can find is that in the past science has given us no information concerning the soul or a future life; but this can prove nothing as to what science may do in the future, for we cannot assume that merely because a thing has not been it may not be. Indeed, in the face of the great interest now being taken in psychical research, which has only just begun, we have reason to hope that the future may contain important revelations. Still, the progress of science is slow, and many do not wish to wait.

Granting that science may some time tell us all about the soul, can we not learn it now by a different process? In other words, does intuition exist? Until recently science has ad-

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mitted the existence of at least *certain* intuitions by admitting axioms into the science of sciences—mathematics. Of course, mathematical axioms are very different from mystical intuitions; but in a sense they are the same. An axiom is a self-evident truth. By admitting axioms the scientist has admitted that some truths are self-evident, while the mystic has claimed that under some conditions all truths become self-evident. The scientist would, however, employ as few axioms as possible, while the mystic would make all truths axiomatic. The one strives to practise constantly what the other practises as little as possible. Indeed, of late years scientists have begun to question the existence of *any* axioms, and a movement has arisen to discard them altogether from science. Grassman proposed to construct geometry without them. Dr. Paul Carus declares them to be superstitions, and many others have followed in similar paths—as Poe, who in his "Eureka" tries to show that the axioms assumed by such logicians as John Stuart Mill are self-contradictory.

Whether or not axioms exist, it is obvious that these intuitions are very few when the mind is in a normal state. If, then, intuition is to be used as the mystic proposes to use it, the mind must be brought into an abnormal or supernormal state. This state is variously named. Perhaps as good a name as any is that given to it by the Neo-Platonist, Plotinus—ecstasy. This state may be attained in several ways, and when once attained the mystic is able to grasp the great truths of existence by intuition. They become self-evident to him. But, it may be asked, how do we know that this state is different from the hypnotic trance, and that its revelations are not due merely to auto-suggestion? Can we be sure that these intuitions are trustworthy? To the mystic himself they may come with a convincing force; yet can even he be sure that he is not being self-deceived? Does his unwavering confidence constitute proof? Thousands have suffered martyrdom for false religions (whatever religion may be "true") with un-

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faltering confidence and perfect trust. It would seem, then, that it is needful to demonstrate the reliability of mystical intuition by some other means. To show its reliability we must resort to ordinary methods of argument.

It is not my intention to go into this branch of the subject with any degree of fulness, but merely to indicate the general lines along which the proof must be sought. The state of ecstasy has never been carefully or scientifically studied; so we can arrive at no conclusions by study of the state itself, but must appeal to the results. Now, these may be tested in two ways—by consistency and by supernormal knowledge. If in intuitional revelations we find knowledge which the mystic could not have had, which no one at that time possessed, but which we have since discovered, this would constitute a strong argument for the reliability of intuition. But the application of this test is difficult, for it is very hard to determine with certainty the exact amount of knowledge that a person might have possessed, either consciously or subconsciously, and because intuitions are largely concerned with matters concerning which we possess no exact knowledge. Besides this proof, we may apply the test of consistency. If intuition is a trustworthy source of knowledge, the intuitions ought all to agree. If, then, it can be shown that Buddha and the Mahatmas of India, and Plotinus in Greece, and Paracelsus and Jacob Boehme in western Europe—all without knowledge of one another—reach exactly the same conclusions, it would be at least an *argument* in support of intuition.

The obstacle in the way of this test is the difficulty of ascertaining exactly what the various mystics taught. For instance, among men that have devoted their lives to the study of Buddhism there is greater difference of opinion as to just what Buddha's doctrines were. To compare the Eastern mystics with the Western is also difficult, because of the difference in language and phraseology.

Though difficult of application, neither of these tests is im-

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possible. Their careful and impartial application will alone enable us to say with any certainty whether or not there is a method of acquiring knowledge of the universe in addition to the method of science; but in the meantime we have surely no reason to discard the scientific methods, even though we may believe in and employ the mystic methods. For there seems no reason why they should not be used together—the one to verify and enlarge the truths brought by the other.

The real cause of the opposition of mysticism to science, however, is not far to seek. The mystic is impatient with the slowness of science, while the scientist rejects as visionary the methods of the mystic. But their mutual antagonism is neither necessary nor fundamental, and there is perhaps much that each might learn from the other.

IF the very law of life is a law of change; if every blossom of beauty has its root in fallen leaves; if love and thought and hope would faint beneath too constant light, and need for their freshening the darkness and the dews; if it is in losing the transient that we gain the eternal—then let us shrink no more from sorrow, and sigh no more for rest, but have a genial welcome for vicissitude, and make quiet friends with loss and death.—*James Martineau.*

"DOUBT of any sort cannot be removed except by action." On which ground, too, let him who gropes painfully in darkness or uncertain light, and prays vehemently that the dawn may ripen into day, lay this other precept well to heart, which was to me of invaluable service: "Do the duty which lies nearest thee"—which thou knowest to be a duty! Thy second duty will already have become clearer.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

IN proportion to the difficulty of the endeavor is the glory of the achievement.—*Chapin.*

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TRAINING OF THOUGHT AS A LIFE FORCE.

BY THE REV. R. HEBER NEWTON, D.D.

II.

First of all among man's natural desires, uppermost in the minds of most men, is the wish for health. Without health, all other gifts of life are practically worthless. It is the lack of health that sours all the sweetness in the cup of life for most people. Every one can appreciate this blessing, however other blessings may be unappreciated.

It is curious, then, how constantly and habitually the fundamental condition for health, if this philosophy of life be the true philosophy, is ignored by most men. Even the custodians of health practically ignore it. Medical men do not profess to be materialists. For the most part, they accept this philosophy of life, as already stated, unhesitatingly. So far as they are religious men, they are constrained to accept it. Nevertheless, the constant preoccupation of the medical man with the body, his absorbing attention to the physical manifestation of the mental being, tends to produce a practical materialism that is only too obvious. A myopia, or nearsightedness, is induced, which blinds him to all but the physical facts and factors in disease. Most medical men believe in the existence of the invisible substances that we call molecules, but they do not seem to believe in the unseen and unseeable substances that we call thoughts. They believe in the agency of microbes, but they do not seem to believe in the agency of mental microbes—the little devils of lust, anger, and jealousy. They believe in the body's reaction on the mind, but not in the mind's reaction on the body. They believe that secretions color imaginations, but not that imaginations color

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secretions. They believe that the liver depresses the mind, but not that the mind depresses the liver.

As with our medical men, so with the laity. Most of us act as if we believed not a whit in this underlying philosophy of life, but as if we believed altogether in the very opposite philosophy. We act as if we believed we were made up of matter and not of mind; as if we ourselves were these bodies and not the souls within them. If we have a pain in the stomach, we ask ourselves what we have eaten that has disagreed with us—we do not ask what we have *thought* that has disagreed with us. When feverish symptoms make themselves manifest, we say that we have taken a "cold"—not that we have been inflamed by inward imaginations and desires. We believe in eating and sleeping and exercising, as means toward health—which is well; but we do not believe in any inward experiences corresponding to this physical regimen, as of at least equal moment in the preservation of health. "Oh, rest in the Lord! Wait patiently on Him, and He shall give thy heart's desire!"—this we believe in for the soul; but how few of us believe in the hygienic potency of such an attitude of spirit! How few of us believe that for the soul thus to rest in the Lord is veritably to rest every tired nerve in the body, to let down the tension of our high-strung lives, and to produce that quiet which we so much need! Opiates and anodynes—these we thoroughly believe in, as means of inducing rest, the sleep which in poetry we say the Lord "giveth His beloved;" but how few of us put ourselves into placid slumber by thus resting our souls in the Lord!

"I have meat to eat that ye know not of;" "Man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God—doth man live": these are great words, which we believe thoroughly for the spirit. Who of us believes them for the body? Yet it was of the body that Jesus was speaking, in the first of these sayings, as well as of the soul. He was tired and hungered when he sat down by the

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well of Sychar, and his disciples went into the neighboring village to buy him food. While they were gone he entered into conversation with the woman of Samaria by the well-side. In trying to help her soul, inward refreshment came to him. In the thoughts he shared with her, his very body found sustenance. When his disciples came back, his fatigue was gone, his hunger was appeased, and he said—"I have meat to eat that ye know not of." Who of us ever feeds his body thus from his soul? Who of us believes that he can feed his body thus from the soul? "Give us this day our daily bread"—that is a good prayer for the soul; but for the body we believe in the prayer only for the fresh loaves from the kitchen, not for the fresh thoughts proceeding out of the mouth of God, on which man liveth in his very body. And yet to receive into our souls a great new thought, what potencies are thus freed; what energies are thus liberated; what life-giving sustenance is thus imparted! "Give me a great thought, that I may refresh myself," said the noble German. Who of us prays this prayer?

"Herein do I exercise myself to have always a conscience void of offense toward God and toward man." How many of us find in such exercise the means of anything more than what we call spiritual strengthening? Who really believes that by thus exercising his conscience he can circulate his blood, can slough off the impurities from his system, and accomplish what otherwise he might accomplish by a brisk walk or a good ride? Yet, if the physical organization is the manifestation of a spiritual substance, then the spiritual action should manifest itself in the physical organization, a moral effort should be equivalent to a physical exercise, and man should be able to energize his body from his mind—to vitalize his physical organism from his soul.

Thus are we all unconscious materialists—deniers in our lives of the inner philosophy of life itself.

Yet, if we do at all believe in our belief and trust in our

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philosophy, it must be true that the innermost and most vital powers of our body are mental and spiritual powers; that, in the development and training of these mental and spiritual powers, we are best making for the development of our physical powers—for health itself. If that philosophy be true, life is not a mechanical process, but a mental or spiritual energy; the body is not the creator of the mind, but the creation of the mind. A man's physical organization is then a growth around his inward being.

All this is, as yet, a matter of speculation, if you will. If it be a sound speculation it must sooner or later come within the ken of Science itself, and be capable of demonstration. We are rapidly approaching this point, as it seems to me. Take, for example, the remarkable experiments of Professor Elmer Gates. Here is a genius who has been for years devoting himself to scientific experiment along the line of the interrelationships of mind and matter. He ventures to affirm that every cell in our body is a center of mind; that its real vitality is mental; that it is endowed with powers of mentation; that it is a thinking organism; that it is, in its substance, thought itself. Each cell in our body is, then, a point of the force that we call thought. The real force at work in our very bodies, through these wonderful cell centers, is the force of thought. Professor Gates shows, as the result of his long-continued scientific experiments, that a man has the power of directing his thought upon any organ or function of his body, and of perceptibly affecting the action of that organ or of that function. He claims that he can increase the temperature in the point of his forefinger perceptibly, according to the record of the thermometer, as a result of a few moments of concentrated thought. He affirms that, by thus concentrating thought and directing it upon any organ in the body, marked and recognizable changes in the action of the organ will be effected at once. His conclusion is that at least one great secret of health lies in the systematic cultivation of thought, and what he calls

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"dirigition," or thought direction toward any part of the body where vitalizing and healing forces may be needed. Other interesting experiments by Professor Gates confirm his astounding statement that, under the action of mental emotion, love, hatred, fear, jealousy, etc., the secretions of the body are so affected that the eye and tongue may recognize the changes. The color of the secretions will be recognized by the color of the thought, so to speak. The taste of the secretions will be determined by the taste of the thought, as it were. All this is but the beginning of a scientific demonstration of this ancient and most profound philosophy of life.

As the philosophy comes to be recognized, its application will be apparent. Already, that application is recognized by our most intelligent physicians. They know the power of suggestion. They habitually make use of a suggested idea, as a therapeutic agent. They systematically arouse and direct expectant attention, as a means of inducing a cure from within—by the action of the mind. They know that the different drugs they prescribe will have their potencies mightily reenforced if the patient believes in the physician, and not only desires health but expects it. They understand well enough the immense salubrity of a sunny and serene atmosphere in the sick-room.

When I was a youngster I lay very ill at one time. I can still recall the horror created in my mind by our family physician, a most desperately pessimistic man, who had not sense enough to conceal his own anxieties when he came to my bedside. He would feel my pulse, look into my eyes, examine my tongue, and then shake his head with a solemn frown and turn away to the window, where my eye would follow him, as his head, shaking from side to side, betokened the perturbation of his mind over my condition. A fine way of helping me back to health!

Now, our present family physician comes into the room with a bright and cheerful air, makes the usual examinations

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with a pleasant smile, and has always something cheery and hopeful to say. He manages to inspire confidence in himself and assurance in his patients concerning themselves, and leaves us feeling the better for his being with us. He carries part at least of his pharmacopœia in his own personality. He not only writes prescriptions—he makes them. He may leave his pellets or his powders behind him—he has already injected his thought, and it is the thought that vitalizes his prescriptions.

According to the adage, a man is his own physician or a fool at forty. Most of us, then, are fools. Yet each one ought to be his own physician by forty; ought to have so far learned what he is himself as to be able to regulate not merely the external conditions of his body but also the internal conditions of his mind. And, if we believed in our own philosophy, we should be thus regulating our internal mental conditions, and thus regulating our external physical conditions. For one thing, if we were not fools still, we would cease our habitual mental preoccupation with sickness. Talk is not idle. It is a mighty potency. Talk is the expression of thought. A word is the manifestation of a thought. Each word is a *logos*—a thought in manifestation or in action. According, then, to our habitual talk will be our habitual thought; and according to our habitual thought will we be ourselves. If we persist in constantly talking about sickness, how should we be otherwise than possessed with the idea of sickness, the thought of disease? So talking, we must be constantly overshadowed by the haunting presence of infirmity and suffering. We communicate the contagion of fear, and poison one another with our morbid imaginations. We thus seek to create an atmosphere of health by charging the mind with impressions of sickness. Yet our habitual conversation is thus largely occupied with questions of disease. When we meet we first ask one another how we are. Before other topics are entered upon, we discuss one another's symptoms. What conversation would

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there be among our dear Tabbies without a mutual comparison of ailments?

Have you ever spent a month in a sanitarium? A sanitarium is a euphemistic term for an insane asylum. It is a collection of men and women—suffering, or supposedly suffering, from all sorts of ailments—who come together to get healed. Whatever the physical benefits of the dietary and general hygienic regimen may be, they are largely neutralized by the mental environment, the mental atmosphere created by these hosts of people preoccupied with the thought of sickness and suffering. I remember, once, in a concert in such a sanitarium, a sudden pause in the music. There was no pause, however, in sound; for the room was instantly filled with the hum and murmur of the conversation of the guests—the fashionable way of showing appreciation of music; from all quarters of the room arising such words as "rheumatism," "influenza," "nervous prostration," etc. The good folk had been busy comparing notes concerning their symptoms while the music was going on. A beautiful way, this, to gain health!

A dear friend of mine who has just passed to the larger life disused the form of asking, on entering our house—"I hope you are well to-day," and substituted for it a far more rational salutation—"I hope you are good to-day." If we were only good we should be much more likely to be well.

Plainly, if our philosophy of life be sound, the first and best way to create health is to cherish thoughts of health; to fill our minds with the ideas of health. Every thought is creative; every idea is an energy tending to materialize itself. Each image is an action of the imaging faculty wherein is the true creative power, by which God is forever making the Universe and by which man is forever making himself, whether he knows it or not. Habitual thoughts of health tend to create the condition, the environment, the atmosphere of health. Strongly to believe in one's being well is to make one better. Phillips Brooks used to say that he thoroughly be-

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lieved that the way to make one what he ought to be, in any respect, was to make him believe that he was just that.

So to cherish, habitually and systematically, thoughts of goodness must tend to the creation of health. Disease must be disorder, lack of harmony, a condition other than the divine, beautiful order. And the divine order is at heart an order in mind.

Sweet and kindly and loving thoughts must make for the harmony even of the body itself. Sour, unkind, and hateful thoughts must disorder the secretions and poison the blood and disarrange the vibrations of our bodies. It cannot be otherwise. Mental serenity must produce physical calmness. Moral pureness must work toward physical cleanness. To be right, then, in the soul must be the first condition of being right in the body. There must be therapeutic potencies in spiritual thoughts and emotions. If God, the Eternal and Infinitely Good Being, is the heart of the creation, then the inner spring of all its forces must be moral and spiritual energies. As with the Universe, so with the human body and mind. If a man can make himself habitually right in his thought and desire, right in his will and purpose, he must become right in the tissues built up out of the mind's action.

"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, even his rightness, and all other things—matters of health as well as of character—will be added thereto."

(*To be continued.*)

ETERNAL self-communion is our destiny. Shall it be communion with selves that we must abhor or despise, or with selves into which we can look with gratitude and gladness?—*A. P. Peabody.*

THE yoke, the burden, that Jesus bore—what was it? It was sacrifice of self to others so unreserved that it became most joyful.—*George S. Merriam.*

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INFLUENCE OF SEX ON DEVELOPMENT.

BY ELIZA BURT GAMBLE.

A study of the evolutionary processes in Nature reveals the fact that nowhere throughout the history of life on the earth is there observed so much confusion—or, perhaps I should say, such a degree of inharmonious relations—as among mankind; and nowhere has the principle of retrogression been so persistent as among the human species. Especially is this seen to be true during the later ages of man's existence on the earth, or during the time in which he has been pleased to call himself civilized.

If harmony is the law of the universe, and progress the natural result of the proper adjustment of existing forces; and if, in these later times, it is perceived that disorder reigns where only harmony should prevail—we may be assured that some fundamental principle underlying human development has been ignored, and that the confusion observed in human affairs is the legitimate penalty for disobedience to Nature's laws.

The two universal facts or forces working throughout Nature are the sex principles—male and female. Each of these forces has its definite functions and duties to perform, and neither may trespass upon the legitimate domain of the other without destroying the harmony of their mutual relations. What these duties and functions are may be understood only after a thorough and impartial investigation of all the obtainable facts relative to the development of the two diverging lines of sex differentiation. The importance of such an investigation is observed when we remember that not only is sex the fundamental fact in creation, but that, so soon as it is understood, it will reveal to mankind the path to uninterrupted progress.

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As in the infancy of the race these two divergent and seemingly opposing forces became the directing and controlling agencies in human affairs, and as the ratio of progress has ever been accelerated or retarded through the proper or improper adjustment of these forces, it becomes the duty not alone of the biologist but of the sociologist as well, and all those who in these later times feel called upon to write or speak on sex endowment, the relations of the sexes, and the influence that each should exert on human affairs, to study the present aspect of society in the light of the recently developed facts relative to this subject. Indeed, any attempt to explain the proper sphere of women or men, and the relations that each should sustain to the other, which does not take into account the fundamental bias given to the two lines of sex demarcation, and which fails to note the effect upon subsequent development of the characters indelibly stamped upon each at the time of that early division of labor indicated by the separation of the two sex principles, is as useless as to attempt to study the heavens without a telescope or to circumnavigate the globe without chart or compass. Dogmatism in science is even more offensive than dogmatism in religion.

An investigation of the characters acquired by the sexes during the primitive stages of their independent career serves to show the bias given to each at the time this early division of labor was effected, and reveals something more than a hint of the part each was destined to play in the subsequent development of life on the earth. It is observed that the earliest characters acquired by the male are indicative of individual gratification, and that his entire onward course is marked by the further acquirement of organs and powers that tend to aid him in securing individual benefits, or a certain advantage over others. When man's estate is reached these early acquired characters are directed toward the struggle for existence. He conquers the forces of Nature and gains dominion over the lower orders of life, that they may contribute to his

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personal advantage. That quality within the male of the lower orders of creation which impels its possessor to fight for the favor of the female until overcome by exhaustion and loss of blood, and which succumbs only to the superior strength and courage of his antagonist, manifests itself in man, in an inordinate love of dominion, a thirst for wealth and power, and a desire to bring all other forces under the control of his own will. From this unchecked tendency have risen monarchy, aristocracy, slavery, the subjection of women, and all the inequalities which at the present time are observed among men.

While the development of the male is marked by a desire for self-gratification, or individual gain, it is observed that that of the female has taken an entirely different course; in other words, her earliest acquired organs and their functions involve the welfare of individuals outside of self. As male passion may be regarded as the original source of material advancement, so maternal affection is seen to be the root of all the higher faculties. Maternal affection, which involves a feeling of interest for others outside of self, is the bond that united early groups. The social instincts could have found no expression in the inherent selfishness of primitive man. Without some binding, cohesive force, organized society would have been impossible; and without organized society progress would have been unattainable. Maternal affection, or sympathy, not only led to an association of interests, but it is seen to be the legitimate root of all our later ideas of justice and duty; and our present Utopian dream of the brotherhood of man and the unity of the human race is but an extension of this early acquired character of the female.

No one who reviews the facts connected with the development of life on the earth can avoid being struck by the wisdom displayed by Nature in the early adjustment of the two great primary forces—male and female. The fact is observed, however, that these two forces, which throughout Nature supplement each other, have, in the later ages of

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human society, become seriously out of balance—that the special characters of the male have been abnormally developed, while those of the female, which are equally important, have been repressed and distorted or forced into unnatural channels. Man has not only subdued the elements and the lower orders of creation: he has subdued woman also, and has therefore cut himself loose from the very source whence proceeds his higher development. The male of the human species having overleaped the bounds of his legitimate domain, his functions have become disruptive and injurious to the highest interests of the race. Thus the law of harmony that is seen to operate throughout Nature has been disturbed, or temporarily thwarted, the result being that confusion and disorder reign in every department of human life.

As, during the so-called historic period, human activity has been largely the result of forces operated and controlled by man, the prevailing opinion has been, and to a considerable extent still is, that male power has always been in the ascendency over female influence, and, therefore, that such progress as is observed is the direct result of the innate forces or characters developed in the male constitution. In other words, it is believed that the stage of human society that we call civilization is an outgrowth of masculine energy stimulated by masculine desire and directed by masculine will, and that the female, "whose organism represents a lower grade of development in the embryo," has remained supplemental—a docile though necessary appendage to her more richly endowed male mate. The position of scientists upon this point may be summed up in the assumption of Mr. Darwin that woman is an undeveloped man, and in that of Mr. Spencer that her development has been arrested by her functions.

Notwithstanding the fact that throughout the ages of male supremacy the female has been regarded as greatly inferior to him, the facts brought forward by scientists when carried to their legitimate conclusions clearly prove the falsity of this

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position. As her organism is more complex, the female has attained a higher degree of differentiation; and, as the degree of differentiation reached by a structure indicates its stage of development, her functions are more important, and must, therefore, involve greater responsibility and higher aims. Another fact stated by scientists that proves the importance of the female is that her organism is freer from variations and reversions to lower types. Highly specialized structures are not variable.

A little observation shows that among the lower orders of life the female will is not subjected to that of the male; and it is now known that for thousands, perhaps for millions, of years of human existence the natural functions of women were not controlled by men.

Perhaps no branch of prehistoric research is more interesting than that which deals with the changes that occurred in the family, in society, and in religion, as a result of the steadily increasing importance of the male. This change in the relative positions of the sexes—a change that lies far back in the annals of the past—is significant, for the reason that by it human society was transferred from those natural conditions under which egoism, or the maintenance of selfish interests as opposed to the general good, became the rule of life and the sole stimulus to human exertion.

That this change involved periods of long duration is quite evident. At present there are many facts tending to prove that during a certain stage of human development the subject of the sex relations, which in an earlier age had been settled by Nature, and consequently without controversy, had come to involve questions of grave importance to the race. Although the causes that produced this change in the relative positions of the sexes, and the manner in which it was accomplished, may at the present time be traced, it is impossible within the scope of a short magazine article to enter into details concerning it. It is perhaps sufficient for our present purpose to note

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the altogether probable fact that through the capture of women for wives, which in time led to the seizure of the public lands by individuals, and the subsequent amassing of wealth through spoliation and conquest, the ancient order was finally overthrown, since which time the growth of society has proceeded along those lines suggested by the instincts and habits of thought peculiar to the male constitution.

A comprehensive study of the facts connected with the development of human life shows that it does not present an uninterrupted line of progress; that, although when viewed as a whole it is seen to tend upward, its course sometimes leads into by-paths which for long periods delay the onward movement—paths along which certain minor advantages appear, but which in the main tend toward atavism or degeneration. There is danger in our own time that the course which during a certain stage of human existence seemed necessary in order to secure certain material advantages should be mistaken for the legitimate pathway of progress, and that, viewing ourselves and our own achievements by the light only of a material and sensualized age, we should fail to observe that man, at the present time, through the overstimulation of his lower nature caused by the enforced subjection of woman, is already pursuing a downward course—a course that tends toward physical and moral degeneration.

Women have had no natural development. Just what effect will be produced in human society when they are permitted to evolve in accordance with the laws governing their own being, we may not know; but from the foregoing facts it is plain that we need not fear to trust Nature in the management of this important matter.

It does not require deep penetration to enable one to perceive that selfishness, sensuality, and inordinate greed are sapping the very foundations of human society. It is to be hoped, however, that the beneficent influence of the New Thought will emancipate man from the thraldom of past errors, and

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that by it humanity may be saved from the dangers that threaten it. In truth, may we not already "feel the inner struggle, which means the ultimate transformation of the world from social chaos to peace, harmony, and true growth along the lines of least resistance?"

THERE is a reason for the power of literature on the sick-bed in leading men to forget their pain and live in another world than that which seems to surround them. Medicine cannot effect this. We administer drugs faithfully, but the patient groans and tosses the night long. Even the most sympathetic nurse too often finds all power of soothing useless. Every conscious moment brings up images of misery and of dread. What is needed is that the patient should be taken out of the actual into an ideal world where his imagination may be stirred and roused into a new relationship with his surroundings. The great writer is a really good physician, a physician of the body and the mind. Little did Shakespeare or Scott or Dickens dream of the diffused power that would radiate from their works and lighten up the mind of countless sufferers. A chapter from "Pickwick" is as good as a tonic—better than most tonics, because we know and see all its constituent elements. A play of Shakespeare's is a deep draught of purifying and healing drink, of more value than that in the bottle by the bedside. The Nature-poetry of Wordsworth sinks insensibly into the soul with its healing and blessing agency. And the hidden but sure sources of spiritual power dominate the body and reach out into all its ducts and veins, and if they do not cure they help us to bear our bodily infirmity.—*London Spectator.*

THE weariness and sadness of life come from persistently closing our eyes to its greatness. There is no life so poor as that which through too close a grasp of visible things has lost all conscious hold upon unseen realities. Lifted into the atmosphere of Infinite Greatness, the soul itself grows great; unfolded within the Perfect Love, the life itself becomes love.—*Lucy Larcom.*

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THE UNITY OF LIFE.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

In our study of the Science of Life, we should always bear in mind that the universe is governed by law, in each and every part. Nothing is exempt from the operation of law—from the atom to the sun.

When we make a careful study of law in relation to man, we find that it is founded on love, because whenever we conform to the law of love every result is good—it benefits and helps us in every way, far beyond our anticipations; but when we act in opposition to it we get results that are not beneficial. The one who obeys the law is blessed; the one who does not obey is not blessed.

Put two healthy plants of the same species in boxes filled with earth; place them in the sunlight, and water one of the plants while allowing the other to go without water. In a number of days you will find one plant all shriveled up by the sun and the other growing luxuriantly. The difference in their condition is due to the relation of the plants to the sun. One is benefited by the heat and light; the other through lack of care on your part has its form destroyed. The power that gives life to the plant can also destroy it, and so we may receive vitality from the omnipotent Source of all life and yet not receive the fulness that is our due because of wrong relations to that Source. Our life is like that of the withered plant—in a condition not in accord with Nature. When we are in harmony with law we grow just as unconsciously, in one sense, as does the plant.

We make a great many useless efforts to grow, but when we understand the laws of life and conform thereto our growth is natural and without struggle. Yet we need to recognize the

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fact that we have something to do—to get all the knowledge of true living that we can, and then to make proper use of it. We are far from wise when we seek knowledge merely for its own sake; but we show wisdom when we seek knowledge in order that we may *use* it. It is required of us that we relate ourselves to the world about us in the right way. How are we related to it? How are we related to God and to our fellow-man? These are some of the great questions of life.

Let us first consider our relation to God. The soul is differentiated spirit; that is, each soul contains within itself a picture (or image) of the great Universal Soul. All divine possibilities and all qualities are in the soul—the God-love, the God-life, the God-power. The Universal Soul is the all-comprehensive Soul. Everything that is in God enters into the human soul; thus does God seek expression through the life of man. When we give expression to the God-like qualities within us, the individual soul comes into conscious relationship with the Universal Soul, and we begin to realize that the soul is at one with God—one in faith, one in purpose, and one in love. We only begin to live as we realize our soul-life; then we begin to see the unity of life in the world about us. We see that everything is related to everything else and that we ourselves are related to every part—that there is no separation between our own lives and the lives of others. Our neighbor is ourself. We are members one of another. Only as each individual sees his relation to the great Whole does he become thoroughly helpful.

We can see, therefore, how much depends upon the way in which we relate ourselves to mankind. In doing for others we do for God and for ourselves. If this view of life were more widely taken, all dissensions and all "hard feelings," all bitter and unkind words, would pass away, and we should no more think of finding fault with another than of criticizing some organ of the body. If the body were weak or diseased, we would try to overcome that condition by giving it more

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care and thought. We should do the same with our fellow-men. Instead of finding fault with those who injure us, we should reflect that anger, strife, and discord are unreal things; that they appear only on the surface of life; that they never enter the *soul* of man. The real self does not express these conditions; they are images that we picture in our minds because we believe in the separateness of God and man. When we realize that we are not separate, but all *one,* we shall not think anything of the unkind word or deed, because we know it proceeds from unreality and will pass away as we express more and more of God's own image and likeness.

If we take this view of life, we shall find that the little things that have disturbed us in the past will have no power over us in any way. We shall keep on doing good, whatever other people may do. The Christ law is that we should do good to others, and we can only do that when we recognize the oneness and unity of life. When we look at the individual life as separate or detached, we see a great many things that seem to be wrong in the outer world. In one sense they *are* wrong, but sometimes through wrong-doing we learn how to do right. We learn the law of God through the results that follow its infraction. We know the truth by that which contradicts it. Much time is wasted in lamenting the evil condition of the world, but the world is not made better by such lamentation. A thought that is not productive of good is idle, and the sooner one gets rid of it the better. The true way to help the world is to let one's light so shine that others may see and learn.

As we try to bring our lives into harmony with eternal law, we often find that we have formed bad habits; and when we try to get rid of them it seems almost impossible, and we wonder why this is. It is because we are related to the rest of mankind. There is a law of *attraction.* When we form certain habits and continue them until they have become thoroughly established in mind, we have through the power of

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thought related ourselves to all people thinking and doing the things that have occupied our attention. Those others are our real relatives. Suppose it has been our habit to take exception to people who differ with us—suppose it has been our custom to find fault with people who we thought were not doing right; —through this critical habit all the fault-finding people of the world have become related to us, and the effect of this relationship is that if we try to give up fault-finding there is an impulse that leads us to continue to criticize others. That impulse is the power of other minds, related to us, acting upon our own. Until we break off that relationship and establish a new one, the result will be the same. If we form a habit of thinking kindly and saying kind words, in a short time we become mentally related to all kindly-natured people in the world, and it becomes much easier to say a kind word and do a kind deed than the reverse. This is because we have all the force of loving thoughts pouring into our lives.

To be well and strong, let us take this thought: "It is right that I should be well and strong. God is the Source of my life; in Him I live and move and have my being. I have no life apart from God; He is my strength and my help, and everything is mine because it is God's." By letting the mind dwell on this and similar thoughts, little by little we establish a relationship with all healthy minds, and all our thoughts become filled with health (harmony). A mind is only sane as it sees and knows that "all is of God that is or is to be, and God is good." By viewing life in this way we become related to all this order of thought; it keeps pouring in upon us, and we become strong and vigorous and express health and poise. We see the brightness of life, the joy of living, and the joy of being in the world and doing good.

We cannot easily break away from these relationships of life if they have once been thoroughly fixed. It is only through persistent effort that this can be done, but the reader should not think that, because he has tried once and failed, he cannot

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succeed. Any one can overcome any condition. If little by little we have been building up an environment of sickness and disease, we have the power to overcome it; the only question is as to whether we will *use* that power. Power is given to us to be thoroughly well and strong, to be thoroughly poised, and to do God's will in everything—not in some things, but in everything. We are all equal to it so far as we know God's will; and that is all that is expected, because if we do the will we shall "know of the doctrine"—we shall know the truth. We are equal to everything that presents itself in life; otherwise it would not present itself to us. The very fact that a duty to perform comes to us shows that we have the power to do it; otherwise it would not come. Each and every one of us is confronted by something, and the problem that seems the largest one to us to-day is the one for us to solve—if we will only let ourselves do this. It makes no difference how hard it seems to be—the fact that we can do what we will remains true. It is not, however, according to the weak, human will, but through the recognition of the Universal Will acting in and through us, that we can express what we desire to express. When we will in God's Will to do things right, we can do all things; for no ideal can enter His mind to which He cannot give expression.

WE shall find that the love of Nature, wherever it has existed, has been a faithful and sacred element of human feeling; that is to say, supposing all the circumstances otherwise the same with respect to two individuals, the one who loves Nature most will be always found to have more capacity for faith in God than the other.—*Ruskin.*

WE are wont to look *forward* to troubles with fears of what they will inflict, but back on them with wonder at what they have saved us from.—*Samuel Johnson.*

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MY THEME.

BY ELIZABETH FRY PAGE.

The great Task-master hath giv'n unto me
One theme alone on which to write or sing;
But it hath variations manifold,
And in whatever guise I send it forth
Some ear doth gladly hear, some heart receive.
'Tis first and last and always only Love.
It may be love of country or of friends,
Of child or wife or sov'reign, or of God.
Or love of God-sent things in Nature's realm,
Or just pure love of life for life's own sake.
And ev'ry time I send my message forth,
Whate'er its aim, there soon comes back to me
A measure full, pressed down and running o'er,
Of some good thing to make life's journey sweet.
No bread on waters cast such sure return
Can give, as loving thought to men outsent.
It makes earth beautiful and life a joy;
It takes sunshine to places shadow-hung;
It lightens burdens, drives pain away,
And does the clutch of poverty unloose;
It covers error and unveils the truth.
So other pens may write of fame and wealth,
Of pomp and pride and of the din of war;
But I will send my love-thoughts near and far,
And thank the Father daily for my theme.

From still depths the Soul speaks;
Let the winds cease a while;
Let the odors of Spring spread in stillness abroad—
Love is at work.
The winds, urging action, tell of effects; but calm, at the center, Love works within life.

ALIDA CHANLER EMMET.

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THE UNREALITY OF SIN.

BY HENRIETTA S. M'VEA.

"He that refuseth instruction despiseth his own soul."
"With all thy getting, get understanding."

The folly and ignorance of humanity have long been dignified by the name "sin." I say "dignified," for to speak of sin and wickedness suggests at least a certain amount of force that we must recognize and respect—wrongly as that force may be applied. The power of evil has been vividly described, dwelt upon, and perhaps its only reality given it, by zealous Christians who, let us hope, do not bring to the world what they seem to find here. Yet, after all, we may find this "devil," this terror humanity has for ages conjured up, but a sorry court fool, with a weary brain and heart often under his cap and bells. At the close of his checkered career the sinner bitterly discovers that he has ruined only himself, that he could eventually hurt no one, and that only *his* world is in dust and ashes—made so by himself.

To be a sinner is to proclaim one's self ignorant. The churches have denounced, argued with, and wept over the "wicked man," and he has seemed to thrive under a system that found in himself and his career a never-ending theme. He has flourished under the flattering attention. Perhaps we might try another way—leave him alone and turn our attention to the realities, the harmony, the beauty of life. We might find that "the way of the sinner"—that ignorant, foolish way that causes such annoyance in the daily intercourse of life—would perish in the vacuum of inattention and non-denunciation. None of us wish harm to the sinner or desire that he should perish, but we *do* desire him to get rid of that "way" of his. Now, suppose such an anomaly as a wilfully wicked man—

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i.e., one who knew the right, was aware that from every point of view the right was the best course for him, and yet, for absolutely no reason, preferred the wrong way—there might be some use in arguing with *him*. But a fool, who does not see what is right and cannot recognize his own good, is absolutely impenetrable. To argue with him is like trying to whip a fog. "Go from the presence of a foolish man, when thou perceivest not in him the lips of knowledge," says Solomon. Some one says, "The chief ally of the devil is want of perception"; and, it might be added, "it is the only devil there is." Sin is a lack of perception. The Bible disposes of the sinner tersely and effectually: "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God."

A man steals, and society, aware of its own weakness, fearfully shuts him up and cries, "Thief!" "Fool!" says the wise man. He sees that the thief cannot rob another save through some weakness in the character of that other. He knows that there is something as wrong in the man who can be robbed as in the one who robs him. No harm can come to us from without, and the man who can be robbed should thank the thief for drawing his attention to the weakness that needed strengthening. He certainly should not prosecute him. If the robbed man recognizes this fact and profits by it, the thief is the only injured party. In trying to rob another he demonstrates that he is ignorant of the fact that he has the very thing he is trying to get from another. Really convinced that honesty is the best policy, naturally men are honest. When we act honestly, soundly, and bravely, we need look down from no great heights at the rest of mankind. Knowing what we do, it would be the greatest folly to act in any other way. It is only a matter of enlightenment. The individual illustrates the race. To fight successfully, men must believe they are protecting either their own rights or those of some one else. When they know that none can take from them their own, they will have nothing to fight for. In time we will even stop struggling to "save

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our souls," or to gain a heaven either here or hereafter; for we will understand that our souls were never in the slightest danger of being lost and that we cannot gain what we have always had and lived in.

The enlightened man says to the force that seems to threaten him: "If you be of God you will stand and I must surrender; and I gladly surrender, for my future welfare lies in this temporary going under. I will fight no truth, for I cannot fight God; and if you be not truth and not of God, you will fall yourself. In either case my safety lies in not opposing you." Such a man will have everything his own way. Secure in his own integrity, *i.e.,* his oneness with all that is, he goes on unconcernedly. It is only the fools who storm, and hate, and murder, and rob. The robber ignores his interior riches; the murderer believes something threatens his own life; the hater blackens only his own horizon. There are well-meaning fools who prejudice us against some good, ennobling cause because they happen to belong to it. They help to make the revolutions and the schisms and the battles and the uproar generally of this distracted old world—and they are serenely ignorant of the fact. They descant solemnly about the "evil in the human heart," as they survey the havoc around them—never dreaming that their own stupidity and failure to grasp the situation have precipitated it.

In behalf of all peaceful and righteous living, one should say to the sinners—the well and evil intentioned fools of the world—"With all thy getting, get understanding."

In our childish days we must have sharp contrasts to distinguish things to ourselves. That which hurts us is "bad," and that which is pleasing to us is "good." People are "bad" or "good." This is a simple way to arrange things, and for a time satisfactory. Later, behold our acquaintances under new names! Some are material and others spiritual. We must still have contrasts. We explain the existence of "evil" (the things and people that displease us) in something like the fol-

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lowing way: "We would never know good if we had not known evil; we would never recognize ease if we had not experienced disease; we would not know the sweet if we had not tasted the bitter." This seems to us a deep, satisfactory argument, and entirely unanswerable. It would be as sensible for a mother to say to the music teacher: "Teach my child discord that she may master chords; make her practise inharmony that she may realize harmony; show her how to 'bang' on the piano, that by contrast she may learn to play."*

The sane man is he to whom all life is spiritual—who has ceased to talk about goodness, because he lives it, and all living is good to him. Religion is as natural to him as breathing. He comments upon neither fact. In his eyes people do not seem good or bad, spiritual or material, wise or ignorant. He would not call the child in the primer ignorant because Greek is yet an unknown tongue. He does not descant upon the fact that he is "in the Truth," intimating that that there are those who are "out" of it—as if half the race could be in Truth and the other half out of it; part of us in God and the other part out of God!

There is one fatal lack in the devotees of Christian Science. It is evident in their leader, Mrs. Eddy, and extends unfailingly to her newest disciple. Those who have once possessed the quality seem suddenly to lose it in the act of conversion. It is the sense of humor—that salt without which one is indeed savorless; that saving sense of proportion that keeps one from ignoring all points of view save his own. A friend who had hitherto shown excellent taste presented me recently with Mrs. Eddy's "souvenir spoon." No good Catholic could have regarded a rosary from the Vatican with more reverence than my friend showed for this spoon. In that same spirit of blind adoration do they listen to and obey their leader's mandates, and the excellent principles in Christian Science are often per-

* There is a vast difference between the *recognition* of "evil" and the *cultivation* of it.—Ed.

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verted and obscured by the superstition and ignorance that have grown over them.

We owe a debt to the humorous people—those who can see in more than one direction at a time. It is perhaps good for a man to be slightly overbalanced—incapable of entertaining but one idea for a while. All great reformers (the men that carried out what they undertook), as well as the anarchists (the ones that failed in it)—the saviors and destroyers of the race—have been so. But one cannot go too far—Nature happily calls a halt. "Stop," she says; "you have done your work. I wanted the attention of my children called to a certain fact, a needed reform. You have done it. You threw the weight of your perception into the scales and made them balance. Don't tip them over now and make mischief again. Look in another direction; see something else for my children to learn, and so save yourself. Truth is many sided, and you must see many in the One as well as One in the many."

It is good that the race is not left to the mercy of the individual, but that always "God's in his heaven; all's right with the world," even when the liberators of one generation become the enslavers of the next. Our constantly changing view of things makes life seem, to our eyes, a kaleidoscope, though always around us are God's changeless laws. We have sung—

> "Change and decay in all around I see;
> O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!"

Is the change and decay real except to our consciousness? Nay, does not our ever-changing idea of ourselves make this progression and evolution about which we talk so much? Does it not make plain to our eyes only the difference between the sinner and the saint? Does God see as we see?

And now that we have made that grandest of statements, "I and the Father are one," do we even faintly apprehend what that means to us? Do we dream to what we have committed ourselves? As I see myself lifted up in this at-one-ment, do I see the race also lifted up in this Self? Do I realize that salva-

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tion consists in knowing that we have always been saved—that we were lost only in our own consciousness?

Are we so blessedly pure in heart that we do actually see only God; that even the foolish, ignorant man is for us no more? If so, through this clarified vision, our brothers will catch a glimpse of themselves that will transform their consciousness and bring to them the perfect realization they could not have had if we had seen degradation, ignorance, or suffering in them. We need not labor or agonize to change anything; we must only steadfastly and unwaveringly "see" the Self (myself and my brother's self, the world and life) as it is. To perceive divinely; to see things as they are—this is all the work we have to do. For through that perception of the Eternal alone, though we lift not our hand and breathe not to a soul, "whereas I was blind, now I see," our brothers also will be quickened to see the vision of the Perfect and know that they have ever been one with it. For, when Buddha "saw,"—

> " . . . in homes of men there spread
> An unknown peace. The slayer hid his knife;
> The robber laid his plunder back; the shroff
> Counted full tale of coins; all evil hearts
> Grew gentle, kind hearts gentler, as the balm
> Of that divinest Daybreak lightened Earth.
> Kings at fierce war called truce; the sick men leaped
> Laughing from beds of pain; the dying smiled—
> So glad the world was, though it wist not why.
> . . . . . The Spirit of our Lord
> Lay potent upon man and bird and beast."

"Be peaceful and joyous, consecrate the simplest duties of every day, fill your life with earnest endeavor and perfect trust; and no matter how narrow and painful it may seem to you, when it is ended, you will look back with wonder at the influence for good your quiet example and cheerful spirit have been."

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THE WORD OF GOD.

BY WILLIAM HORATIO CLARKE.

The rational faculty is that attribute of the mind which distinguishes between the true and the false. In its exercise the reverent rationalist recognizes it as a mental gift, and he is actuated by neither self-intelligence nor self-assertion. He does not indulge in fallacious external reasonings, and is therefore not a sophist. He can only believe that which is logically true to his perceptions, and his faith does not rest upon the assertions of any man, nor upon popular systems of belief.

It is universally accepted that the practical summary of true religious doctrine is embodied in the two "great" commandments. Loving the Lord with all the heart, soul, mind, and strength implies a continual recognition of and trust in the Infinite Spirit as the immanent Cause of all vitality and thought, combined with the effort to conform to every good principle that flows into the mind from this Source. It culminates in obedience to what we know to be true, and does not consist in striving to love an invisible Personage whom finite beings cannot comprehend. It is simply trying to live in harmony with every law that we recognize as lifting us out of selfishness; we call it divine, because higher than the disorderly conditions in which we find ourselves at the beginning of spiritual development, and during which order is to be evolved in our resurrection from chaos.

The second division of the great command—loving one's neighbor—is the external manifestation of the first in the government of our conduct in relation to all other individuals and the laws of society: the two laws, when actuating the motives, forming that true character to attain which is the object of all our disciplinary experiences. These two laws constitute the

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theological Word of God, and any teaching that obscures their clearness belongs to the realm of false doctrine, which the enlightened rational faculty separates, thus relieving the mind from all anxiety and conflict concerning the opinions of others.

A *word* is a medium by which thought is communicated to the mind by oral, written, or printed language—philosophic axioms, pictures, and symbols—as illustrated in all forms of art and music that excite reflection.

A *law* is a fixed principle concerning any subject or object, which when perceived as true must govern our conduct in relation to it, and disobedience to which results in disorder, conflict, and suffering.

Revelation is the opening of the mind to perceive what is true in religious doctrine, science, and art. *Inspiration* is the breathing in of this truth as mental nourishment according to the religious, scientific, or artistic degree of thought.

The fundamental principles of all discoveries, whether past, present, or future, have always existed; but new forms are not revealed until the appropriate era arrives in which they are essential to the mental or physical welfare of mankind.

The Word of God is not confined to any written or printed books, reverently used as containing the elements of religious teaching; neither is it bound up in the utterances of any theological or metaphysical writers of the past or present. Revelation is constantly flowing into the rational mind, which is opened to perceive the Word of God in every manifestation of the divine laws of order in the natural creation, in things produced by the skill of man, and through the good and noble thoughts implanted in and flowing from the minds of poets, teachers, and scholars—as inspirations leading to higher degrees of life.

We do not ignore the fact that the investigations and formulas of the past in all branches of thought were essential parts of the chain leading to the knowledge of the present, just as the ideas of the present will have relation to the New Thought of

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a century hence—for New Thought is the development of fresh inspiration and revelation.

Principles do not change, but they become more clearly developed in their manifestations as new forms are needed in the progress of education. When public-school instruction shall be based upon the immanent relationship of the Infinite Life with all things, and of the divine laws of order in everything, the cultivation of the rational faculty will lead to a clearer discernment of these laws and their relationship to practical life. The youthful mind will then be led to see God manifested in all the works of His creation—in every tangible substance; so that His power will be recognized in every work of art as the inspiration of every beautiful conception.

With the devout rationalist, the religious, philosophic, and artistic Word of God so enlists his meditations that his mind is filled with illustrations of the spiritual principles by which his moral conduct should be guided; that this Word is incarnated in him, and he perceives that God dwells in him as the life of his spirit, lifting him out of self-love and egotism, and actuating him with affection for every law through obedience to whatever is true—in the effort of which he will perform his part in the welfare of the human brotherhood without ostentation. To him the Word of God is perpetually being revealed, and he is gently led in the paths best adapted to develop his inner mind—after he has passed through the trials that precede the opening of the rational faculty.

MATTER has its laws, but the laws of mind are stronger, and can overcome those of matter; and over all is Spirit, with its laws, breathing through mind and matter, and molding them in its own likeness.—*Selected.*

LIVE as though life were earnest, and life will be so.—*Emerson.*

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LIFE IN THE ABSTRACT.

BY EMILY W. HOOD.

Life is a great mystery. It is a mystery equaled only by one other great mystery—Death. The higher minds of the ages—and by higher minds we mean the soul thinkers instead of the mere mental thinkers—have advocated the paradoxical idea that life is death and death is life: the idea that those living in the sense body are dead, while those in the spiritual body are alive—at least much more fully alive in comparison. By another paradox this is true and made manifest by those yet in the sense body. I should have said by *some* of those, for the spirit dwells in the sense body, and the power is given to develop the spirit. This is the birthright of every man as a free moral agent. How often does he sell his birthright for a mess of pottage! Those who choose to develop the spirit are more fully alive than those who do not. They are more fully alive because the fruits of the spiritual life are pure and enduring. The fruits of the sensual life are death and decay. They are subject to change because they are material and of the earth earthy. Their power is only temporary, whereas the spiritual power is everlasting and eternal.

We have spoken of the soul thinker in contradistinction to the mental thinker. By this is meant the result of different developments. While the mind is the agent through which the soul is developed, the agent may choose to develop the material rather than the spiritual truths; in fact, it must do so while the more material—or mere material—life is lived. The mental world may be evolved independently of the spiritual, but its fruits will be knowledge of but one plane; whereas, when the soul life is lived in all its beauty and unselfishness there will be granted the wonderful gift of insight into a higher plane, which

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may be termed the higher intuition. Those who have developed the mind will have mental intuition—the subtler and finer sensibility of that which exists on the mental plane—while those who develop the spirit will have spiritual intuition, or insight into the plane above the mental. It is easily understood why there are people in the world who refuse to believe in higher planes of knowledge and existence. It is because they are still living on the lower planes, still weighed down by the material and the animal, and do not will strongly enough for the higher knowledge.

There are two classes of these materialists. There are those who cannot see anything beyond this life; who cannot see an inch beyond their noses, spiritually speaking; who believe that the death of the physical body—that poor outer garment that an insect may destroy by its sting, or a germ by its lodgment and multiplication—means annihilation: and by this, we suppose, is meant the annihilation of all the forces that go to make it up, even the so-called spiritual force. There are those, secondly, who believe that *all knowledge* is attained at once by the mere shaking off of this mortal coil. The law of evolution and progression renders each one of these beliefs as absurd as the other. Alas! what a vast field of development is overlooked by these blind who will not see—these deaf who will not hear! They are coming along involuntarily, however, and hence more slowly. The law is there under which they must live, and continue to live; but they do not recognize it. They cling to the old Mosaic law of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, which Christ denounced as error. The person who says, "I will get even with you," is to be pitied. He needs Christian influence more than do some of the so-called heathen in foreign lands, for he is imbued with the spirit of revenge, and there is a demon in his eye while he says it, and in his heart—a demon to be cast out.

As a student of mankind, the individual has before him an inexhaustible mental field; as a savior of mankind, an inex-

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haustible spiritual field. This is a universal truth. Then why do the majority of religious denominations grant man but one short life in which to accomplish universal things? A great and most important truth is that there is much in this vast universe besides this little world of ours. There are other planets in space, and these may be the "mansions" to which Christ referred. But why should we long to go hence when there is so much to learn on *this* planet? The longing, perhaps, is natural and right; but it is longing for the unattainable while we refuse to attain to the highest plane that *this* planet affords. "The kingdom of heaven is within," says Christ. It is for us to attain the kingdom here, so far as possible, in the flesh—after which we shall doubtless be transferred to some better land where the good work may still go on in advanced stages.

What medium has been given us to accomplish this greater than will power? What is will power? A modern writer aptly describes it as "the concentration of attention upon that which interests." We must first become interested; and does it not naturally follow that our attention will be concentrated? It is, then, our province and privilege to interest people in this better way by both practise and precept.

The Christ germ exists in every human heart. As it is developed it becomes a living power. "I am the Life." It may be buried deep beneath the crust of worldliness and deceit, but it is there, waiting for the power that is being distorted and misused for other purposes than the right one. The same power that is distorted to evil may be used for good if the interest that forms the will can be successfully appealed to.

It is another paradox that human nature is much the same the world over, yet widely different. This is because of the greater number of qualities that are part and parcel of the complex human organization. On the one hand are anger, envy, jealousy, malice, avarice, covetousness, sensuality, and false pride, which produce selfishness, hatred, and discontent.

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On the other hand are faith, hope, charity, patience, humility, cheerfulness, kindness, temperance, soberness, chastity, and pride of honor, which lead to unselfishness, love, and contentment. We are here to cast out the former qualities and develop the latter. It is as if we had our being in a huge reservoir whence could be drawn and developed whichever qualities we decide to foster and develop.

How does the lower type of man differ from the animal? He has the higher form that would seem to show him worthy to become a member of the higher kingdom. He has the power of articulate speech, but his vocabulary is limited to the needs of ordinary life, and is, in fact, ofttimes a more or less unintelligible lot of gibberish to the more intelligent brotherhood who have advanced through tedious stages to a higher development. He lives, for the most part, the life of the body—not of the mind, or the soul. The lower grade of humanity has little time and less inclination to develop the hidden germ of a better nature that reposes somewhere in the depths beneath the material organism. Such individuals are serving their apprenticeship in the workshop of life, and must await and deserve promotion. The human organism itself is the visible tablet upon which is engraved the record of the past that explains the status of the present. Dissatisfaction is a healthy and promising sign if it is not carried to the dangerous extreme of anarchy and riotousness. Dissatisfaction should be individual. Each man should realize his own imperfections and defects. The law of the survival of the fittest holds good on the higher as well as the lower plane, and is more abiding. Let him choose first the kingdom of God—of that which is good—and have faith in the promise that all good material things shall be added unto him. We should not lose sight of the fact that some material things are not good—that is, unless they be used with wise discrimination.

Contentment can and should be cultivated. Satisfaction—complete and utter—cannot and should not. One should be content, but not satisfied. Contentment signifies faith—the

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faith that makes you whole in the realization that the present conditions are justified as being the effect of past causes, and that the future may be regulated to the effect of greater and greater harmony by the right direction of ever-present and creative cause.

The most minute, and seemingly unimportant, words and actions of life are included in the grandeur of the truths contained in ethical and philosophical sentences, and this must be read between the lines in order to avoid a detail that would be unconventional, unnecessary, and somewhat wearisome; for each one must adapt these truths to the detail of his own life. The ground to be covered is much too great to receive justice in an article of this kind. Books of great value are written, but many persons will read short articles with avidity and ignore pithy and ponderous volumes. Words are cold and weak in themselves, but their strength lies in the mental absorption that conveys their vital meaning into channels where it is converted into feeling. And so they form our medium of representation for the play upon the more or less delicate strings of the complicated human instrument. There is danger of discord, and danger *in* discord. And so we should strive for harmony even at the expense of those qualities of the lower nature which we nurse and hug, and try to make ourselves and the world believe belong to the higher one. There can be no real advancement in the justification of the lower self.

Satisfaction, as differing from contentment, is an unknown quantity. It is not in the nature of things for a mortal to be satisfied who has any sense whatever of what may lie beyond, and most men will admit that they live, in their more lucid moments, in a wondering expectation of what is to come. The terms *time* and *eternity* are in one sense confusing, the dividing line between the two being supposedly represented by the casting off of the husk known as the physical body. In reality, time, as gauged by the term of a life in the

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physical, is a part of eternity, and a very infinitesimal part. We go to church and sing and pray about the eternity that is supposed to be so far away, beyond the shore of physical life, when we are living close to it all the time, and our one duty is to take care of the present. The future will take care of itself. There is nothing but the eternal *now*. The past exists only in memory; the future is without form and void, though there are tendencies existent that point to what it may be—hence we are prone to draw conclusions.

Man is absorbent, and peculiarly susceptible to "influence." He is, above all things, plastic. He molds and is molded, continually. If selfishness is the root of all evil, let us root out selfishness. It is the snake of self that is condemned to grovel its way in the mire of discontent. A snake can assume an upright position, but it cannot progress upward. Truth does not flourish in the soil of selfishness. And yet people wonder why they cannot catch a glimpse of the "great white bird" that soars so high above their mortal vision. "What puppets we are," cry some, "doing the will of some master force!" Why not put ourselves in harmony with this master force to the extent of our ability, and see how much it will do for us? Why not root out prejudice, and learn to live and study life in the abstract?

There is only one game that is worth the candle, and that is the game of life at its best and highest. The purple and fine linen of earth are desirable, perhaps, but they are not to be compared to the purple and fine linen of the heavenly kingdom. The person that says life is not worth living without material wealth does not know God. He will live to say that life is not worth living without spiritual wealth. The latter enables one to find the good in all things, and to have joy forever in a thing of beauty, not as its possessor materially, but as its truer possessor in the spirit of appreciation—in being deeply sensible to its beauty. Few there be who are totally excluded from some garden-spot of earth—some vision

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of earth or sky or sea that mirrors itself on the retina of the physical eye and appeals to that which is immortal within. We are too used to the world's wonders to consider their beauty and complexity. The earth is still producing her different kingdoms after their kind, as in the days of Adam, and she has produced her *highest* kingdom to some extent—but she has not yet perfected it. The kingdom of heaven upon the earth is still in an embryotic state, taken as a whole. There are, perhaps, perfected men, who have gone on to some more perfect "mansion in the sky," but the majority return to wrestle with the laws they must learn to obey on earth ere they can advance to a higher sphere; for while there are many called (to physical death), few are chosen (to spiritual advancement).

"If Christ never deemed himself nearer to heaven than when in presence of the childlike heart, then the resources of a devout life cannot be remote and of difficult access, but so nigh unto us that, if we miss them, it is from their close presence rather than their distance."

We cannot but discover how in our very griefs there were hidden angels reaching up to hide, within the dark experience, some treasure of patience or trust we could never have possessed, had the angels only descended on us and our life been one long joy.—*Robert Collyer.*

The eternal issues are now and here, in our thoughts and deeds, in our simple, common, every-day relations to God and to our fellow-beings. To-day or never, here or nowhere, is eternity.—*Lucy Larcom.*

"You have opportunities for serving God that all the past had not."

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MATA THE MAGICIAN.

By Isabella Ingalese.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

Five eventful years had passed, and the time was near when Mata would come to the beautiful home prepared for her. It was now the month of August; the ground had been bought and the house built according to the last and most minute direction given by the old Guru. The carpenters were gone, the gardeners had arranged the flower-beds and bowers; the fountains, walks, and drives were finished and the stables were completed ready to receive the horses and carriages I would purchase as soon as Mata should be with me to assist in their selection.

The man that was to build the secret stairway had not yet presented himself, but I had been so busy attending to the completion of the place that his non-appearance had caused me no inconvenience and very little thought. It was now the twenty-first of the month. The weather had been unusually warm for several weeks, and this evening, after the daily duties were done, I laid aside my coat and sat in the twilight, in my study, smoking and thinking. My thoughts went back over the last five years and brought up many amusing incidents that had occurred since the dark cloud of poverty had passed from my horizon, and I smiled at the pictures as they passed before my mind.

When my financial value had become fully known to the "smart set" in our small city, everybody suddenly became anxious to know me; and my practise increased so rapidly and to such an extent that I had to secure the services of an assistant. Smiles and favors were showered upon me, and invitations to social functions came in so numerously that it was

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quite impossible to accept half of them. Dozens of sweet little perfumed notes were sent by special messengers daily, and my reception-room was almost turned into a conservatory by friends who insisted upon keeping the window-seats filled with pots of flowering plants, geraniums, and climbing fuchsias. They drove poor Ted nearly wild in their efforts to keep my tables and private desk supplied with fresh bouquets; and on birthdays and Christmases there were boxes of all sizes and shapes delivered at my door, with "best wishes" and "happy returns" accompanying each.

These attentions were sometimes embarrassing and often annoying, because I was not in the least deceived as to the cause of all this effusiveness on the part of those who, in the old days of poverty, had treated me with unbending stateliness or icy coldness. It was impossible entirely to forget the day when one of my present warmest (?) friends had served a five-days notice on me to pay my office rent or move out; and I had to sell my mother's watch to settle the bill, or be put into the street. He believed the circumstance had been forgotten, but it had burned itself into my brain.

In the midst of my musing I was suddenly interrupted by a voice at my elbow, saying: "Good evening, sir."

The greeting was so unexpected that I started to my feet, wondering who had spoken to me. That the outside door was locked I was positive, and yet here was a man standing not three feet distant.

I lighted the gas and looked at my visitor in astonishment. He was of medium height, with dark skin and with eyes like black velvet; his hair was straight and black as an Indian's; and while I stood stupidly staring, not knowing enough to make him welcome, he smiled pleasantly, and, holding out a hand on the third finger of which was the ring described by Guru, asked: "Do you need help?"

Now that the prophecy had been fulfilled and the strange man was actually here, I was struck dumb with astonishment.

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My caller seemed to understand the situation and pleasantly remarked: "Since you only received the keys to-day, I did not think it necessary to come sooner—even though you sometimes doubted the probability of my coming at all."

While I was trying to think of something to say, he seated himself and continued:

"There is no need for hurry; but you Americans rush so fast and live so far beyond the present that your most valuable forces become scattered, and when you need them most they are gone. A favorite expression of yours is, *'I have not time.'* You also expect disappointments. You do not seem to know that you are the creator of your own future and can make it what you choose. By crowding a great deal of work into to-day you hope to dispose of twice as much to-morrow. This is a mistake; you can live but a day at a time, and you are in eternity *now*. If the causes had not been created in the past to bring me here to-night, your present hopes or fears would have availed you nothing, because I could not have come."

"You are a fatalist, then?" I asked.

He smiled, and replied:

"I knew you would say that. No, not as you understand the word. Were I to believe that every incident in my life had been foreordained by a God who gives good or ill to his creatures according to his own caprice, and that my own good or bad behavior would weigh neither for nor against me in a day of judgment, then I would be a fatalist. When I tell you, however, that all men are governed by the law of cause and effect; that there are no undeserved favors bestowed, nor unjust punishments inflicted, but that each man generates the causes that bring inevitable results to himself—then you can at once discern the difference between fatalism and the law of compensation."

Instantly the words of Guru came back to my mind. He had believed in this strange law. When I listened to his words they seemed like the expressions of idle vagaries from an old

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worn-out mind that had thought so long upon the solution of life's problems as to create and adopt a theory of its own. That it had never been taught from our pulpits nor in our colleges, I was positive; and much that he had said I had quite forgotten till this man's words recalled his statements.

The house had been built according to his directions—because my promise had been given that it should be, and also because Mata desired it. I knew she expected that some time and somehow he would return and occupy the apartments built especially for him; but when or how I did not know or care. He had given me a fortune and a beautiful wife; I had made a promise and kept it. Sometimes my doubts had whispered that it was a foolish waste of time, and that the strange man would never come to finish the stairway; but with me the principle of truth was involved, and it must be maintained.

Now that this man was really here, my curiosity was awakened and I decided to question him. "Do you expect me to believe in the theory that all men have lived before—have been other people on this earth, and will come again and be somebody else?" I asked.

"Will you consider for a moment the drama? One evening a great actor assumes the character of a king and thunders forth his mandates to his trembling subjects. At another time he assumes the rags of a beggar, and in poverty begs his bread from the king. Again he appears as a merchant selling his wares to both king and beggar; and yet he is the same man assuming all these different characters. You are now wearing the personality and doing the work of a practising physician known as Frank Bennet. Supposing that in one night you should exchange bodies with John Brunt, attorney-at-law, across the street. You could not convince your friends that you were not John Brunt, because they cannot look behind the mask, or your present personality, and recognize *you*. Therefore, John Brunt's own wife would declare that you were her husband, and all the arguments you could bring to bear upon

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her would not induce her to accept anybody but yourself as her lawful protector."

As the picture of myself, wearing the personality of old John Brunt and standing before his wife trying to convince her that I was really Doctor Bennet, rose before me, I smiled broadly; but when I thought of the consternation that would be aroused at the convent, should I appear there—with all the old gentleman's peculiarities—and demand an interview with my beautiful wife, I laughed aloud. The dismay and confusion those spectacles and bald head would create would be very funny indeed. But if the change were discovered to be permanent for the rest of our life—ah, then it would not be so amusing, for me at least.

But here my thoughts were brought back to the subject whence they had wandered by my visitor saying: "It is in this way that people are deceived by outward appearances and judge a man by his personality and environments."

"What benefit is to be derived from all this masquerading?" I asked.

"All that you gain, of lasting or real value, is knowledge. You cannot gain it without experience. The babe may be told that the fire will burn, but the child will not realize the truth of the words till it has thrust its hand into the flame and has suffered the pain in consequence. It may forget the day it first burned its hand, but the knowledge that the fire is hot and cannot be handled with bare hands will always remain impressed upon its mind. You are no wiser in many respects than a babe, and must wear these different personalities and pass through all types of experiences before you are able to understand the varied conditions of life.

"In your heart you sympathize with the poor man who toils all day upon the ladder. You do not remember now that you were ever a hod-carrier, but, without understanding why, you are in sympathy with him that does that kind of work. You could not understand his condition well enough to pity

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him if you had not at some time, and at some place, had a similar experience. Forgetting the experience, you have retained the sympathy—the essence or aroma that lingers round you long after the circumstances that produced it have disappeared.

"Among the people of the Western continent there is a prevailing belief that at the end of life they are to be interceded for and saved from the consequences of their acts by some great soul. As an illustration of a case of such ignorance let me describe a scene I witnessed on my way to your rooms this evening. A woman's voice was raised in supplication. Judging from the loudness of her tone, one would think she was speaking to some one at a great distance. Clothed in rags and kneeling upon a bare floor in a miserable hovel, which was as destitute of comforts as she was of knowledge, she shouted out her misfortunes and made her demands in a manner something like this:

" 'Oh, Lord help me, a poor sinner! I know I am awful bad. I've just got sobered up from another spree, and there's nothing in the house to eat. My children went to bed hungry and crying for bread. Tim's back is almost broke from the beating I gave him when I was drunk. My rent was due day before yesterday, and if you don't send me the money to pay it with we'll all be turned out into the street. Please, God, send money and bread and make me a better woman for Jesus' sake!'

"She does not assume the least responsibility for her own conduct. Neither does she realize the necessity of making an effort for herself, but throws that labor upon a being she calls God. Giving way to her appetites and passions, she deprives her children of food and clothing by using her money for rum. By the knowledge gained on former occasions, she is aware that the liquor will produce a terrible frenzy as soon as she drinks it; yet she deliberately generates the causes, knowing well what the immediate results will be. Then she closes her

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petition by asking God to grant all these favors and *'make her a better woman for Jesus' sake.'* Will you tell me why she does not ask for her *own* sake? The Jesus for whom she seems to be soliciting money, bread, and virtue is not in need of these things, and how can he be benefited by the bestowal of them upon her? You call my statements regarding the law of compensation theories; what do you call this woman's ideas?"

I could not argue with this man, since the matter had never been presented to me in this light before; and, while I sat silently comparing the two faiths, the absurdity of the woman's prayer suddenly presented itself to me.

"It is because you do not think for yourselves that you accept these unreasonable things for truths," he said. "So far as energy, ambition, and business ability go, the American people are not surpassed by any nation in the world; but your spiritual blindness is both surprising and disappointing to the people of the Orient."

Here my visitor rose and remarked that on the following morning he would meet me at the house where the work was to be done.

"One moment!" I exclaimed. "Will you tell me how you entered this room with the door fastened?"

Smilingly he turned and replied: "Too much of your time has been taken up with theories, and, besides, you are in no condition of mind to accept or believe such an explanation as I would give. There are other matters that first need your consideration. Some time your question will be answered—if you continue in the desire to know;" and, turning, he walked before me into the outer room. I followed, and was about to open the door when he said, "At the house to-morrow at nine;" and then—before I could reply—he disappeared.

The door was not opened, and yet the man was gone—had vanished like a shadow. I rubbed my eyes and wondered if this were a dream. Returning to the other room, I looked for some tangible proof that my visitor had been a reality. The chair

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he had occupied stood where it did when he arose, but that was not proof.

"I fell asleep and dreamed he came," I said aloud. Then I waited for something or some one to contradict my statement; but there was no reply, and, somewhat disappointed and mystified, I decided to retire.

The next morning I remembered the gardener wanted some things, and drove round to the house. At the front entrance I stood waiting for a few moments when some one came up the graveled walk behind me. Expecting to see my man of rakes and watering-pots, I turned, but to my astonishment saw the gentleman who had appeared in my "dream" of the previous evening. Believing him a ghost, I stood gaping without sense enough to speak. But he did not seem to notice my surprise, and walked quietly up the steps, began chatting pleasantly about the artistic arrangements of the flower-beds and fountains, and finally passed, like an ordinary mortal, through the door into the house. Without asking a question he preceded me to the apartments where he was to do his work. I followed, wondering who he was and where he came from; but my curiosity was not gratified, for, after looking round at the materials and tools awaiting his use, he nodded pleasantly to me and said: "You need not wait. Everything needed is at hand."

"Where are you staying?" I asked. "I should like you to be my guest while you remain in the city."

"My wants are amply provided for, and my stay will be very short, since this work will be soon accomplished," he replied.

"Is there nothing I can do for you?"

"Nothing at all; the materials are all here."

"Shall I not see you again?"

"Perhaps. I wish to say, however, in case we do not meet again, that my call last evening was very pleasant."

"Then you *did* visit me last night, and it was *not* a dream?"

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Looking me squarely in the eyes, and without the shadow of a smile upon his face, he replied: "It was no more a dream than any other event of our natural lives."

A strange, magnetic thrill ran through my whole body while those velvety black eyes were fixed upon me. "And all that you said about cause and effect is really true?" I asked.

"It is a truth that some time you will fully realize," he earnestly replied.

There seemed nothing more for me to say, and I bowed to the strange being and left the house. All that day the words of this man kept repeating themselves in my mind, and I wondered if he meant to imply that *all* the events of our lives are but dreams—illusions. The thought troubled me and I decided to ask him. At an early hour in the afternoon I returned to the house, but he was not there. Hoping he would visit me again at my office, I went there and waited for him; but he did not come. When I called at the house again the work was completed and the workman gone, and to my great disappointment I never saw him again.

The mirror was fitted into the doorway at the foot of the stairs and its fastenings so carefully hidden that I could not find them. The partition in the observatory was finished and the panels appeared as stationary as the remainder of the wainscoting. The passageway from Guru's apartments to the observatory was indeed a secret to all human beings—except to the man who had built and locked its doors and had silently gone his way.

CHAPTER XIV.

MATA.

During Mata's absence at school, I had visited her once in three months, and my love for her had increased with every

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visit. She had developed, from a half-grown child of promise, into a beautiful, stately woman, with a form tall and graceful and with a dignity of manner commanding both admiration and respect. Her pretty golden hair was now worn coiled high upon her head; but here and there a dainty little lock was always creeping out, crinkling and waving and showing what the whole mass would do if it were allowed to escape from the confining hair-pins. Her complexion, too, was faultless; neither paste nor powder was needed to enhance the beauty of her skin, and my heart swelled with pride when I thought how well my darling would compare with the insipid, gossiping creatures with whom she would mingle in our social set.

As the time approached for her coming home, my friends became very curious to know what she was like—if she were blond or brunette; but to all inquirers I gave the same reply: "Wait and see."

Knowing her tastes so well, I selected such furnishings for our home as would by their dainty lightness please her best. The walls in her own room were done in blue and gold; the carpet had a deep cream-colored ground with blue forget-me-nots scattered over it. At the windows were satin draperies of a golden hue, and the bed, with its canopy of shimmering yellow satin covered with billows of pure white lace, was a fitting couch for the lovely form of my darling. Especial pains had been taken to give such rooms as were furnished a homelike appearance, and our old friend Kate had supplied us with two good maids whom she introduced as "me own cousins." She also promised further assistance when my wife should come, and when I thanked her for the good will she had expressed she blushed and said:

"Arrah, now, docther! If it war not fer me family I wud be wan av th' gur-rls in yer foine mansion, so I wud."

Expressing admiration for the brood of little ones that were clinging to her ample skirts and peeping shyly at me, I

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declared that I thought she had done much better than if she had remained out at service.

At last the fourth day of September arrived—the day I was to go after Mata. A cool breeze from Lake Chautauqua came in at the car windows as we sped along its shores. The season for summer visitors had ended, but the steamers were puffing and plowing their way through the silvery waters of the lake, and it seemed to me that the sun was shining more brightly on that day than it had ever shone before. The words of Longfellow ran through my mind as we rushed along, and it seemed as if they were written expressly for me:

"For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.

"But now it has fallen from me;
It is buried in the sea;
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me."

Surely my future seemed filled with promise. I had succeeded beyond my wildest expectations, and, so far as I knew, had not an enemy in the world.

Arriving at the convent, I found Mata well and ready to accompany me home. The matron of the school expressed sorrow at the parting, and said: "During the time Miss De Anno has been with us I have never known her to tell a falsehood or commit even a trivial act of deceit. She has attended faithfully to her studies and is proficient in all the branches she has taken. Her conception of music is wonderful, and it is a pity to let her come in contact with the sin and trouble of an ordinary life; she should become a nun—a bride of heaven."

"But, my good woman," I replied, "this sinful world *needs* such women as she. What good could she do while confined behind the closed doors of a cloister? It is true the world

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is full of sin, and she as my wife will come in touch with all classes; but her soul is so pure that it will radiate its goodness as the sun radiates its light. Many will be benefited by her example here in this life, while as a 'bride of heaven' she would only attend to her own devotional duties, and those who need her help would be left to their own wickedness. I think it a great mistake for any church to imprison its loveliest characters inside the walls of a convent instead of sending them out to work in the Master's vineyard. If heaven is what you believe it is,—filled with pure souls sifted from among the sinful ones of this earth,—then it does not need these earthly 'brides' so much as the world does; and it is a duty owed to the Master to work as he did for those left behind."

Mata appeared at that moment and our conversation was interrupted. Bidding the old convent good-by, she turned a smiling face toward the new life as my wife, and we started homeward—happy as two children in the contemplation of a cloudless future.

Since it was but four o'clock when we reached the home station, I requested the coachman to drive slowly, so that Mata could see the improvements made in the city during her absence. The old town was looking its prettiest that afternoon, our real wedding day, as if fully realizing the honor being conferred upon it, and had put on its real company manners as a compliment to the occasion. A slight shower had laid the dust in the streets, freshened the grass on the lawns, and washed the leaves of the trees. The expressions of delight and surprise with which she greeted every new feature as it presented itself pleased me greatly, since I was much attached to the place and hoped she would become so.

We drove past the house where her grandfather had died, and I called her attention to the fact that it had been left undisturbed. The furniture had been removed through the rear of the inclosure, leaving only the closely-drawn shades at the windows to give the house a sufficiently habitable look to save

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it from the sticks and stones that would otherwise be thrown at it by the small boys of the neighborhood. The vines had grown over the small doorway in the fence, hiding it entirely from view, and the rust upon the iron lock showed that it had not been opened since the stormy morning when Mata and I had climbed through it with her belongings and it had locked itself behind us. Nobody had taken the trouble to inquire about it, and it was quite by accident that I heard a neighbor say that the place was owned by an old gray-haired man who had been very poor because of his extreme age and inability to work; that he was obliged to live on rice and cracked wheat because he could not afford meat, and finally had to close his house and go away to an institution where he would be taken care of free of charge.

When we entered our own grounds, Mata threw back her veil, and, if I had entertained any doubts regarding her satisfaction at my selection of a home, they were at once dispelled by her expressions of admiration of everything she saw. As the carriage stopped before the front entrance to the house, the smiling, rosy face of Kate was the first to greet us; and the welcome she gave was a hearty one indeed. When Mata offered her hand she grasped it with both her own and covered it with kisses, while the happy tears streamed down her cheeks.

"God bless ye, me lady! An' it's mesilf thot's happy to see ye lookin' so foine an' gay in yer new home," she said.

Mata was really happy to see Kate, and, much to the woman's delight, held her hand while she made inquiries about Pat and the babies.

"Me twins is in th' kitchen now. I fetched thim wid me 'cause they's much too small to lave behoind. Ye can see thim if ye wants to," said the proud mother.

Mata declared that nothing would give her more pleasure, but I suggested that dinner should be served first, since we were both tired and hungry, and promised that the babies should be brought in and duly inspected afterward. Half an

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hour later my darling came down dressed in a creamy white gown composed of some sort of soft, clinging material. It was simply made, but fitted her graceful figure as if it had been molded into it. A bunch of velvety pansies was tucked into her belt and completed a picture that to my eyes was more radiant than anything I had ever beheld; and when Kate saw her she crossed herself and muttered something about the Madonna being on earth again. I did not catch all her remarks.

That first dinner at home with my Mata I shall never forget. No emperor was ever so happy as I on that first day of our real married life. The dinner over, the twins were brought into the parlor to be exhibited. Mata had never touched a real live baby, and these little pink things were as great a curiosity to her as is the Sphinx to the Egyptian traveler. It was amusing to see the delicate way she handled them. Laying one across her knees and taking its tiny hand in hers, she touched its flesh tenderly, and, with a look of reverence in her eyes, said:

"This is a little human being—a miniature earthly temple for an immortal soul. This little body has all the attributes of that of a grown man. Here are the tiny finger-nails, the thread-like veins filled with throbbing life blood. This little beating heart does its work with all the regularity of a full-grown heart, and the little brain has hidden in its tiny cells latent possibilities we can know nothing of as yet. As the great oak is unfolded from within outward, and grows upward till it stands the lofty monarch of the forest, so this child will unfold from the germ of Divinity hidden within its tiny mortal body into Man—the crowning masterpiece of all creation. The sculptor can imitate with his chisel the exterior, but none but the Infinite can supply the life principle animating this wonderful little human mechanism."

Kate stood solemnly by. She did not understand a word of what Mata was saying, but knew her babies were being praised, and that was sufficient happiness for her. At this point the

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little human organism that Mata held let loose a screech, startling her so that she came near dropping it.

"Something is the matter," she gravely remarked. "A pin may be pricking it; you had better see to it at once."

"Sure, the baby is all right; he's only thryin' his voice," said Kate, calmly.

But the continued waiiing of the child necessitated his removal to the kitchen, and Mata and I undertook the pleasurable task of examining our new home together. We went first to the apartments of Guru. The furniture stood in its boxes waiting for her to suggest its arrangement in the rooms. I described to her the strange manner in which the carpenter had come and gone, and we both searched for the spring he had so carefully concealed that made the secret passage-way a mystery. Unable to discover it, we ascended to the observatory and looked out over the city.

The sun was just sinking into a golden bank of cloud; and, as we stood upon the housetop overlooking the many spires and domes of the city below, the last lingering light from the orb of day fell upon their metal-covered surfaces and seemed to transform them into burnished gold and silver reflectors. The trees shading the long avenues were just beginning to show the touch of autumn's frosts, as was indicated by the flaming colors of yellow and red that were mixed with the deep green of their luxurious foliage. Away in the distance were the silvery waters of Lake Chautauqua; and the long, dark river flowing from its southern extremity was plainly traceable by the inky blackness of its waters and by the fringe of trees, vines, and tangled undergrowth bordering its shores.

A silence too sacred to be broken by human speech seemed to settle upon us, and, slipping my arm round my darling's waist and drawing her head down upon my shoulder, we watched the enchanting scene till the shadows hid it from our sight. This was a time when all my miserable doubts were laid

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aside; and it seemed that I was standing upon the border-land of a higher plane of consciousness. Suddenly a feeling of longing came over me—that the filmy curtain between it and me could be swept away, and that I might gaze upon the transcendental light of Glory-land. Then a great peace took possession of my soul, and a voice seemed to say: "My son, you could not bear it now."

Suddenly, as if just waking from a sleep, I became conscious of the falling dew and that Mata was shivering with the cold.

"You are not comfortable," I said. "We had better go below;" and we descended to the parlor.

Soon Kate appeared, bonneted and shawled, her twins tucked into the new baby-carriage that was having its christening on that special occasion. Both children were asleep, and the proud mother was all ready to go home to get, as she said, "the bit an' sup fer th' ould mon." She gave Mata numerous directions concerning the management of the household affairs, and then, bidding us good-by, went trundling her babies down the walk with an air of great pride and satisfaction.

As we watched her receding form, Mata remarked: "It is not those who possess the most gold who enjoy the most happiness. This woman would not exchange her humble home, with her beloved Pat and the babies, for the jeweled crown and the exalted position of a queen."

I was beginning to realize that heaven was not a locality, and that we do not have to lay aside our fleshly bodies before we can enjoy its happiness. Guru's words came very forcibly to my mind at that moment:

"Place yourself in perfect harmony with the great, inexorable Law, never rebelling against its justice but looking toward it as a friend, and you shall gain an inward peace utterly unknown to those who strive and rebel."

(*To be continued.*)

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

A SIGN OF PROGRESS.

THE annual attempt to grant to licensed physicians a legal monopoly of the healing art in New York State has once more proved abortive. The bill introduced in the Legislature at Albany several months ago by Assemblyman Bell—at the instigation of certain doctors of medicine who are interested in politics and somewhat alarmed at the progressive decrease in medical incomes—did not even reach a vote. Opposition to the passage of the measure had developed so strongly in the lower house that its sponsor quietly withdrew it—by having it "referred" for further amendment to the Committee on Public Health. In its final shape, the bill as reported permitted the practise of Mental and Christian Science, but forbade the acceptance of a fee for their work by the practitioners of either of these schools of healing. When originally introduced, the need of such an enactment was insisted upon as being essential to the public safety, though no demand for such a law was forthcoming from any body of citizens outside of the medical profession.

But the real hypocrisy and selfishness that underlay this effort to curtail personal liberty were revealed in the amendment that sought to abolish the *fee* charged by the metaphysicians. If the *practise* of mental healing is inimical to the public health or welfare, its gratuitous ministration could not possibly lessen the danger; it would rather tend to increase it, for "charity patients" are always obtainable. Even the poli-

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ticians who "represent" us at Albany were able to see through the pretense of regard for the "safety of the people" that was the alleged inspiration of this attempt to procure legislation in favor of a special class. It was clearly unconstitutional in its provisions, and the pious subterfuge through which its passage was believed to be feasible was so palpable that it only excited the derision of the majority of our lawmakers.

In the public "hearings" before the Committee that had this bill in charge, the fact was developed that its most numerous and vigorous opponents were the followers of Mrs. Eddy, whose religious liberty was thought to be in jeopardy. The Mental Scientists and other advocates of the New Thought, we regret to say, were inadequately represented at Albany, and at one time it seemed as if the vague replies made by Christian Scientists to the questions propounded by its medical sponsors would result in the passage of the bill. Moreover, the testimony adduced as to Christian Science teachings in the Brush will contest, recently in the New York courts, tended apparently to justify the proposed restrictions on the spread of these doctrines. Yet even the doctors of medicine were by no means a unit in their advocacy of the Bell measure; indeed, by some honest, rational, and open-minded physicians it was actively opposed—mainly the older members of the profession, whose experience had taught them the sharp limitations and general inadequacy of drug medication in the healing of disease.

The only sad feature of this "legislative incident" was the attitude of a few clergymen, who, in persuading their congregations to lend their moral support to the bill by influencing their county representatives to vote for it, sought to forbid that which Christ expressly commanded. The disciples of the Nazarene were directed, among other things, to "heal the

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sick," and the power to do so was declared to be latent in the soul of every believer; yet these brethren of the Protestant pulpit would have the whole authority of the State invoked to suppress the activities of those *real* Christians whose faith is measured by their works! Can it be that the clergy are apprehensive of a waning belief in "miracles"—the corner-stone of the theological arch? J. E. M.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

THE Alliance Publishing Company begs leave to announce the removal of its business from the "Life" Building to No. 63 West Forty-fifth street, New York, where commodious offices have been secured, on a long lease, in a recently-built addition to the "Schuyler" apartment hotel. The bookstore and editorial rooms are on the ground floor, and on one of the upper floors a New Thought circulating library and free reading-room will soon be established. A full line of metaphysical literature is for sale during business hours, and our local friends and out-of-town subscribers visiting the city are cordially invited to call and inspect our stock of books—the largest and most complete of its kind in the world.

J. E. M.

METAPHYSICS IN AUSTRALIA.

To the Editors of MIND:

DEAR FRIENDS—As members of the Christian Metaphysical Association of Sydney—the first of its kind established in Australia—we send you greetings at the beginning of the new year and the threshold of a new century. Though working in separated communities and isolated by long distances, we are in spirit coöperating with you in the achievement of one

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lofty purpose. The Metaphysical Movement stands for the search and realization of the highest Truth; for pure optimism; for the practical, every-day recognition of the Good.

Under an impersonal and spiritual guidance—prompted by the warmest impulses for Humanity, animated by love to God and man, and believing in the divine birthright of all who make the claim—it is pursuing its way with unfaltering steps, standing fast in the liberty wherewith Christ (Truth) makes free. It recognizes that Truth is perfect but many-sided, and welcomes its revelation from any and every source and by any and every means. Truth does not want us—we need Truth; and we believe, in accordance with the teachings of the great Master, Jesus, that we have the help of the Spirit in the attainment of our desires.

Metaphysical disciples go hand-in-hand in cherishing the knowledge that the teaching is essentially of the Spirit. "It emphasizes God as the one, only, absolute Reality. It emphasizes the Kingdom of God to be established on this earth of ours here and now. It calls men back to the actual, practical recognition of that sublime declaration of the Apostle Paul, 'In God we live and move and have our being.'" Resting and working on that basis of eternal Truth, we have found a solution for the inharmonies and discords of material life. Fear, worry, poverty, sickness, death—where are they in the light of the knowledge that God is Infinite Love and Wisdom—is omnipotent, omniscient, and omnipresent? The law of the Good is divine; it is eternally real; it is ours to demonstrate by daily and hourly experience.

Metaphysical teaching of every shade stands also for perfect health as well as for the evolutionary growth of spiritual realization; and we hesitate not to claim that, as "power belongs to him that knows," so the knowledge we have lifts us into that state of physical harmony which is the normal condition of our real Self. Holding these transcendent Truths, what a noble mission is ours! God as Love and Life and Truth! Man with a divine inheritance that he may claim *now!* Humanity as the field of labor!

Shall we not more than ever seek to promote a loftier con-

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ception of God and immortality? Shall we not more than ever realize and daily demonstrate that the kingdom of heaven is here? The future is all aglow with fruitful development along metaphysical lines. Men are awakening to the eternal truths taught by the Science of Being, and the spirit of earnest inquiry is everywhere manifested.

We greet you, therefore, as fellow-laborers in this movement. May we all, in the unity of the Spirit, cultivate the most divine altruism, seek to spread our principles with unselfish aim, and find our best reward in the knowledge that we have done something—however little—to elevate our fellow-men into a divine atmosphere where there are full redemption and true freedom, and where, the "clouds of doubt and creeds of fear" having been dispelled, the light of Truth has broken calm and clear and there is continual unfoldment into God-likeness! On behalf of the Association,

J. GOODALL, *Sec'y.*

Sydney, N. S. W., February 25, 1901.

AMBITION AND ASPIRATION.

Let the attention of students and others be called to the dangers of ambition. It has been the custom of the race to commend the ambitious youth and to worship the man whose ambition has achieved for him high rank in comparison with his fellows. To-day ambition seems to be the dominant emotion driving men to wealth or fame or position. The college student thinks that he possesses the crowning element of character if only he have a burning ambition to surpass his class and win future ascendency. This spirit in our youth and even in the tender years of childhood is fostered and commended by the majority of those counted thoughtful. But *are* they thoughtful?

Always bear in mind the distinction between ambition and aspiration. A careful examination of Webster's definitions of these words results in the conclusion that ambition aims to surpass others, and aspiration to surpass self. Therefore,

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aspiration is always good and commendable, while ambition is always evil and to be utterly uprooted from our nature.

The spring equinox is the time of conflict between the fierce North Wind, wild and destructive in its struggle to retain its sway, and the soothing South Wind, strongly advancing to foster the life of the new spring-time. The present time—the opening of the twentieth century, the turn of the great race cycle—is the equinoctial period of the desperate struggle of Ambition to hold its place against the steady, onward, all-conquering march of Aspiration.

Ambition is the motive power of the nineteenth-century competitive system, now not merely a struggle for supremacy but even a fight for existence. Aspiration is the spirit of the twentieth-century coöperative system that will establish an ever-prosperous Brotherhood—mutual recognition and justice. Ambition contains the seed of its own destruction. Aspiration is the Divine Breath. All who are the dupes of Ambition will witness their own downfall. All who are consecrated to Aspiration know Life Eternal.

Teach the children and the youth of to-day that, if they are ambitious to be at the head of their class or to surpass others in study or work, or to be chosen valedictorian, or to graduate with highest comparative honors, or to excel their fellows in later life, even though the work itself be a good one—that if they revel in competitive sports or delight in oratorical or other competitive contests—they are cultivating in themselves a plant whose fruit will be their own poison and certain death. Teach them to aspire to be good and true and strong; to aspire to learn all they can, to do all they should, to be what they ought to be; to emulate no one save only in faithfulness; to aspire continually to excel themselves, hoping that none other are so weak or so far down on the ladder of life—seeking to advance others as much as self. Teach them that if they thus aspire they cultivate within a plant whose constantly ripening fruit will be abundant food and drink during their entire journey through eternity; that if they thus aspire they have put on immortality because inspired with the aspiration of Jehovah.

WILLIAM W. KENT.

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THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Conducted by

FLORENCE PELTIER PERRY AND THE REV. HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

FOR THE PARENTS.

TALKS WITH READERS.

"I have a child so full of mischief that I am sometimes tempted to throw aside new-age theories and believe in the doctrine of 'total depravity.' What shall I do with him? He is only three, but keeps the house in an uproar almost the whole time."

Above all else, be patient. This will help you to be wise. Mischief is nothing but an effect. Study the relation of effect to cause, and you will have the key to the whole problem. Nature is teeming with examples of the constructive or destructive power of natural forces. If a river overflows, the water—which, under right conditions, is a life-giving and upbuilding force—becomes a destroyer. Too much energy focused in one place is destructive. It must be directed or diffused. So the wonderful life forces generated in the mind and body of a little child must be properly controlled and guided into right avenues of expression. Because they are not so guided, they are, through misdirection, the cause of mischief. This perverted use of energy may be caused by undue mental or nervous tension, by grief, anger, or curiosity, or by the very exuberance of "animal spirits," which are nothing

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more than the splendid forces of life at play. With this latter phase we shall deal particularly.

Now, what shall be done? Again I say, be patient. This will be easy if you can only remember the richness of your child's endowment. Life in its fulness, direct from the great Source: this is his gift—a mighty stream, which it is your privilege to guide and utilize as it courses through the yet undiscovered country of your boy's nature.

What if he *is* bursting with mischief? Is that not a thousand-fold better than listless apathy—than sodden inattention to the environment or the world in which he lives? Would you have him a clay image sitting wherever you might place him, or a witless doll without natural curiosity?

Far from it. Were he as clay molded by any hand, he would have no individuality; were he without curiosity he would have no incentive to learn, to investigate, or to experiment for the sake of knowledge or power. Thank God, then, that his very capacity for mischief is the promise of a future man—an individual in whom "the elements are so mixed that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This is a Man!'"

"Through self-activity," Froebel says, "the child must be led into self-knowledge." Play is the first doorway into this knowledge. Play with him, then, and teach him how to play. Thus you will give him means and liberty to express the ever-flowing force within him. But have a method in whatever you teach or suggest. For even with a child of three you could begin, with judgment and tact, a regular system of physical culture, which in its complex and far-reaching effects would be infinitely more than physical culture in the end. This would instruct the mind and at the same time train the body, and thus give a natural and harmonious outlet for superfluous energy. It would develop interest and self-control, and also

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promote that grace and symmetry of body which are the foundation of health and beauty.

Begin in the morning, when he is fresh and eager for something exhilarating. While he is dressing let him take part or all of the exercises with the hands and arms; then with the body, the feet, etc. *Never allow him to get tired, either mentally or physically.* Notice just when to stop. "Line upon line, and precept upon precept," is Isaiah's injunction.

Make the exercise interesting. Be systematic—that is, do it every morning, not merely once in a while. To enlist his whole attention, tell him of the general (the mind) who commands the battalions of body soldiers (physical members, forces, etc.). In this daily drill he will soon come to regard the time spent by the "general" and his "soldiers" as a preparation for the day's duties; and the duty of every soldier—hand, foot, head, etc.—is to obey the commander.

This kind of play awakens intelligence, stimulates self-activity, creates ideals of power and conduct, and in every way tends to unify the within and the without of his composite nature. This is the beginning of the end of human destiny of which some one has well said, "He who wins inner collectedness, who views his life as a whole, and who respects this wholeness of life in each particular deed, shall find at last the peace which subsists at the heart of agitation."

But, you say, is this physical culture the only remedy for mischief? At this stage of the child's life, and for a number of years, it is one of the best remedies. For instance, the times he is tired and restless, or when he is brimming with a desire to "do something," are the periods when a few moments of physical culture will prove a veritable safety-valve. Or you can divert his attention by giving him some errand—a run upstairs, a race on the lawn with the dog, or a loving service for somebody—anything that requires physical exertion. All these, you will notice, utilize the physical forces from a spiritual motive. A child, taught from the beginning all that motherly love and ingenuity can devise in the way of combined love and action, soon learns to delight in thinking and acting with a purpose. Where, then, is the proclivity for mischief?

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"The history of civilization is the record of man's progress in the creation of spiritual values through the subjection of his own animal nature, and surrounding material nature, to the service of his spiritual needs and ideals; hence the world of art. For the arts of man are not merely incidental to civilization. They are the supreme products of his creative, spiritual activities; the condition and promise of higher civilization."

By all means let us give our children such culture of hand and brain, as well as heart, as will enable them, when their souls so desire, to express their own originality and thus put their own seal of divinity upon everything they do. Who knows of the unheard Beethovens or Mozarts, the mute Shakespeares, the obscure Michael Angelos, or the myriads of unlettered and unknown who might have been shining lights in the galaxy of the world's great stars of music, poetry, painting, invention, science, or art?

Is there one among us whose soul has not sometimes cried out for expression, perhaps of some enraptured heavenly song, voiceless and imprisoned, whose rhythmic melody beat in vain for outlet from the physical that hemmed it in?

So let us give our children time and opportunity for music; let them sing and play; let them dance, and laugh, and read, and do all the things the great majestic soul may move them to do. Let us encourage art, and literature, and painting, and all that gives to Beauty form and face. Let us realize that "the long period of infancy and youth, when the mind is especially susceptible to the influences of environment, and when the active powers are most easily directed, is a special provision for the unceasing development of man's spiritual qualities and creative activities."

* * *

The writer would be especially grateful for more questions, opinions, or comments from the readers of this Department. Especially would she like facts concerning the characteristics of children.

(Rev.) HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

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FOR THE CHILDREN.

"The wind blows, the sun shines, the birds sing loud,
The blue, blue sky is flecked with fleecy dappled cloud;
Over earth's rejoicing fields the children dance and sing,
And the frogs pipe in chorus, 'It's spring! It is spring!'

"The grass comes, the flower laughs where lately lay the snow;
O'er the breezy hill-top hoarsely calls the crow;
By the flowing river the alder catkins swing,
And the sweet song-sparrow cries, 'Spring! It is spring!' "

THE DOVE THAT RETURNED NO MORE.

You have heard of Venice, children—that wonderful city called the "Queen of the Adriatic," with its streets of water, its gondolas or boats that people use for carriages, its grand canal, its greatest water street with stately palaces on either side, and its great church of St. Mark's in the square in front of which great flocks of pigeons are fed every day.

I'm going to tell you a story of two people who lived in Venice, perhaps while I was there. Their names were Gaspara and Marco; they were young, and had only a short time been married. They lived on one of the narrower little water streets, in a very queer old house with overhanging balconies. They were quite poor—Marco was only a clerk in a lawyer's office; but then some of their neighbors farther down the canal would have called them rich. Their rooms were nicely furnished with heavy old furniture, which had belonged to Gaspara's mother. She had a few pictures hanging on the walls, and plants growing on the edge of the balcony. Their bed had a canopy that was almost as high as a baldachino* in one of the churches.

Gaspara stood at the window in the sunshine one morning in April. Yesterday had been warm and to-day already promised to be its twin brother. Marco was just starting out for

*"A fixed canopy, often of metal or stone, above the . . . high altar in many churches, especially in Italy and the East."—*The Century Dictionary.* Sometimes a "baldachino" is found over a tomb, or shrine.

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his day's work. Gaspara was clasping a white dove to her breast.

"Marco, love," she said, "see how my pretty dove Pippo nestles to me; he has no temptation to leave me, now that he has grown familiar and loves his gentle state of bondage."

"Adieu, little white dove!" said Marco, kissing her. "Take care not to leave your wide window open. Doves sometimes fly away."

Then he left her, singing a dance song as he went down the stairs. After he had gone Gaspara bethought herself that she was a housewife; she smoothed down Pippo's plumage and put him in his cage, and ran about putting the room to rights, quite as if she were living in New England. She opened the windows wide and went out onto the balcony to water her plants. What a perfect morning it was! How blue the sky and sea were! How bright even the gloomy old palace opposite looked in the sunlight, as if it might have been built yesterday instead of several centuries before!

Gaspara sang merrily: "I was born when the roses were blooming, by the shore, the shore, of the sea!" as she picked a rose and some myrtle for the little shrine of the Madonna near her bed. A gondola floated past on the canal below, and the boatman lifted his head to see where the merry singing voice came from. Then another boat passed, but she noticed it no more than you would notice the passing of a carriage here. Gaspara was happily content with life. She knew little of what lay outside her dear Venice, and cared little about knowing more. She glanced into the boat after it had passed to see if any of her friends were going to market or to church, but it was only a barge filled with cabbages and the boatman was very old and did not lift his eyes. As she looked she heard a sudden flutter of wings above her, and glancing up she saw a white dove flying over her head. It was Pippo, who had flown out into the light of the April morning, happy to be free.

"My dove! My Pippo! Come back to me!" shouted Gaspara; but the bird paid no heed. He was already a tiny speck against the blue sky. She turned back to find the cage door wide open. In her love and confidence she had not closed it

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tight; so the dove had flown away. Poor Gaspara sat down and cried until her eyes were quite red. She loved Pippo dearly, for Marco had given her two doves in a bronze cage when they had first known each other; but Lillo, Pippo's mate, had died only the month before, and Pippo had moaned her and refused to be comforted ever since.

When Marco returned home that evening he found Gaspara sitting by the window with the shades drawn down.

"Pippo has fled!" she said, with a sob, to Marco.

"He has gone in search of Lillo, his lost mate. You are broken-hearted."

"I shall never recover," she said, with a sigh.

"What shall I do?" asked Marco. "Shall I also have to go away to be missed as much as Pippo?"

Up went the shade, and Gaspara kissed him and was merry once more.

"Pippo has gone," she said; "but I still have Marco."

Pippo was only a bird, and in an hour she had forgotten him altogether.

Meanwhile Pippo had flown away inland until his wings, which had grown unused to long flights, grew tired, and he at last stopped to rest on the pointed roof of an old stone house There were hundreds of delightful things he could see from that house—the sea with its ships, Venice with its palaces, and inland everything growing fresh and green in the return of spring. Looking below, Pippo discovered a garden with beautiful trees and a fountain playing in the center, and a seat under the trees on which sat two lovers. Pippo understood all about it. Had he not seen Marco and Gaspara? Downward he flew into the garden and rested on a bare old lichened tree, which spread its arms out to east and west like the arms of a cross; below on a garden chair rested a mantle and a rosary, as if some one had just come in from church. Pippo cooed gently to say he was there, and they both looked up.

"Oh, what a beautiful dove!" exclaimed the lady, in a low, sweet voice, as if not to frighten him.

"Hush! let us be quiet, and I will sketch him as he rests there so still against the gray tree," said her companion.

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Pippo was quiet now; he liked to be within the sound of human voices, and he was feeling tired, having flown so long a distance. All would have gone well if they had been quite alone in the garden, but, alas! in a distant corner of it stood at that very moment two roguish boys, one of them with a bow and arrow plotting against poor Pippo's life. Boys are the same the world over—in Venice, London, New York, or Boston. If they stopped to think they would not do so many cruel things. As it is, these two think it will be so clever to disturb their sister by sending an arrow whizzing through the air. It only took a moment to send it, and then their sister gave a little cry and buried her face in her hands, and the still, white thing became suddenly alive and rose into the air with a low moan of pain. Onward poor Pippo fled over the tops of houses and pointed roofs, moaning in his pain for Lillo his faithful mate, until he reached a church with a great statue of Christ over the doorway. Here Pippo flew and rested, where no more arrows could reach him. The day wore on through its bright sunny hours of afternoon; the evening came and made all the canals and lagoons of Venice red with sunset light. Past the towers and minarets of the city as the birds were flying homeward they saw a dead dove lying at the feet of the great white Christ. The boys' arrow had done its work. It had ended one happy little life.

EMILY MALBONE MORGAN.

HIAWATHA.

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets—
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid—
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

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HOW TO MAKE FRIENDS.

If you wish to make friends with Puss, all you have to do is to stroke her head; she understands very quickly that you wish to make her acquaintance, and in a very short time she will follow you and try to get in your lap or in the chair nearest you. Then, after looking at you just long enough to make sure that you really are fond of soft-footed little creatures like herself, she will settle into a comfortable position and sing you a song. And if you only knew the meaning of it I'm sure you would find it a genuine love-song—one of the sweetest you ever heard.

You can make friends with the dog in much the same way, though I think he prefers to have you talk with him at first, rather than stroke him too familiarly.

We can get the good-will of almost any animal by kindly approaching it with gentle words and looks.

One day we went to see Aunt Jane. Her shepherd-dog was lying at the side door, and as we lifted the old-fashioned iron door-knocker he stood up and looked at us with a questioning gaze as if he didn't quite understand what right we had to be there. So we said, "Good dog, good dog!" and some nice things to him, and he quickly knew that he must be polite and good to us, for we were friendly in our actions toward him.

By-and-by Aunt Jane took us to the barn to see the little new calf, only a few days old. Sport—the dog—understood what we were going to do, and ran on before us. Just as soon as the barn door was fairly open, there he was face to face with the bossy-calf, licking her head as if to show us how he loved her. Bossy looked at us with her great bright eyes, and put up her head for me to stroke her soft yellow fur. The old mother-cow looked at us very knowingly. I think she wanted to say, "This is my baby calf. Isn't she beautiful?"

Why, this was the prettiest family I had seen for a long time. The singular part of it was they were all of a light yellowish tan color, white-breasted and streaked with light and dark shades of brown. And Kitty, Sport, the calf, and its

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mother were a very important part of Aunt Jane's family circle. Do you know, I am coming to think that we would be robbed of half the pleasure of living if there were no dumb animals dependent upon our love and care? I know it is said that God gave us dominion over the fish of the sea and the fowls of the air and every creeping thing on the face of the earth; but when I see how deeply attached to us these creatures become, and how much we learn to love them, I somehow think that instead of having harsh rulership over them as some people do—when they cruelly put heavy burdens upon them or use the whip and harsh words—we should make friends with them, and then they will readily do whatever we wish. We call them dumb, but there are other means than words for expressing thought. Johnny knows this, and Helen too; for there's a volume of love in mother's eyes. If she said not one word they would know if she were glad or pained at what they do. Love is a wonderful language. There isn't an animal in all the world that doesn't understand it. So let us try to look love in our eyes and to show it in every action, and the time will come when all timid and wild things will approach us fearlessly, knowing that we will neither hurt nor destroy them.

Love is a language that speaks in the eye and in the touch as well as on the lips. "Do you wish for kindness? Be kind. Life is a mirror. You smile, and a smile is your sure return."

MARY J. WOODWARD-WEATHERBEE.

WHERE IS THE KING?

A king once journeying through his own dominion became lost to his real self. It happened in this wise:

The king's crown was set with the jewels of Truth and Wisdom, and these jewels gave light to himself and to all about him. Now, during this journey he came to a large forest, and it was called the Forest of the Senses. As he entered it, in some unaccountable way his crown became reversed so that the jewels were completely hidden, and the true Light went out, leaving naught but a dim unnatural light

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wherein many unreal things—illusions—seemed to be real and actually to exist. Now, these so confused him that he did not know what was true and what was illusion, and he did not even know himself to be the king. He saw the confusion within his kingdom, with no master to guide, and he ran hither and thither in search of the king, that, finding him, harmony might once again reign. He attended places of worship, making long and fervent prayers for the king to return and make right the kingdom. But his prayers were unanswered. He studied diligently science, philosophy, and religion, hoping to discover where the king might be. But he only made himself a servant of all these things, whereas they should have served him; for, not knowing the right way to use them, he gained very little light and was still ignorant of the king's abiding-place.

The false gods of the senses laughed at him and tossed him about continually upon the sea of doubt. But at last, with a great struggle, he came out from this sense-forest to a quiet dell wherein was a deep, clear lake. Standing upon its shore, with the morning sun shining full upon him, and with sad thoughts for the long-lost king, he looked down, down into the deep water, and his own reflection came in view. Then he saw the reversed crown on his head. Quickly he changed it to its right position, and the glory of the king, his own true Self, was revealed to him.

MAY ELLS.

MAY TIME.

There is no time that's sweeter
  Than sunny morn in May;
Then life awakes, and fleeter
  The birds fly on their way.

List, list! the winged creation
  That peoples earth and air
Sings joyous jubilation—
  Glad songs of praise and prayer.

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Now children, blithe and fairest,
In merry frolic rove
To seek the blossoms rarest
In garden, glen, and grove.

Nature, indeed, is beautiful—
Then, prithee, ne'er be sad;
Her offerings are so beautiful
We ever should be glad.

FANNY L. FANCHER.

IT doesn't pay to be cross—
It's not worth while to try it,
For Mammy's eyes so sharp
Are pretty sure to spy it:
A pinch on Billy's arm,
A scowl or a sullen gloom,
No longer we stay, but must up and away
To the Howlery-Growlery room.

Hi! the Howlery; ho! the Growlery!
Ha! the Sniffery, Snarlery, Scowlery!
There we may stay, if we choose, all day,
And it's only a smile that will bring us away.

* * * * * *

So it doesn't pay to be bad—
There's nothing to be won in it;
And when you stop to think,
There's really not much fun in it.
So come! the sun is out;
The lilacs are all abloom;
Come out and play, and we'll keep away
From the Howlery-Growlery room.

Hi! the Howlery; ho! the Growlery!
Ha! the Sniffery, Snarlery, Scowlery!
There we may stay, if we choose, all day,
And it's only a smile that will bring us away.

—Laura E. Richards, in "The Five Minute Stories."

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DANDELIONS.

One bright day in June some young and saucy dandelions stood laughing in the sun, in the meadow down by the brook. They were reeling in a frolicsome dance, for the breeze blew them about, and they were brimful of happiness and running over with fun. They stretched their slender necks and looked smilingly up at the sky, and they tossed their saucy heads proudly and shook their golden locks as they teased the butterflies. The bumble-bees, clad in black velvet and gold, gaily flitted from one dandelion to another, kissing in turn each radiant face.

All unnoticed, though close beside them, stood a dandelion quite old; his form was bent and the once golden locks, alas! were white as snow.

As the saucy young flowers finished the gayest of gay frolics with the bumble-bees, they spied, for the first time, the gray-headed dandelion.

"Oh ho!" they cried, "old Graybeard, where are your locks of gold? Just look at him! Why do you stand there, old man, with your form all bent and withered? If we looked as ragged and old as you we would hide our heads in the grass."

So they mocked and scorned the poor old fellow till darkness closed round them. Then a cunning little green nightcap hid each saucy face while they slept in their dewy bedrooms. But, lo! when the morning dawned each little head arose, crowned not with golden tresses but with long gray locks instead.

And these saucy dandelions taught the lesson to some very young ones near by, which were as yet hardly more than buds, that it is not safe to mock and scorn those not so beautiful nor clever nor young as themselves; for one never knows what tricks the sun and wind will play on a flower and change it from a self-satisfied blossom to one that is forlorn and longing for sympathy. And also that the dandelion in its old age with its silvery crown is ready to float away on the wings of the gentlest breeze into heaven's own blue.

FANNIE MALIN.

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

HER OTHER SELF. Anonymous. 184 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Illustrator and selling agent, M. W. Emerson, Octagon House, Washington, D. C.

Truth never surpasses fiction in strangeness so unmistakably as when presented in story form. This volume is from the pen of the anonymous author of "The Search for a Nose," and it is probable that it will find its way to the dramatic stage ere its first edition is exhausted. It has all the elements of a first-class play, plus the peculiar interest that attaches to problems in psychology. Indeed, to students of the occult it will prove extremely fascinating, for it presents a concrete instance, based on facts of record, of the operation of psychic law. No attempt to theorize or to preach is made; but the chain of absolutely true incidents will suggest varying conclusions, according to the reader's development along metaphysical lines. While the scene is laid in New York, the narrative portrays features of metropolitan life that are perhaps unfamiliar to the majority of our citizens. Having the rare virtue of instructing while it entertains, "Her Other Self" is destined to achieve wide popularity among the admirers of literary cleverness.

SAILING ALONE AROUND THE WORLD. By Captain Joshua Slocum. 294 pp. Cloth, $2.00. The Century Company, publishers, New York.

This is a book without a parallel in the literature of heroism and adventure. It is the simple story of an intrepid Canadian who actually circumnavigated the globe, in a wooden sail-boat of his own construction, without a living companion to share his perils. This feat has been accomplished by no other human being, and the author's description of his remarkable voyage, which is profusely illustrated, is unique in the information it conveys. No mere romance could surpass it in thrilling interest. It is not a work of imagination, but a chronicle of personal experiences that in the mind of any reader should stimulate the virtues of fortitude and faith. The stanch craft, the "Spray," with the captain in attendance, will

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be one of the attractions of the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo this summer. It is laden with curios collected by its brave and solitary occupant, during his hazardous journey, in all parts of the world. J. E. M.

OTHER NEW PUBLICATIONS.

REINCARNATION: A Study of Forgotten Truth. By E. D. Walker. Revised and edited by N. E. Wood, A.M., M.D. 156 pp. Leatherette, 50 cents; paper, 30 cents. N. E. Wood, publisher, Chicago.

THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES. Poems. By F. W. Bourdillon. Cloth, 73 pp. Little, Brown, and Company, publishers, Boston.

HERMAPHRO-DEITY: The Mystery of Divine Genius. By Eliza Barton Lyman. Paper, 276 pp. Published by the author, Saginaw, Michigan.

THE A B C OF PALMISTRY. By Hathaway and Dunbar. 86 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Banner of Light Publishing Company, Boston.

INTRODUCTORY LESSONS IN MENTAL SCIENCE. Compiled by Anna Vaile Switzer. Paper, 32 pp. Published by the author, Portland, Ore.

THE EARTH NOT BORN OF THE SUN. By D. K. Tenney. 37 pp. Paper, 25 cents. H. L. Green, publisher, Chicago.

QUIT ROBBING DEAD JEWS. By T. L. Harvey. 91 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Published by the author, Chester, Ark.

THE PILGRIM'S PATH. By Rai Salig Ram Bahadur. 50 pp. Leatherette, 50 cents. Esoteric Publishing Company, Applegate, Cal.

THE A B C OF SCIENTIFIC CHRISTIANITY. By Joseph Russell Clarkson. 112 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Published by the author, 450 Bee Building, Omaha, Neb.

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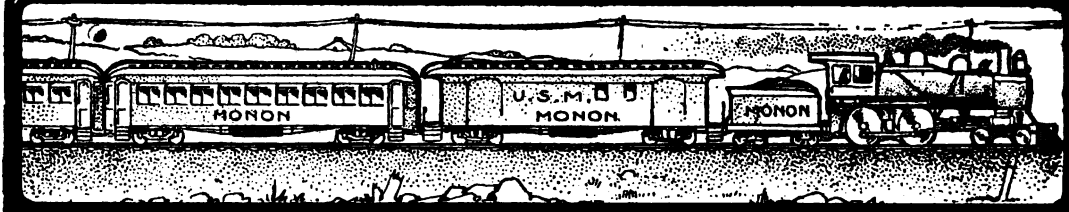

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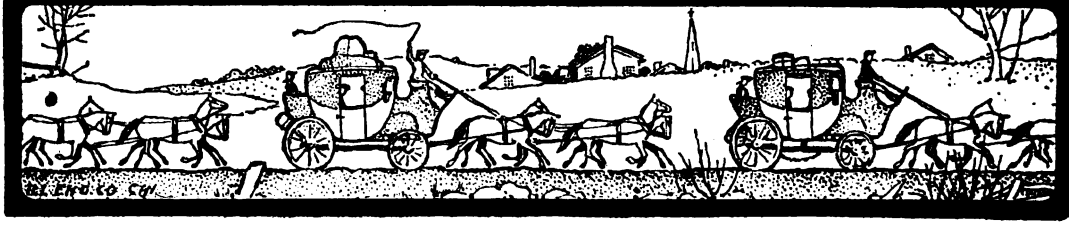

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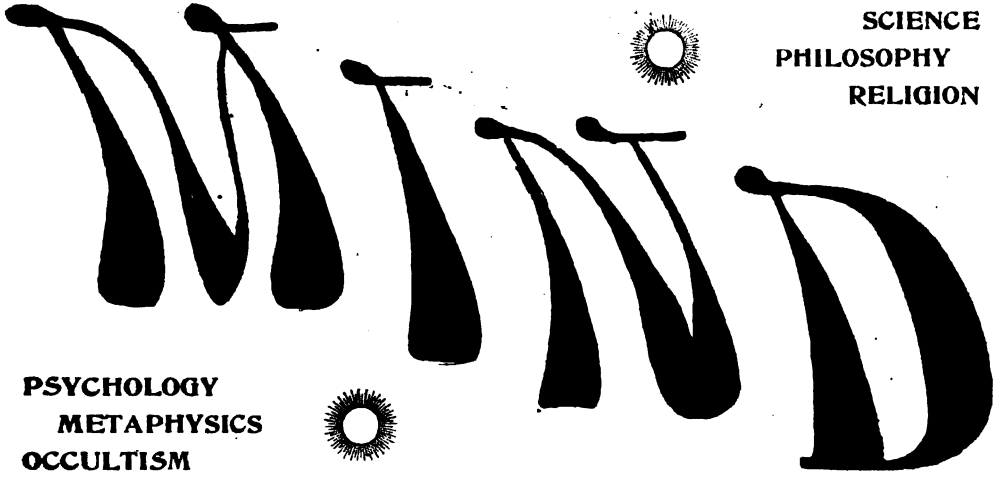

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MIND.

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IMMORTALITY AND REASON.

BY AXEL E. GIBSON.

"Ages may roll on, our very dust be dissolved, the earth shriveled like a scroll; but round and round the circle of eternity rolls the wheel of life—imperishable, unceasing. And as the earth from the sun, so immortality drinks happiness from virtue, which is the smile upon the face of God."—*Bulwer.*

However lost at times in the depths of skepticism and negation, the feeling of immortality never wholly at any time, or in any aspect, ceases to stir in the innermost recesses of the human heart. It may have disappeared from the outer consciousness, and man may fiercely deny any belief and interest in his own immortality; nevertheless, the seed for its growth is hid in his bosom, and will sprout whenever opportunities permit. Yet it may rest inactive for ages and leave whole generations apparently untouched by its genius. Its presence or absence in the active consciousness of man, however, forms an index to the depth of his philosophy. Whenever the soul directs its energies toward the inner, the deeper processes of human nature, the feeling of immortality rises into activity, while if directed toward mere temporal pursuits and gratifications, however refined, this feeling will gradually be found to withdraw from the active sphere of consciousness, followed by its subsequent disappearance into the inner depths of being. The real and enduring work of human intelligence is not to be measured in terms of intellectual adroitness or speculative daring,—be it in

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art, science, or philosophy,—but in the moral virility of character in the *outer,* and depth of feeling in the *inner,* life; hence the seeming anomaly of a people so highly intellectual and mentally vigorous as the Greeks and Romans, yet being without any firm conviction concerning an after-life.

The towering exceptions of one or two Grecian philosophers, who in their discourses and writings really gave evidence of a pronounced faith in an immortal soul, rather tend to prove than to disprove the truth of this statement. "There is only one thing that men look upon as incredible," says Cebes to Socrates, in Plato's famous dialogue on the "Immortality of the Soul," *"viz.,* what you advanced of the soul. For almost everybody fancies that when the soul parts from the body it is no more; it dies along with it; in the very minute of parting it vanishes like a vapor, or smoke, which flies off and disperses, and has no existence." This would indicate the general state of belief of the Greeks at the time of Plato, and faith in the inner realities of life did certainly not gain in strength in after-days. A friend of Cicero who had studied Plato testifies to the unfamiliarity of the Roman mind with the idea of immortality by telling of his inability to turn the Platonic view into conviction and belief: "As long as I hold his discourse in my hand I believe in his argument, but the moment I lay the volume aside the belief parts with it."

The Grecian philosophy, notwithstanding its dazzling excursions in the realm of thought and imagination, its refinements in culture and ethics, and its ideality and inventive genius in art, did not, with one or two exceptions, pass beyond the limits of the experimental and speculative. As a system of metaphysics, the Grecian philosophy dealt more with the spectacular and descriptive phases of life than with the experiences accruing from *living* and *becoming* it. The great difference between the true mystic and the metaphysician of the schools consists in this—that the former *lives* the life while the latter merely *describes* it; the former derives his light from noumenal

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perceiving (intuition), the latter from speculations based on observations through sense-perception; the former *is* what he relates, the latter *observes* what he describes; the former is a seer, the latter is a philosopher.

Gauged largely by phenomena, the ancients focused their whole soul-force on the objective plane, which they made resemble a "heaven" as much as possible. Olympus was a materialized heaven; the gods performed the rôles of more or less accomplished men and women—not without superb virtues nor debasing weaknesses. Failing to find the subjective or soul side of human nature, the knowledge and practical realization of which give rise to the mystic, the philosophies of Greece and Rome as a whole had no positive views of human life and destiny. For certainty and faith can only arise from actual experience, and faith in the immortality of the soul is possible only to him that realizes himself as a soul, and in the possession of qualities the very nature and scope of which make his individual immortality a necessity.

What, again, might have been taught in the ancient mysteries on the subject of immortality cannot be considered as an element of their popular philosophy. In the writings and discourses of the philosophers, immortality was always treated vaguely and with uncertainty. Epictetus exhorts his disciples to cultivate their souls for temporal, not for eternal, purposes. The grandest thoughts of Marcus Aurelius, the Roman emperor-philosopher, form an embellishment to the majesty of death, while ignoring an after-life, and agree with Socrates "that death, so far from being terrible to true philosophers—it is their whole business to die." The lucidity of this purple-robed thinker turns into uncertainty and vagueness as to what may follow after the soul has passed the portal of death.

Cicero, Plinius, Scipio, Seneca, Lucianos, and others whom we are taught to love and admire, are equally silent or uncertain about the mystic "beyond." The maxims contained in their philosophy were stamped by an invincible virtue in life

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and a stoical indifference in death. But beyond death they did not venture to extend their inquiries. "Immortality," said Lucianos, "is for the gods, not for men;" and the general hopelessness of the ancients' view of an after-life has had no more striking and melancholic expression than in the conception of an ill-fated Niobe, vainly trying to shield her children from the invisible, though death-dealing, arrows of Apollo.

What gave to the Christian faith its inner force and conquering power would more likely be found in its firm, positive declaration of a belief in the immortality of the soul than in any of its other doctrines. For the feeling of immortality is native to the soul, though for a time it may remain slumbering and silent—smothered by the grosser interests of existence. A semi-conscious wish—a half-realized longing for a continuation of life after death—lingers over most of the thoughts and maxims of antiquity. The people wished for certainty and faith, not mere speculations, and when the convultionists of early Christianity, with a resistless fervor of boundless conviction and faith, announced that immortality was a fact in human nature, the great exodus from Olympus began. The barbarism of Christian enthusiasm conquered the refinements of ancient philosophy just by virtue of this faith. A fresh impulse was thus imparted to the world; a new hope was bequeathed to spiritually devitalized minds, and the dazzling certainty of a continuation of existence after death gave to individual life a new meaning, a new inducement to live—and to live in virtue.

But the Christian interpretation of immortality, as given by the fathers of the early Church, did not unfold the real, inner sense and meaning of the doctrine. The promises held out by these interpreters could not possibly be fulfilled. They postulated eternal felicities beyond the clouds, but did not accord the individual sufficient time to earn them. To be able not only to enjoy, but even to endure, such an immortality as the one promised—a life of unceasing altruism and virtue, un-

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touched by every shade of that sense-life the excitement and enjoyment of which are indispensable to most human lives—would require the attainment of qualities for which one short sojourn of the soul on earth would yield no adequate time or opportunity. The enjoyment of a certain mental state or condition necessitates the presence in the mind of qualities through which the inner value and importance of such a condition can be measured. Music, to be enjoyed, must be not only listened to but *understood*. The same strain of music that in one mind calls into action the pure ecstasies of a magically touched imagination may leave another mind unmoved and empty. So with the ecstasies of heaven: they must find a sounding board, an Apollo's-lyre, in the human heart by which to be recognized, understood, and enjoyed; and it is of this earth only, under the threefold influence of mental, moral, and spiritual evolution, that this faculty can find its unfoldment. "The kingdom of heaven is within you," and the soul that cannot enjoy a heaven on earth shall never succeed in enjoying it in a mystical hereafter.

It is barbarism of thought to believe that the mere passage of death, while arresting organized action, should have a power of generating mental and spiritual energies. If by the term *heaven* is understood a state in which the soul moves in the perfect independence of organic sensations, then, to gain admission into this state, such independence of being must have been within the field of experiences enjoyable while on earth. In other words, the soul while yet surrounded by the clamor and turmoil of a sense-governed world should have the power of retiring at will within the sanctuary of its own inner life, and "in the midst of a crowd enjoy the perfect sweetness and tranquillity of solitude." To accomplish this feat of subjective self-consciousness, the span of time allotted the average mortal during a single earth life is by far too short. Incredible ages were needed for the gill-breathing fish to develop into a lung-breathing bird, and the change of an individual from a sinning

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mortal into a being transfigured by purity and holiness can surely not be accomplished in less time. The development of a single virtue, or the removal of a single vice, often requires the most tremendous efforts and enduring patience. What, then, must be the efforts and time required for an evolution which is to raise every human virtue into a state of divinity and equip humanity with qualities and powers fitted for immortality! Thus immortality as interpreted by the Christian creed fails in the light of reason because of postulating effects for the generating of which no adequate time or opportunity is furnished.

Unable to find a saving Ariadne-thread in this shattered chain of causation, the weary mind gave up the problem in despair, resorting to the easier departure of denying existence to the very object of immortality—the soul itself. Thus appeared modern materialism, which for an impossible immortality of the soul substituted its hopeless annihilation. All the divine qualities of human nature,—love, altruism, compassion, resignation, etc.,—laboriously evolved during ages of pain and conflict, by this theory are tracelessly dispersed by the chilling breath of death. This view of existence, however, is as powerless to solve the problem under consideration as the view it was to replace. If, on the one hand, it is impossible to conceive of the instantaneous generating at death of qualities imperishable and eternal in their essence, so on the other hand it is equally impossible to conceive of the instantaneous destruction at death of qualities and virtues requiring a lifetime's meditation and thought for their evolution. Though recognizing the two sweeping generalizations of modern science,—the indestructibility of force and the conservation of energy,—materialism nevertheless postulates the destruction of forces such as *thought, will,* and *feeling,* which in their majesty of supreme power dominate and control the very forces admitted to be indestructible. Thought moved by *Will,* and directed by *Love,* has the key to every combination of cosmic forces; it

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employs solar energies in its service; it constructs grooves for Nature's more violent energies and dominates every manifested expression of life and power. If death falls short in destroying a mere physico-chemical force, as materialism itself postulates, how much less would death be capable of destroying a divine energy—a soul—in which resides an intelligence powerful enough to direct and subjugate the very forces through the action of which it was to meet its destruction!

> "Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
> The truth—to flesh and sense unknown—
> That Life is ever lord of death,
> And Love can never lose its own?"

Realizing its new difficulty, the ever-inquiring mind blazed out a new avenue for philosophic thought. Reason and logic demanded that, if material forces and molecules are to be considered immortal, spiritual forces ought surely not to be denied immortality. And from this concession sprang up a system of philosophy that in the history of human thought is labeled Pantheism. In this system, *intelligence* survives the ravages of death, but its *possessor* perishes; *virtue* is immortal, but the *virtuous* mortal; a man's *deeds* triumph over death, but the *man* himself succumbs and vanishes; racial immortality is substituted for individual immortality, and self-consciousness is dissolved into universal consciousness. Pantheism undertakes the stupendous task of dissolving the individuality of man at the end of his earthly career. The individual shall never more be able to recognize himself as a distinct being—his destiny is to be diffused in the surging sea of cosmic substance, to part for evermore with his personal identity.

Now, the individuality of man is the center of gravity around which all his qualities and powers are clustered. In childhood or old age, in waking or sleeping, in health or disease, the feeling of individuality or personal identity remains eternally intact. The advance of life is the advance of individuality, and so unvaryingly does the latter intensify with the former

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that the sole object of natural evolution seems to be the preparation for and development of individuality in the human creature. The object of individuality is to specialize the advancement of universal growth. Through the specialization of work, line upon line of natural evolution can be hurried onward until the whole sweep of Nature's complex efforts shall have been carried to their final destiny. According to the Pantheistic scheme, however, this progressive unfoldment would not result in the crowning perfection and maintenance of an imperishable human ego, but to its expulsion from self-conscious existence. Yet this is not all. The same nature that once stood powerless in preventing the very seed of individuality from striking root and developing into the human ego should ages later, when this individuality reached its present dominating intensity and vigor, be able to cause its destruction! Herein lies the great difficulty of Pantheism. Its failure to find a solvent of this riddle constitutes the Pantheistic sphinx, which Pantheism must solve or it will perish.

Advancing boldly on the heels of these philosophies and triumphantly filling gaps in their logic, Modern Spiritualism unfolds a theory of immortality perhaps the most acceptable of those yet enumerated. Recognizing the inadequacy of one short earth-life for the engendering of faculties and powers requisite to an existence in a realm of unceasing ecstasy, Spiritualism postulates a condition of personal life after death, through which the soul is offered opportunities to round out and accomplish, through a series of progressive unfoldments, its unfinished evolution. Ingenious as this theory may at first appear, it nevertheless exposes a fatal discrepancy in its system. It fails to explain why existence on earth is *at all* necessary if the soul in after-life will be furnished with facilities and opportunities for continual growth and accomplishment. Why these experiences of horror, of sin and shame, of crime and infamy, consequent upon physical existence, if the whole process of natural evolution could take place above the clouds,

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engendered, not by the relentless law of the survival of the fittest, but by the rosy pinions of love and charity? The tremendous expenditure of vital energy caused by the deadly friction between the soul and earthly conditions must, if looked at from a Spiritualistic point of view, appear as wholly aimless and wanton; for if a child, dying at the age of a few months, can go through its evolutionary career in "Spirit-land," and attain the same wisdom and power as the aged and care-worn savant, battling inch by inch on his march along the thorny pathway of truth and virtue, the injustice and aimlessness of earthly existence lie open to all.

In a universe governed in every detail by law and order, such arbitrary and purposeless proceedings are unthinkable. No effort in the cosmos is wasted. The sojourn on earth in a physical body fulfils conditions undoubtedly indispensable to the progress of the soul. The body—with its marvelous mechanism, its sensitized tissues, its network of high-strung nerve-threads capable of registering and transmitting the subtlest changes ensuing through contact with surrounding elements of sense-life—constitutes an instrument all too precious, and all too laboriously evolved, to be regarded as a factor whose service would be of no fundamental importance in the process of natural evolution, and therefore capable of being dispensed with. The nerve-threads bring the soul into reciprocal touch with all the thrills of human emotion,—of joy or sadness, of love or hatred, of virtue or vice,—translating them all in due order into the permanent feeling of self-consciousness, or egohood. This is the crucible in which innocence is tested. The natural instincts of the human creature, its pure, untainted (because untested) innocence, constitute the raw material, the gold-bearing ore, which the soul through the crucible of moral conquests converts into the refined metal of victorious virtue. In this true alchemy of the soul, the body furnishes the indispensable alembic, bereaved of which the former would be unable to come in direct contact with the physical side of human na-

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ture, and consequently barred from obtaining a knowledge of its proper scope and meaning.

A mere abstract attention can never evolve practical knowledge. We may listen with uninterrupted attention for ages to discourses on music and yet not be able to form a single musical score; and so with every other attainment. "The mind might ponder its thought for ages," says Emerson, "and not gain so much self-knowledge as the passion of love shall teach it in a day." Without contact, no struggle; without struggle, no victory and no conquest. Innocence is not virtue; it may *become* virtue after having been tried through the fire of temptation and having triumphed in its trial. Thus, and thus only, is virtue evolved; and the divine economy of the universe would never permit, on the material plane, such prodigious expenditure of moral and mental energies if the result of a lifetime's pain and labor could be otherwise and otherwhere obtained. A theory of immortality to gain the sanction of reason must be hampered by no expressions of arbitrary power that may mar the majesty of eternal law and justice.

Still one theory of immortality remains. It is that of rebirth (*reincarnation*), of which David Hume once expressed the opinion that "the theory of rebirth is the only theory of immortality philosophy shall ever hearken to." Another weighty statement, made by Professor Huxley, may also be quoted in favor of this theory, provided, of course, the doctrine can justly claim its application. "The theory," says this eminent scientist and philosopher, "which explains the most phenomena and covers the most arguments holds precedence in the domain of scientific thought." Then let us apply the test. The problem of immortality—which the theory held by the Christian creeds fails to solve, because of the inadequacy of a single lifetime's preparation for the attainment of universal perfection—is solved by the rebirth theorist by giving the departing and imperfect soul, through a return to earthly existence, renewed opportunities for growth. Again, the in-

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ability of the materialistic scheme to dispose at death of intelligent and moral forces, immortal in their qualities, also appears to be overcome by this theory, which links these forces to the soul that engenders them—thus opening a way for their collective return to the physical field of action and their continuance as factors in the evolution of the soul.

Likewise Pantheism might be said to find its saving genius in this theory of rebirth. The individuality, which Pantheism shall forever fail to dissolve, is through the process of rebirth carried on toward ever grander scopes and powers. The destiny of the individuality would not then be to dissolve, but to increase in intensity of feeling until capable of being a focus of universal love, wisdom, and power, and able to reflect every expression of life and consciousness in the world. The unfathomable range of self-consciousness to which this unceasing advance of the individuality into ever higher realms of evolution is leading will make immortality logically and philosophically possible—an immortality having for its substance and endurance the imperishable qualities inherent in the ego itself, and won by mental and moral conquests during the lapse of revolving cycles.

By applying the rebirth theory to the view held by Spiritualism, the latter at once secures a firm foothold in the realm of thought and reason. The illogical and impossible expediency of a *natural* evolution to be continued into light-spheres of untainted purity, intended to receive the *result,* not the *process,* of growth, would be unneeded and uncalled for as soon as the soul were allotted ample time to explore and exhaust the treasure-vaults of earthly existence.

Thus the believer in the rebirth theory holds claims on having discovered an immortality that will endure, however crucial its exposure to the light of reason. The key it offers to unlock the great mystery of after-life is satisfactory at once to head and heart, love and justice, thought and imagination. Extending on the one hand to the individual the rightful privi-

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lege of obtaining appropriate results from progressive efforts made during earth-life, this theory of existence, on the other hand, holds the debtor to his debt, be it moral, mental, or physical, independent of intervening physical deaths.

The lover of his race whom death removed from his work for humanity is by this theory offered renewed opportunities for the consummation of his undying hope—the liberation of man from the thraldom of his senses. From being a creature of fate and circumstance, the individual, by linking the causes of the present life with the effects of lives to come, is ultimately enabled to control his own destiny. However much or little he accomplishes is to his own eternal credit, forming the basis of future accomplishment in deeds of truth and virtue. Death, "the brother of sleep," would be to the soul what sleep is to the body; and the individual, returning to face a new earth-day, refreshed and rejuvenated, takes up anew the thread of life where he dropped it, reaping what he sowed, suffering or enjoying the fruits of former deeds. The soul possessed by the heroic virtues—the soul "whose country is the world and whose religion is to do good"—may find a source of exulting joy in this theory. No "death" can sever the individual from the practical realization of his ideal of human perfection. No dream of an eternal lassitude in a *"blaue hinein"* is permitted to rise between him and humanity and lessen his enthusiasm in the work for mankind. Conscious of his position, he will draw new strength, hope, and courage from his certainty of return to the battlefield of life again and again—so long as ignorance, superstition, selfishness, and despair hold their blightening tyranny over the human soul.

But though this theory would naturally postpone the attainment of the beatitudes of immortality, it does not remove them as ultimate ends. For when the physical universe and the universe of thought have no more mysteries—when the struggle for interhuman rights and freedom is won, and the soul, like Alexander, has no more "worlds to conquer"—the whole ag-

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gregate humanity, not as separate units, not as broken cords, but as one solitary, inseparable brotherhood, will pass on into undreamed-of realms of joy and glory.

These are some of the arguments advanced by those who have accepted the theory of reincarnation as a gauge and guide in daily life. Undoubtedly its philosophy has many pleasing aspects—pleasing alike to the sense of mercy and the sense of justice. Yet to consider its postulates as the last issues of reason would be both dogmatic and arrogant, and in opposition to its own most emphasized principle: the ceaseless progression of human intelligence. Whenever that theory appears which, more successfully than any hitherto, shall explain the problems and mysteries of after-life, the rebirth theory will follow the course common to all speculations of the mind and add a new fragment to the archives of human thought.

I HAVE, like other people, I suppose, made many resolutions that I have broken or only half kept; but the one which I send you, and which was in my mind long before it took the form of a resolution, is the key-note of my life. It is this—always to regard as mere impertinences of fate the handicaps which were placed upon my life almost at the beginning. I resolved that they should not crush or dwarf my soul, but rather be made to "blossom, like Aaron's rod, with flowers."—*Helen Keller.*

NONE but the fully occupied can appreciate the delight of suspended or rather of varied labor. It is toil that creates holidays; there is no royal road—yes, that is the royal road—to them. Life cannot be made up of recreations: they must be garden spots in well-farmed lands.—*Mrs. Gilbert Ann Taylor.*

THORNS may be woven into a chaplet; and such a crown, though it tear and scar the brow, is the emblem of a royalty like Christ's.—*Charles Beard.*

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TRAINING OF THOUGHT AS A LIFE FORCE.

BY THE REV. R. HEBER NEWTON.

III.

It is with character as with health—the true work is wrought in the mind. In the training of the mind's forces, what we seek for the soul is to be accomplished. Character-building is the supreme end of life. It is character that we carry away from earth into the life beyond—the sole result of our life here. Man capitalizes himself for immortality in creating character.

Now, character is, as the Greek word denotes, the lines cut into the nature; the form graven upon the being; the image stamped on the life. It is the sculptor's work upon the inward man. As he carves with his tools the lines of the beautiful human form divine in marble, so does he carve with the truer tools of thought the beautiful human form divine in the spirit.

Character does not grow of itself. It is not a weed—it is the choicest of flowers. The statue does not shape itself by a happy coincidence of chances—it is formed and fashioned by the sculptor. He does not sit down before the lump of clay and wish that a beautiful statue may arise therefrom. Although Whitman said it, one does not often find it true—"I loaf, and invite my soul." The true soul does not respond to the invitation of the loafer. She comes with her glad and joyous smile to him who seeks her and works to win her. It is by patient toil of the sculptor's hands that the statue arises. Hours and days and weeks and months, perhaps, go to the toilsome manipulation of the clay, that the model may stand forth in beauty; and, then, other hours and days and weeks and months and years, perhaps, to the finishing of that form in

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the snow-white marble. No one but a fool dreams of winning character without patient, insistent effort. If he cannot build himself up into physical health without systematic toil, he surely cannot build himself up into spiritual health without systematic toil. He does not dream of becoming an athlete save by years of physical discipline. Should he dream of becoming a saint short of years of spiritual discipline?

And the toil of the sculptor is not so much, after all, a toil of the fingers as a toil of the mind back of the fingers. Every gentle pressure of the fingers on the plastic clay is guided by a thought. Every delicate stroke of the chisel on the marble is directed by a thought. The true tools of the sculptor are not the cunning fingers or the fine-edged chisel—they are the clear, strong thoughts in his mind. A will is back of the hand on the mallet. The unintelligent sculptor never made a beautiful statue. It is a work of mind. So is every great work of man's devising, even in the material world—palace and temple and picture—all, alike, are thoughts before they are things.

The toil of the spiritual sculptor over the human form divine, then, is also a toil first of the mind. No amount of drill and discipline in the outer being, no studied cultivation of habits, no system for controlling his words and deeds through which he may put himself patiently, year by year, will ever accomplish aught save as it is the expression of the inner thought, the desire, the purpose, the will; save as it is the manifestation of the inner vision, the ideal after which he is seeking to fashion his life. Here is the real potentiality of character-building. For "as a man thinketh in his heart so is he."

The traditional system of the Church must, therefore, stand greatly in fault if this be the true philosophy of character-culture. For the Church has thought to guide men in character-building, not indeed by neglecting their thoughts,—she knew too much of her philosophy to do thus,—but by the directing of their thoughts toward the evil to be escaped. She

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has preoccupied their minds with the conception of sin. Sin has been the dominant thought in the minds that would become good. It is needless to remind any one of the fact. The whole system of the Church as a training of character bears witness to this. The new life begins in the conviction of sin. It is deepened by the deepening conviction of sin. Man's attention is focused upon sin. The hymns and prayers and sermons of the churches have constantly held before him the image of sin.

All this is so familiar that we scarcely realize its utterly unphilosophic character. Imagine the sculptor setting himself down before the mass of clay and calling up visions of physical malformation as a preliminary step toward the creation of a form of physical beauty! Imagine him summoning before his soul a vision of ideal ugliness, if we may use such a contradiction of terms, thinking thus to create in the clay a model of ideal loveliness! What preposterous folly this would be! Yet, is it not parallel with the posture of mind of the Christian when he seeks to create a character made in the image of God by preoccupying his mind with a vision of a character made in the image of the devil? He sets himself down before his spiritual material, and deliberately and systematically calls into his mind the hateful forms of spiritual evil—thinking thus to aid him in creating the desired form of spiritual goodness! The wonder is not that the world is not getting further ahead in the creation of the human form divine, but that it has gotten as far ahead as it has under such a system.

I remember years ago my sudden awakening, as a youngster, to realize the falsity of this spiritual attitude. It was in a Sunday morning prayer-meeting in Old St. Paul's Church in Philadelphia. The teachers of the Sunday-school were gathered for a preliminary preparation of their souls for their great task of teaching the children the life divine. One of our teachers was leading us in prayer. His whole prayer consisted of a bemoaning of his faults and of the faults of

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his fellows; a reiteration, in varying forms, of the confession of sin. This was the traditional type of prayer. But, suddenly, it flashed upon my soul that the whole thing was unreal; that it was unsound and vicious; that we were all depressing our spiritual lives and enfeebling our ethical energies by brooding over the very evils to escape from which we were seeking to help our children. The inspiration of that moment has followed me through life.

So evangelical an evangelist as Henry Drummond emphasizes this false attitude of the Church strongly. He denounces in vigorous terms the folly of concentrating the mental attention upon the negative forms of evil, as hoping thereby to achieve the positive forms of goodness. Turn to your "Middlemarch," if you have not yet forgotten that great story by George Eliot. Read the development of *Bulstrode's* character, and see a fearful parable of the shaping of a soul from the cherishing of evil thoughts.

Your first step toward character-culture must be the resolution to put every evil thought out of your mind and to keep it out. So you bar the door upon every evil wish, every unholy imagination, every wicked desire. Will any noble form of soul arise around a being while its mind is soiled and stained with such presences? No light task this, certainly—but the first primal and fundamental task of the man who would build a character. As the rustic said: "Yeou cayn't help heven' bad thoughts come into your head, but yeou haven't no need fer ter set 'em a chair."

This may perhaps interpret to us the fact, which ought to be a very strange one in the minds of the ordinary orthodox Christian, that he who came to save his people from their sins had, comparatively speaking, so little to say about those sins, while he had so much to say about the virtues. He evidently did not believe in fixing the minds of those whom he would save from evil upon the evil that he would save them from. He believed in fixing their minds upon the good to

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which he would draw them, trusting the visions of beautiful goodness to allure, to solicit, to inspire, to energize.

The true attitude of the spiritual sculptor is precisely the counterpart of the attitude of the sculptor in stone. He sets him down before the mass of clay, and sets himself to dreaming of an ideal form of loveliness. When that form takes shape in his mind, clear cut and distinct, then, and not till then, do his hands begin to play upon the clay, and the work of fashioning the model is begun. Through the whole toilsome and laborious process, his constant preoccupation is with this vision of loveliness that has come to him. The constant effort is to hold that vision clear in his mind, to bring it out of the clouds, down from the skies, near to his very being—so close that he may feel its breath, its touch. Then is he sure that he can stamp it in the clay, if he but hold it thus clear and close in the embrace of his soul. At every pause in the outward work, he turns his mind within and clears the vision, and then turns that vision out upon the clay and lets its shadow lie upon the clay until the lines of the heavenly form are drawn therein.

Ponder that great word of the apostle in which he enjoins his followers to "bring every imagination into captivity to the obedience of Christ."

The task of character-building, then, is the task of character-thinking. Hold before your minds habitually the thoughts of whatsoever things are true and just and pure and lovely and of good report. Allow no other presences in your soul. Retire into the inner place of your being daily, and call up these divine presences of beautiful goodness. Just to sit silent in the secret place of the soul and think of truth and purity, of justice and gentleness, of all the sweet train of these heavenly guests—this is of the most powerful service in the building of character. As those heavenly presences linger in the inner place of the soul their shadows will fall upon the being; the lines of their forms will trace them-

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selves upon your mental tissue and work themselves out into the habits of the life. Sit, then, in the sacred silence of the soul and call up these visions of beautiful goodness; desire them exceedingly; send your longings out after them. So will the heavenly forms stoop to your embrace and kiss you with the benediction of God.

Every thought of goodness brought into the mind turns out upon the life in an energy of goodness. Every heavenly ideal visioned within frees a force to fashion without its counterpart in the habits of the soul. The imagination is the true creative faculty, imaging God's true creative work. Image your true selves within your souls, and the image will come forth in your outer lives. "Let us make man in our image." Even God first made man after His image in His thought; and it is because he is thus imaged in the Divine thought that he is coming forth into the Divine work.

This is not a work of spasmodic, impulsive action, just when we chance to think of it. Not so does the sculptor vision the human form divine that he would transfer to the marble. Systematically, habitually, concentratingly, intensely he thinks that form, and thus clears its outline in his mind and energizes it to stamp itself upon the marble. So must the soul do in seeking to build a character. It must learn to train the forces of its being—the forces of the Universe, the forces of thought —and to utilize them after the law of the Universe. It must fashion its true graving tools in these keen, steel-edged thoughts, and then with them carve and mold the human form divine.

The building of character is primarily and essentially a work of building thought. All the great ethical and spiritual teachers are at one here. Open your Gospels and see how Jesus teaches. Turn to the Sermon on the Mount. How little he has to say of outer deeds, of the actions that we call sins! How much he has to say of the inner deeds, of the thoughts and desires that God calls sins!—

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"Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill; and, Whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment—But I say unto you that whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment. . . . Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not commit adultery; but I say unto you, that whosoever looketh upon a woman, to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart."

It has often been wondered at that Jesus gave so little formal instruction concerning the laws of life; that he gave so few positive prescriptions concerning conduct; that he was so little of a legislator. The reason is that he knew all action to be the outcome of thought, and that he recognized the vanity of legislating for action without inspiring thought. His task was to cleanse the fountain.

You may turn to the Zend Avesta, the sacred books of the ancient Persians, and find over and over again the habitual refrain, "Good Thought, Good Word, Good Deed." This is the uniform order in which goodness is spoken of. First the thought of goodness, then the word of goodness, then the deed of goodness. So you may turn to your Buddhist sacred writings and read thus in the Dhammapala:

"All that we are is the result of what we have thought; it is founded upon our thoughts, it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts with an evil thought, pain follows him as the wheel follows the foot of the ox that draws the carriage. . . .

"If a man speaks or acts with a pure thought, happiness follows him like a shadow that never leaves him. . . .

"As rain breaks through an ill-thatched house, passion will break through an ill-reflecting mind. As rain does not break through a well-thatched house, passion will not break through a well-reflecting mind. . . .

"As a fletcher makes straight his arrow, a wise man makes straight his trembling and unsteady thought, which is difficult to guard, difficult to hold back.

"It is good to tame the mind, which is difficult to hold in and flighty, rushing wherever it listeth. A tamed mind brings happiness.

"Let the wise man guard his thoughts, for they are difficult to perceive, very artful, and they rush wherever they list. Thoughts well guarded bring happiness.

"Those who bridle their mind, which travels far, moves about alone, is

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without a body, hides in the chamber (of the heart), will be free from the bonds of Mara (the tempter).

"If a man's thoughts are unsteady, if he does not know the true law, if his peace of mind is troubled, his knowledge will never be perfect.

"If a man's thoughts are not dissipated, if his mind is not perplexed, if he has ceased to think of good or evil, then there is no fear for him while he is watchful.

"If a man would hasten toward the good he should keep his thought free from evil.

"Thoughts alone cause the round of births; let a man strive to purify his thoughts. What a man thinks, that he is. This is the old secret."

As you watch Richard Mansfield's splendid setting of Shakespeare's "Henry V.," ponder well the words of the heroic king—"All things are ready if our minds be so."

(*Concluded.*)

A MAN only understands what is akin to something already existing in himself. We are all visionaries, and what we see is our soul in things. We reward ourselves and punish ourselves without knowing it, so that all appears to change when we change. Every soul has its climate, or, rather, is a climate.—*Amiel's Journal.*

"IF you have been waked through love into Life, then your life's work is to transmute everywhere the transient into the permanent and the eternal, first in your own soul and life, then by what you are, and through your *love,* calling out the eternal in all about you."

"HOLD your dull life up to the light, and see how it will be transfigured. Life is not meant to be a path of ease, but steep and rugged; and it is only through self-denial, discouragement, discipline, and trial that you may attain the higher life."

"MAN was sent into the world to be a growing and exhaustless force."

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RELIGION AND SPIRITUALISM.

BY H. FORBES KIDDLE.

In the modern revival of a practise in which men in all ages and of every grade of intelligence and civilization have participated, the modern materialistic skeptic refuses to see anything but the persistent survival or atavistic recrudescence of an unworthy superstition which the enlightenment of science is destined ultimately to banish from the mind of man. A host of intelligent persons, however, by irresistible demonstration have been convinced that there actually exists the possibility of intercourse between the denizens of earth and the dwellers in the veiled "hereafter." Upon this fundamental fact they have been compelled to agree; but beyond that there exists the greatest diversity of opinion among believers. Indeed, the field of inquiry opened up by Modern Spiritualism is a vast one, and agreement upon its multitudinous problems —problems demanding most skilful and candid scientific elucidation—is at present hardly more desirable than it is possible. The facts are obvious; but the explanation of the facts and the deductions therefrom are by no means plain.

Nevertheless, a contemplation of the general subject in the light of modern experience impressively indicates that, like everything else within man's reach, Spiritualism is open to gross misconception and abuse as well as to beneficent, ennobling use. Witchcraft, black magic, sorcery, necromancy—all are forms of Spiritualism, in the sense in which the term is now used; but so also are the inspirations of the prophets, the ecstasies of the saints, and the miracles of the Christ. Wherever and whenever the practise prevails, there are present two distinct phases—one tending to vitiate and degrade, the other to sustain and exalt.

In the past, Spiritualism and Religion have been intimately

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associated. Both pertaining to the spiritual side of man's nature, the two have gone naturally hand in hand. At the bottom of every system of popular religion, Spiritualism in some form is discovered—indeed, it is the vital element in most religions. One is true and forceful in proportion to the presence of the other. There is, moreover, a mutual dependence in the matter of character and quality. Gross, uncouth spiritualistic beliefs and practises have been accompanied by a religious system of corresponding character. The offering up of bloody sacrifices as a religious ceremonial, for example, denotes belief in an invisible presence to whom such a brutal proceeding is acceptable. On the other hand, without the spiritual safeguards that constitute the fundamentals of pure religion—namely, reverence, devotion, purity of thought, and lofty, disinterested purpose—Spiritualism is in danger of falling into all sorts of debasement, wherein mystical fanaticism and deception abound and demoralization and degeneracy are imminent.

Never has the need of intelligent coöperation between Religion and Spiritualism been greater than it is to-day. Religion, fixedly associated as it is in the popular mind with rigid dogma and arbitrary tradition, will not be able to withstand the assaults being made upon it by the present purely intellectual methods of historical and literary research and rationalistic deduction without the quickening illumination of pure, reverential Spiritualism. The few intuitive minds may be able to recognize the just discriminations of the "higher criticism," but the mass of men, discarding the false in the process of proving all things, will not be able to hold fast to that which is true in the old faith.

The concrete presentations of Spiritualism are absolutely essential to demonstrate that genuine spiritual significance really does underlie the symbolism, allegory, ecstasy, and wonder-working of the Scriptures. In no other way is it possible to reconcile Bible "supernaturalism" with the *naturalism* of to-day.

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The modern conception of a universe governed by undeviating, impartial Law makes no allowance for the so-called miraculous interventions upon which rests the religious faith of Western civilization. Miracles either must be accounted for or explained away: they are the products of a childish imagination, the charlatanry of designing men, or the paroxysms of hysteria; or they are veridical experiences not beyond the possibility of repetition or the hope of rational explanation. The editor of the *Outlook,* in his answer to a recent query, "Did angels ever appear to people in the form of men?" wisely recognizes the value of modern experience by stating that "people in modern times have been visited when awake by apparitions in human form, and in sleep have had visions of that sort. Forms so appearing would have been anciently called 'Angels'—a word signifying 'messengers.' This is a basis of fact for the Old Testament stories, to which there are doubtless some legendary additions." And is this not the only rational response to a question that to-day is definitely or indefinitely in the minds of a multitude of men and women? *Because people are now visited by apparitions, it is possible to credit narratives of like experiences recorded in the Bible.* It is astounding that the churches have not been eager to make use of this invincible defense against materialistic indifference and skepticism, which are destroying their influence and threatening their very existence. More astounding still is their strange skepticism toward the very things whence their own system was derived. Partizanship, the most subtle of human traits, is often mistaken for religion.

But the modern spiritual renascence brings immensely more that is serviceable to religion than apparitions and phenomenal marvels. Besides bringing the key to a rational study of the spiritual gropings of humanity in various stages of mental and moral development, it brings the interpretation of religion itself. It proves the naturalness of the religious impulse by establishing the existence of an inner nature whence

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the impulse is derived and to which it pertains. The soul has its natural needs and cravings as well as the body. "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God." "When we go deepest down," said the Rev. J. Page Hopps at the International Congress of Spiritualists, held in London last year, "we find the Rock of Religion; and when we penetrate to the heart of Spiritualism we find God."

It is the real significance of life that Spiritualism is now revealing to the world, by showing that the sojourn on earth is but the beginning of man's personal career. Here everything is transitory; the hopes of yesterday become the disappointments of to-day; to-morrow's realization but shows the vanity of to-day's dream. Nothing certain or substantial has worldliness to offer its votary, because, in the words of the Spiritualist of old, "here we have no continuing city; we seek one to come." The earthly pilgrimage, says Spiritualism, is experimental and preparatory; its joys and sorrows, its dazzling hopes and bitter frustrations, the sunshine and the clouds, prosperity and adversity, tears and smiles—all are object-lessons and training to the soul in this its kindergarten.

But the New Revelation does not inculcate helpless submission, or a non-resisting drifting along the currents of circumstance. On the contrary, life here is a perpetual trial of strength—a stern wayfaring, not an idle tarrying. "He that regardeth the clouds shall not reap." In this matter Spiritualism admonishes the Christian religion that spiritual faith—or trust—may be perverted into a heedless indolence, entailing social and spiritual stagnation. Herein lies the secret of the "dying notions" to which an English statesman referred not long ago.

The inspirations and revelations of Modern Spiritualism, however, contain less of essential novelty than of corroboration and explanation. They rationalize and supplement rather than subvert; and, by demonstrating that spiritual revelations, as

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well as the revelations of external truth, are gradual and conditional, they explain and justify the statement of the Master that there are many things he might have said unto his people had their minds been prepared to receive them. There is a suggestive significance in that statement of the Nazarene which those who persist in the notion of fixed, infallible revelation seem to have missed.

It would be instructive to study history by dividing it into periods of Religion and Non-religion, of Worldliness and Other-worldliness, of Faith and Skepticism. There certainly have been such alternating mental or spiritual states: both of which, we may be sure, are in harmony with the mysterious workings of Evolution—a process that is by no means confined to the physical world. "The elements and roots of religion," says Max Müller, "are seen as far back as we can trace the history of man; and the history of religion, like that of language, shows us a succession of new combinations of the same radical elements. An intuition of God, a sense of human weakness and dependence, a belief in a divine government of the world, a distinction between good and evil, and a hope of a better life—these are the radical elements of all religions.* Though sometimes hidden, they rise again and again to the surface. Though frequently distorted, they tend again and again to their perfect form." And Carlyle, writing of eighteenth-century skepticism, speaks of it, with splendid insight, as "the decay of old ways of believing, the preparation afar off for new, better, and wider ways—an inevitable thing." "We will not blame men for it," he continues; "we will lament their hard fate. We will understand that destruction of old *forms* is not destruction of everlasting *substance;* that skepticism, as sorrowful and hateful as we see it, is not an end but a beginning."

Skepticism is a sort of mental stock-taking,—a balancing

* And, he might have added, a realizing sense of contact with spiritual realms.

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of accounts and a clearing out of dead stock,—preparatory to the closing up of the business of one era and the entering into a new and larger method of conducting the affairs of life. It is a sign of growth, not an evidence of degeneration, this doubting and questioning of time-worn conceptions and ancestral habits of thought—reverence for which sometimes becoming a thoughtless makeshift for a genuine religious ideal and breeding that "sincere cant" which Carlyle considered so worthy of consideration. It is a sign of growth, but also an indication that an inner power is at work lifting men out of the sluggish fixity of thought into which they are prone to fall. For the Infinite Presence—though ever abiding in the life of man—seems periodically to make itself manifest in unwonted ways: to some, by startling signs and wonders; to others by a holy inspiration bringing to their consciousness a clear discernment of essential spirituality and a certain realization of Divine relationship and overshadowing.

THERE is no *end* of growing in the Christian life, but its *beginning* is in the simplicity of the most natural relations to God and to men. The busiest have time enough for it. The most uncultured know enough for it; and the wisest can only then be truly wise when they have returned to that simplicity.—*Henry Wilder Foote.*

TO BE disinterested is to be strong, and the world is at the feet of him whom it cannot tempt. Why? Because spirit is lord of matter, and the world belongs to God. "Be of good cheer," saith a heavenly voice; "I have overcome the world."—*Amiel.*

IN the other world, as long as men who die in their sins continue to remain in sin, they will have to take the consequences.—*Dr. Sweetser.*

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DEMAND AND SUPPLY.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

Life is made up of little acts, rather than of great ones. The little things we do day by day constitute the real sum of life. In our haste to accomplish definite results in the world we forget about the little things in our desire to accomplish the great things, and we fail in the latter because we do not know how to achieve the former. There is nothing so trivial in life as to be unworthy of consideration. We should understand life so as to make our thoughts clear even to little children; to do away so far as practicable with the complex side of life; to be as simple-minded as possible; to keep the mind free from all things that tend to tangle or clog it. We should start with the thought of God—God in all life; God in our own individual lives. We should not go through life trying to keep ourselves separate from the world in which we live, feeling that because we have some knowledge of divine law we are above our fellow-men. We should rather go through the world in the spirit of helpfulness—giving and receiving.

No matter how evil a thing may seem to be, if we examine the root of it we will find God there. No matter how bad a man may seem to be, if we can reach his *soul* we will find God there. And it will make us more charitable, because we will see that the evil of life is only on the surface, where change and growth are forever taking place—where we make mistakes, sometimes wilfully and sometimes unconsciously, yet knowing that through such errors we profit in the end. Then let us think the *God* thought of life in everything—in our dealings with our fellows, with children, and with animals. Let us try to see God in mind and also in Nature, because God *is* in

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both. We should try to see God first in our own lives, for then we shall see Him in everything—everything is expressing God. Let us try to be wise, because when we have the wisdom of God in our own minds we shall find it in everything; for God's law *is* in everything, and everything moves in accordance with it.

Sometimes things seem to be deflected from their natural course, yet everything moves ultimately in its natural order. We know that the earth in its circuit round the sun is deflected from its path as it passes a greater planet, but having passed it is no longer deflected. We should not get discouraged about things that seem to fail. There are no failures in the plan of God. Failure at its worst is only seeming. Everything is progressing toward a definite end. Vicissitudes are inevitable; therefore, discouragement should never enter into the mind of man. It is the *inner* life that is important, not that on the surface; it is that which is really trying to express itself outwardly, and frequently failing to do it perfectly. Perfect expression comes through effort that is not strained, but directed when the mind is in a state of peace and rest. We succeed only when we put the restless, anxious side of affairs out of mind and allow the restful side to dwell in our thoughts.

Consider the brightness and the joy of living. We do not pay enough attention to these. There is not enough brightness in the world; yet when we consider things as they really are there is every reason to be happy, to be joyful. To know this is to display both joy and happiness, which are aspects of the Spirit of God. We hear them in the song of the bird; we feel them in the perfume of every flower. There is happiness, there is joyousness in Nature. We should appear bright and happy by showing forth the inner brightness and the inner joy of living, because we are working out a great problem that will bring us into a more harmonious and beautiful condition of life; and we should work from that condition outward in

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a spirit of joy and satisfaction in what we are doing. We should take pride in the thought that something has been given us to do. We have found most satisfaction in having things done for us—in not having things to do ourselves. It seems so hard when everything might be accomplished in a much easier way. It is a poor quality of mind that seeks to have everything done for it; it is a lazy life that longs for any such condition. Is it not far better to meet each thing in the proper spirit as it presents itself, and thus overcome it and gain a higher and truer conception of life? We have been given a mind and a heart with which to think and feel, and it is through thinking and feeling that we must for ourselves work out a beautiful salvation; that is, the beautiful life that has been given us to develop. When we are discouraged we are thinking in opposition to the divine law. We have not been conscious of this, perhaps, and consequently little has been expected of us; but just as soon as the truth enters our consciousness, more is required of us. Whenever we do anything that fills our minds with a sense of bitterness, or prejudice, or worry, or anxiety, or causes us to meditate on our "physical weakness" or see in others disagreeable qualities, we are putting ourselves in opposition to the law of God. We are not living our real lives. We are not working out our salvation in the way intended, but rather through self-imposed trials and tribulations. All these negative conditions adversely affect the mind, and consequently the body, and we wonder why God is so much better to other people than to us! God is just as good to us as we deserve.

We must make a *demand* for the things we wish. The plant makes its demand—and receives everything necessary to sustain and perfect its life. We should make our demands consciously. We must first know what we want, and then feel perfectly sure that it is ours—that we need it and that we have it. Let this apply to everything in life, but keep the unselfish side always foremost. It is not selfish to demand health and

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strength for one's self; but a demand for worldly possessions having no reference to others' needs might become supremely selfish. In order to be helpful to others we must be healthy and strong. There is nothing selfish, therefore, in demanding everything needful to make us rightly related to the world and to our fellow-men. Taking this position we eliminate selfishness. We demand for ourselves *and for others,* insisting that it is right; that it does not deprive any one else; that it is for our own good and for that of others. All things are ours to *use,* not to abuse. By indulging in such thoughts we attract to ourselves everything necessary to our well-being—happiness, health, strength, friends. We may not receive at once the things desired, but we should cultivate patience and rest assured that they will come to us in due time and in a way that will do us the greatest possible good. Thus we tend to eliminate impatience from our minds.

But with patience there should also be perseverance. Some say if you only "wait" your desire will come to you; but nothing comes to those who put forth no effort on their own behalf. Keep right on thinking and doing, and little by little true results will accrue. It is never well, in our perseverance, to introduce the element of haste. We should strive to see every side of a question. Sometimes we listen to one side and turn a deaf ear to the other. We must learn how to judge, and we can only judge rightly when we know all that is to be known on any subject; otherwise our judgment cannot be the God judgment, which always considers *all* the facts. It is necessary to keep the mind free, because if it is not free we are certain to err. Whatever we think of others has its reflex action on ourselves, because what we think for others they in turn think for us. Judgment of others rests with God, but does not rest between man and man. It should not be our practise to judge any life other than our own, but it is right for us to judge whether the principle manifested is in accord with the divine law; that is, it is not a question of personal judgment with us,

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but rather a question of understanding God's law. It is necessary to distinguish between person and principle. That is sometimes difficult, because we are prone to associate the two—the individual and the act—in our mental concepts. One person may perform a reprehensible act in the best possible spirit, while another, in the wrong spirit, may do something that is right in itself but lacking in good motive. We must learn to distinguish between things and persons, therefore, and leave the judgment of individuals to God, because God judges each soul. If we violate any law of life, then, our condemnation only ceases when we cease doing wrong. Just as soon as we begin to do right, forgiveness ensues.

Suppose your friend is disobeying the law, and you conclude that he is about to reverse his steps; just as soon as he alters his course his sin is forgiven. In all forms of sickness the mind is the first to get well—the body last. The sin must first be forgiven, and then the body will respond. Sometimes we feel that it is very hard to forgive; yet while one is forgiving another he is forgiving himself. And it is only when we forgive the whole world, through the mind of God, that we are really forgiven. Only in proportion as we forgive are we forgiven.

We should acquire a fuller understanding of the nature of the soul, so that we may enter into a higher order—a wider comprehension of life. We truly serve and worship God when we recognize any element of the God-life in another. Man is the highest expression of God, and we must learn to love one another. We must know something of the All-in-all before we can enter into the lives of others and be thoroughly helpful to them, because if we do not know what they feel and think we cannot be of service to them. Let us first know ourselves —our own thoughts and our own methods—and then feel that they are identical with those of other people; thus we shall learn to excuse our neighbors' failings. Sometimes, on meeting people for the first time, we seem to experience a spirit

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of resentment toward them, without knowing why. That condition can only be overcome by cultivating its opposite and becoming thoroughly sympathetic. Everything in life can thus be made simple. In this way we ourselves grow strong and demonstrate the real power of life—the power of God within us.

We meet two persons—one is very "good" and the other very "bad." Which one most needs our help? The Christ thought is to administer good where it is needed the most. That is why he went among the people who were the sinners and outcasts. He spent his life among the lowliest, his object being to do good to them because they felt their need. We waste a great deal of time over persons—friends and enemies—who are not willing to receive good. We have many lessons yet to learn from the life of Jesus. If any one is in need of what we have to give, and his appeal is made to us, we should hold ourselves in readiness to aid him. In the physical life there are those in need of material necessities, but sometimes we give to those *not* in need, which is to scatter seed by the wayside, or on the rocks, or among the thorns—with fruitless results. There should always be some actual need where our bounty is bestowed.

We do not trust one another enough in life. We are prone to construe things in the wrong way. Sometimes the highest and holiest things in life are regarded as the worst. It is very seldom that we try to view anything from another's point of view. There is no lesson more important than to learn that we must put ourselves in others' places in order to discern things in the right way.

"I have been in this New Thought a great many years, and yet I am not strong. I try to live the New Thought; I believe in it, but I get no results." How often we hear this complaint! When it becomes to us a *law* we get the true results, but not until then. When we get life in its fulness we have as much as any one else. This can be procured only through right

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thinking and right doing. We will never get health or strength while meditating on our own imperfections or the weaknesses of others. Only as we dwell on the beauty of life and know that God is working within us to will and to do, and that the will of God is a vital factor in each and every life, may we have health, happiness, and every other needful thing.

I KNOW from personal observation that our cousins across the water do not prescribe or swallow one-fourth as much medicine as we do in our country. With but few exceptions, the entire vegetable and mineral kingdoms have given us little of specific value; but still, up to the present day, the bulk of our books on *materia medica* is made up of a description of many valueless drugs and preparations. Is it not to be deplored that valuable time should be wasted in our student days by cramming into our heads a lot of therapeutic ballast? If our professors of *materia medica* in the undergraduate colleges are reticent in advancing the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, then it is time for us to tell them that they are to a large degree responsible for the desire on the part of many practitioners to prescribe frequently, and without good cause, an unnecessary quantity of useless drugs. Every few weeks new drugs and combinations of medicaments are forced upon physicians with the claim that they are specifics in the treatment of disease; and the physician, in his anxiety to alleviate his patient's sufferings, because the simpler and more reliable agents have failed him, is gulled into trying the newly extolled remedy, only to find that it is still less efficacious than the old one. The common-sense practitioner knows by experience that the constant, frequent prescribing of innumerable drugs only ends in detriment to his patients.—*Dr. Augustus Caillé, in the Review of Reviews.*

IT is the lives like the stars, which simply pour down on us the calm light of their bright and faithful being, up to which we look and out of which we gather the deepest calm and courage. —*Phillips Brooks.*

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THE EVERLASTING NOW.

BY DOCTOR T. F. HILDRETH.

Eternity! Eternity!

A hush
Falls on the soul, and seals the lips of him
Who speaks this mystic word and waits to catch
Its awful meaning.

We stand like watchers
By the sea when darkness hangs upon the
Distant shore without a gleam of light; or
As one gazing on some far-off mountain
Range whose peaks are lost amidst the clouds.
Changeless amidst all change,—as silent as
The grave, yet ever vocal with creation's
Natal song, whose echo through the aisles of
Time has never died away,—it opens
Up to Reason's searching light a fathomless
Abyss, down in the depths of which we gaze,
Till in the awful gloom Imagination's
Light expires and leaves us but a trackless,
Starless universe of thought.

Before the
Soul—beyond the distant past when years
Began their ceaseless flight—there lies a vast
Unbounded sea whose waves break on no shore;
Whose ebb and flow are noiseless as the feet
Of death, yet sweep right on like torrents
Rushing down from mountain heights and plunging
Into depths and gorges so profound that
Not one echo ever falls upon the ear.

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Eternity! It is, but is without
Beginning. It has no years, as we count
Years; for, multiply them as we may, till
Centuries are more than all the stars
And all the sands of oceans, seas, and lakes, we
Have not added to its age. And if we
Could erase them all, it would remain
Without one moment less. Each tick of
Time's great clock, as age has followed age till
Eons rolled away, is but the record
Of a moment's birth and death.
Thought wearies
In attempts to grasp the awful meaning:
As one may look out into space till stars
Seem sinking into depths profounder than
The lines of thought—so may the soul dwell on
This wondrous theme till lost amidst its
Noiseless solitudes.
Eternity! Its
Shadow floats before us shapeless as the
Fragments of a dream; it stretches out as
Measureless as space, yet seems to end with
Every moment that expires. It ever
Answers Reason's call, but is itself as
Voiceless as the tomb of ages.
It is the
Presence of One Everlasting Now.

DISCIPLINE.

"Nay; ye must not!" or "Ye must, my little ones!"—
Mandates seeming cruel to the infants' ken;
Yet "I ought not!" or "I ought!" e'en harder seems
To the understanding of the wisest men.

FANNY L. FANCHER.

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REINCARNATION.

BY C. G. OYSTON.

A man's sojourn on earth, with its desperate encounter with adverse conditions, is not a punishment imposed upon him; but, as the soul can only *know itself*—its powers and possibilities—and continued progress is absolutely dependent upon a comprehensive, *practical* knowledge of the external, man must sense and know all that can be known to equip him for his eternal journey. What is common to one individual cannot be particular to another. While recognizing the marvelous expression of intelligence and power manifested in external Nature, the spiritual philosopher, perplexed by dubious reflections, usually looks in vain for a reason why such anomalous conditions obtain in the realm of human life and activity. He asks: "Where is the harmony in an earthquake?" "Why is health not catching instead of disease?" "Where is the Divine wisdom in indigent conditions?" "Why do the good and benevolent rarely bid defiance to adversity, while hoary-headed selfishness revels in luxury and ease?" "Why are the Saviours of mankind crucified upon a cross of gold?" "Could no other means have been adopted for the unfoldment of the soul than this bloody sweat of suffering and sorrow?" Evidently not, or surely so trying an ordeal would have been dispensed with!

Far away, on the towering heights of enlightenment and progress, bathed in glory, bidding defiance to the most piercing mortal gaze, our *human brethren* who have in past ages sensed conditions of experience similar in degree to those felt by us, look upon our mighty struggle with complacency and apparent unconcern. Their power is mightier by far than the "God" of our early dreams, and their sympathies are tenderer than the divine soul-breathings of the most spiritual mother. They

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are the very demi-gods of the universe, who caused to become objective that sublime galaxy of stellar worlds whose magnitude appalls and renders dumb with amazement the most spiritually receptive soul in the physical realm. They are the tutelary deities that superintend the operations of suns and systems, far beyond our present capacity to know. All Nature is but their objective thought, evolved to bless and promote the happiness of every brother and sister in earthly life. Having overcome everything beneath them, they know full well that their present attainments, possibilities, and powers of control far counterbalance the inconvenience and sorrow they formerly knew. They would surely not visit us with anything that would retard our progress! Although their souls are literally suffused with sympathy, yet they do not deem it necessary to forestall the operations of practical activity, because, seeing their absolute necessity, Divine Wisdom must not interpose to nullify their suggestive power. The ultimate realization is therefore ample compensation for the sacrifice.

What a consolation! What an incentive to progress! The more advanced we become—or, in other words, the more we subdue and overcome—the greater will be our capacity for enjoyment. Yonder, in the ethereal regions of pure spiritual expression, everything is attuned to divinest harmony. There no adverse condition can assail, no weakness subdue, no stormy passion lash into fury the magnetic elements of the soul. The external is absolutely obedient, and what the spirit *demands* it can obtain.

Because a general revulsion of feeling is experienced in contemplation of the necessity of reëmbodiment in mortal form (and its concomitant logical deduction, preëxistence), no valid argument is furnished that it must not or cannot be so. We even protest against the *apparent* inconsistencies in the manifestation of human life on earth, and we unphilosophically maintain that *we* would have regulated the economy of the universe on an entirely different basis—that is, according to

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our particular standard and ideals. Yet when we have noted the highest expression of wisdom of the most cultured citizen —the very acme of intelligence and power possible on the mundane plane in this new century—we are obliged to concede that we have not overstepped the boundary of intelligence and power manifested around us in external Nature. Then, if this intelligence operating through the medium of what we call natural law be an expression from the great aggregate of human souls in the spiritual world, necessarily, in proportion to its greatness and potency, will love and sympathy be integral parts of its nature. Of course, in this mode of reasoning we must dispense with the old anthropomorphic idea of Deity, and recognize the human as possessing all the attributes heretofore ascribed to a personal God.

The child, by means of its obscured perception, protests emphatically, frets, fumes, and cries because its native liberty is restrained when it is *compelled* to go to school. The infancy of development precludes the possibility of seeing the grand, life-long benefits to be derived from its present sacrifice; but the wise parent, although "dangers stand thick through all the ground," sees far ahead that this little human treasure, possessing infinite possibilities, will receive indescribable blessings, which will counteract any inconvenience experienced for the time being—and the bud of promise must bravely and faithfully face the inevitable issue.

Independent of the explanatory idea of a plurality of physical experiences, the anomalies of existence are incongruous and perplexing indeed to the mental philosopher. By the "accident of birth," a soul wallows in luxurious excesses and becomes absolutely submerged in the external, and the diviner aspirations are enshrouded and subdued; while the susceptible, developed spirit, environed by adverse conditions, struggles desperately to give expression to his philanthropic designs. If he could only obtain possession of the superfluities of wealth which the more fortunate has wasted in riotous living,

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how he would push forward the car of progress! But he is held, "cabined, cribbed, and confined," a slave to his surroundings; and all his efforts to render objective his ideals are futile.

Children educated in the same school, in the same class, sitting side by side, day by day manifest disparities in possibility which the formal tuition received cannot supply. An aspiring being, although immured in social conditions where ignorance rides triumphant over the human mind, like the fabled Phœnix soars from the ashes of his adversity into the empyrean blue of spiritual thought and expression. Families may display all the idiosyncrasies in the category of mental and spiritual operation, and yet the same psychological and physical conditions have surrounded the parents while supplying material for the earthly conflict of their offspring. One of those personalities may exhibit the spiritual aspirations of a Jesus or a Wesley, while another may unfold characteristics similar to those of Ivan the Terrible or the Emperor Nero. One may be a saloon parasite, and the other one of the most cultured artists that ever committed the varying moods of Nature to canvas. Talk not of the exigencies of the education of the schools supplying peculiarities of mental operation—you cannot make a Shakespeare out of a Siwash Indian! True, the *externals* of education may be appropriated by the lesser developed beings, but creative genius or original thought-expression will be beyond the province of ability in one incarnation. What the soul does not internally or intuitively possess cannot be unfolded from within, but successive accumulations of thought or latent power will find expression in what is popularly understood as genius.

Equality of privilege is the heritage of every human soul. Previous to the first contact with matter, man was *personified,* but not *individualized.* Without individualization there could be no progress; consequently, it became absolutely necessary for him to measure his strength with physical conditions in

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order that the soul might *know itself* and unfold its interior possibilities by rough contact with the grosser external. Every desperate encounter with antagonistic conditions gives an impetus forward on the grand highway of eternal progression. Man will grapple with the material until every grosser propensity is subdued and overcome. When all the enemies of his thought-world are subservient to his will—when he shall stand superior to every weakness—the ordeal of physical incarceration will be necessary no more.

We cannot remember in detail our past experiences because of a wise provision that shuts the spiritual from our objective view. We have no distinct recollection of the third of our lifetime here that is passed in sleep. However, this experience forms a valuable accessory to our spiritual knowledge. We cannot individually enumerate each hour's impressions and emotions that characterized our waking moments a week ago to-day; yet those emotions are indelibly registered on the tablets of the soul. It is easier for an old man to reproduce experiences of seven decades back than to describe what transpired yesterday. The drowning man passes in review each detail of his career, which under other circumstances he could not recall—thus showing conclusively that the *effects* of experience are recorded in the chambers of the indestructible, individualizing principle within.

It is logically evident that embodiment in physical form is absolutely essential for *every* human soul. Then, this being so, how will Divine Justice compensate the idiot, the lifelong insane, the invalid, and the infant of a few moments' habitation in flesh, in order that an equality of privilege may be meted out to all souls in being? The grain of wheat remaining in the hand of the Egyptian mummy for thousands of years cannot perpetuate its kind without being placed in association with the elements necessary for its unfoldment. The human spirit offers analogous representation. In its prenatal spiritual condition, its destined creative possibilities were

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lying dormant, and, instead of expressing God-attributes all-potent and divine, it would have been like a child that could not develop to maturity. To arouse the activities of the spiritual being the negative condition of evil assailed him, and contested every inch of the position during his onward march. Like the lions encountered by Bunyan's "Pilgrim," evil strikes terror into the innermost chambers of the soul; but a calm determination and positive assurance of spiritual strength bid defiance to the most terrifying monsters that can possibly assail. Thus in order truly to sense its relationship to the external, the soul struggles with its environment. It is only a question of subjugation for a while. Eventually the spirit of man will rise triumphant over all, to be "tempted" no more.

BEGIN with a generous heart. Think how you can serve others. Then you shall find resources to grow. Your own portion shall not be left desolate. Strength shall be shed through you. Do the utmost with what you have, and it shall go far enough.—*O. B. Frothingham.*

SO LONG as a man seeketh his own will and his own highest good because it is his and for his own sake, he will never find it; for, so long as he doeth this, he is not seeking his own highest good, and how, then, should he find it?—*Theologia Germanica.*

TO PUT knowledge in the place of ignorance, happiness in the place of misery, justice in the place of wrong, love in the place of hate, harmony in the place of jargon—is not this to create a new world?—*Charles G. Ames.*

WHEREVER you find anything high or fine or true in human nature and human life, there you are reading a word, a sentence, a chapter, of the revelation of the divine.—*Rev. Minot J. Savage.*

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HINDRANCES TO SOUL GROWTH.

BY EDITH GRIFFIN.

The darkness of night seems to surround some people; "having eyes they see not, having ears they hear not." The doctrine of "soul growth" does not appeal to them; "it may be that some people, peculiarly constituted, can 'live *in* the world and not be *of* it,' but it is impossible for them." They hear of this one and that one being healed of disease without drugs, and they shrug their shoulders and lift their eyebrows in contempt; yet they acknowledge to themselves (never to others) that something has wrought a most marvelous change. They bemoan their own hard luck and ill health, and fret and worry from morning till night, not realizing that they are bringing on themselves just the conditions they wish to be rid of; but these others—what of them? *They* are always cheerful, always happy, no matter whether the weather is fine or otherwise; *all* days are beautiful—neither the sun's hot rays nor the drenching showers of summer, nor the cold and icy blasts of winter, affect them.

"Behold, the old things have passed away and all things have become new." What has caused this change? The answer comes from far and near—from hundreds and thousands of emancipated ones: I have found the secret of happiness; I have entered into harmonious relations with God; I am one with Him; I have learned to live in obedience to His laws, and *this* is the law of *life;* I am a part of the Universal Spirit; all things are His; He is the one Force, and the only one, that rules the world; I am His, "made in His image;" therefore, I need not suffer and I shall not come to want.

They are convinced, but are hedged about with theories, and they are combative even when they feel and know that

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they are wrong. They stand still and carp and waste their energy when they should be moving on to the "promised land" of freedom; and because they do not fully understand just what to do they revile and denounce the teacher. They are discontented and restless, longing for something they cannot name; and so they struggle on.

The truth is what we all want, and it is in every person's power to find it. Why stay in the valley when the mount of wisdom can be reached? The all-seeing Eye can give us light. The Ruler of the Universe can and will give us strength and life. Let us stop our fretting and take a deep breath of vitalizing Truth. Let us "lift our eyes unto the hills whence cometh help."

Draw near, ye timid, longing ones, and claim your inheritance! You are one with the Father; you belong to Him. Can He not take care of His own? There is an abundant supply of everything (both spiritual and temporal gifts), which cannot be diminished: enough for each, and a constant overflow. Drink and be satisfied, ye thirsty ones, and cavil not nor wrangle over the way. Dispute not, nor stir up strife, for "thy God is with thee."

The day dawns; "the soul is coming into its own." Hear ye not the tramp of armies? See ye not the banners of the victorious ones? Think ye for a moment that these serene, seemingly unconscious ones have come into liberty without trial and suffering as deep as, yea, deeper than, yours? Talk no more of the calamities and sorrows and sadness of life. Others have found the joy and peace: why not you? Are they less sympathetic, tender, and kind because they do not murmur and complain? Are they fit subjects for sneers, slights, and cruel or heartless words? Are they less the *men* or the *women* since they have ceased to worry and fret over the ills of life? Think ye that they have borne no burdens? Is it reasonable to suppose that sickness and sorrow, pain and death, have passed them by? Have they buried no dear, loved ones—

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no husbands, wives, or children? Have their crosses been lighter to bear than yours? Nay; these are they who have "come up out of great tribulation."

Your soul is struggling to be free, but it is hampered by false doctrines, by prejudice, and by countless doubts and fears. It strives to rise, and is gaining ground when some friend laughs and ridicules the idea of personal oneness with God. Fear takes possession of you, and your soul falls back on its bed of unrest—there to wait until it has again received power to assert itself. Oh, the pity of it!—bound when it might be free!

Each individual has the power to determine his soul's own progress, and to claim the privilege of dwelling all the time with the Infinite One.

JESUS himself could not keep the divine life in him up to its healthy tone save by getting out of the whirl in which daily life held him and getting by himself, finding, making quiet —quiet that had not merely rest in it, but God. And if such as he needed such reasons, how much more we!—*J. F. W. Ware.*

THE universal self-delusion is this: when a man has a good thought, he fancies he has become what he thinks for the moment. Good thoughts are very good; but, unaccompanied by the difficult processes of character, they are often no better than soap-bubbles. —*Mozoomdar.*

TRAIN yourself to find the good in what seems evil, to make of disaster an opportunity for your courage, to master suffering by patience, to learn from sorrow sympathy.—*G. S. Merriam.*

FOR life, with all it yields of joy and woe,
And hope and fear, . . .
Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love.
—*Robert Browning.*

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MATA THE MAGICIAN.

By Isabella Ingalese.

CHAPTER XV.

OUR "AT HOME."

The following month was fully occupied in selecting and arranging the furnishings for our home; and a trip to New York became necessary before our music-room was properly supplied with instruments. Mata availed herself of this opportunity to supply her wardrobe with gowns for the winter, and before we were aware of the lapse of time Thanksgiving was near. At last the carpets, rugs, and curtains were in their respective places, and we were ready to receive our friends.

How well I remember our first "at home!" Mata wore a pretty blue gown trimmed with careless knots of bright ribbon to relieve its plainness, and, without jewels or ornaments of any kind, looked a royal princess—so stately and self-possessed was she. Every caller was put perfectly at ease by the welcome she gave; and the manner she had of making each visitor feel herself to be the especial recipient of her attention was a great surprise to me, knowing as I did that in all her life she had never "received" before.

Among the early callers that evening were the Dalrymples. The mother, a fat, dumpy woman, waddled into the parlor followed by her two daughters, who were arrayed like peacocks in all the colors of the rainbow. They were decorated with feathers, flowers, bangles, streaming ribbons, and jetted fringe; and the rustle of their silken skirts, mingled with the clinking and jingling of the bangles, reminded me of the woman my old nurse used to tell me about, who "wore rings on her fingers and bells on her toes, making the sweetest of music wherever she goes."

In the course of the evening I had occasion to go to the

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library in search of a book, and while there overheard a conversation between two ladies, who had withdrawn behind the curtains in a window to discuss the merits and demerits of my wife.

"What do you think of her?" inquired Miss Waixel. I recognized the voice of her companion as that of Mrs. Werdon, when she replied:

"Oh, she's pretty enough; but I can't see why anybody should rave over her so. I've heard nothing talked about but 'the bride,' 'the bride,' for the last two months. I'm perfectly sick of it all. My husband saw her driving the other day and he was struck—with all the rest—and he has done nothing since but compare every woman he knows with Mrs. Doctor Bennet. I just dread to have her introduced into society this winter, because I know all the men will act like fools about her. I wonder if she *will* flirt;—what do you think?"

"Why, I think she is the strangest creature I ever saw," replied Miss Waixel. "I had a little chat with her on the sofa, and had just spoken about that Smith-Vandergrift scandal when she looked at me with those great purple eyes till I felt the queerest I ever did. I know my face was crimson when she said: 'I have not heard of any scandal, and should be very sorry indeed to know that any of my women friends would talk about such a thing.' I didn't know what to say. She wasn't the least bit sarcastic, but really appeared genuinely surprised and sorry. Of course, I was ashamed of myself for mentioning the matter; but I don't see how anybody can live in this world and never know what is going on."

At this point in the conversation I found the book, and, leaving the ladies blissfully unconscious that their conversation had been overheard, I returned to the parlor and found Mrs. Dalrymple sitting beside my wife and telling a long story about a Mrs. Reed, "who is very fashionable and all that, you know, my dear, but quite an improper person to know." The old lady went on to say that probably Mrs. Reed

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would call, because she was forever poking around where she was not wanted; but that my wife should have nothing to do with her because *she was not nice.*

Mata was looking at the old gossiper with surprise in her eyes, and I waited to hear the reply that was sure to come. When the woman paused for breath my wife said:

"Your remarks about Mrs. Reed are very uncharitable. Whatever she may have done I do not know, but I think if you cannot say something good about her you had better say nothing at all. It is possible she has been misjudged; she may have been imprudent, yet not wilfully wicked."

Mrs. Dalrymple's face reddened. "I didn't say she was wicked; I only said she wasn't nice nor the proper sort of person for you to call upon," she snapped.

"But she is invited everywhere—is entertained and entertains. From your own words I understand that you know her. How *can* you, and then make such remarks about her? Why do you not tell *her* of her faults instead of repeating them to others in her absence? Our true friends tell us of our failings to our faces, and then throw the mantle of charity over them in our absence."

Mrs. Dalrymple pursed her lips and tossed her head indignantly at Mata's rebuke, but offered no more advice, and soon I saw her and her daughters preparing to leave. She bade us both good-night, but there was a look in her eyes that meant she would not soon forget the snubbing she had received. Mata was as sweet to her as if nothing had happened to mar her enjoyment of the call; but *I* knew the old lady would never forget the "insult" and would attempt some time to get even with her in some way.

When the last guest was gone Mata turned to me and asked if these women were specimens of the company she would be expected to keep, and declared that she could not see how the deplorable political conditions would be improved by giving enfranchisement to women, who were no better fitted for the

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administration of governmental affairs than were the politicians against whom there was so much outcry.

The next morning we received an invitation to attend a reception to be given at the home of Mrs. Doctor Cinder, a woman of considerable importance—in her own estimation—and quite a social light in the city. The function was to be given on Thursday evening of the following week, and Mata seemed almost childishly pleased at the prospect of this new experience. Happy in her happiness and vain enough pleasurably to anticipate the sensation she would make among those who had not met her, I was extremely anxious that her costume should outshine all the others in its beauty and magnificence, and therefore ordered a tiara of diamonds made for the occasion, selecting for the purpose some of the finest stones from our collection. Her gown was made *en princesse,* of creamy white satin with a white lace drapery falling over the train and held in place at the back of the neck by a diamond star; and when she was dressed and stood before me for my approval I wondered if any of her royal ancestors could compare favorably with her in face, form, or character.

We were a little late—as I intended to be—and when our names were announced a hush fell upon the buzz of conversation, and all eyes in the room were turned toward my wife, who, perfectly unconscious of the fact that she was the center of attraction, came gracefully forward to be presented. Our hostess, a stout woman, was dressed in a costume decidedly *décolleté,* and the broad exposure of naked bosom, shoulders, and arms quite startled Mata, who was not accustomed to such a sight. For a moment I feared she would lose her self-possession, but with only a deepening of the flush on her cheeks she chatted about the lateness of the hour, apologized for our tardiness, and then passed on to speak to others whom she recognized. With few exceptions the women were all dressed much like the hostess. The waists of their gowns were hardly worth mentioning, and the display of plump and

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scraggy necks and arms were positively horrifying to a delicate, well-bred woman. In the course of the evening Mrs. Dalrymple brought Mrs. Reed, and, with as much apparent interest as if she had not spoken a word against her, introduced her to Mata with the remark:

"I do really hope you will like each other, because I'm so fond of you both, and we can have such delightful times driving and going to matinees together."

Mata acknowledged the introduction more graciously than usual, I thought, and to my satisfaction I saw her chatting very sociably with Mrs. Reed, who was really superior to many who cast suspicious glances at her. The little lady was pretty and vivacious and the most graceful dancer among them all. The gentlemen liked her and would leave the side of any of the maidens to have a dance or chat with her, and I believed that jealousy was the cause of all the buzzing and warnings given out about her.

In the course of the evening one of the Dalrymple girls was invited to sing. She simpered and made excuses, but her manner said: "Coax me!" After considerable delay she was led to the piano by a dudish young man who had just begun to be included in the invitations given this season to his mama and sisters, and his self-consciousness was sometimes very amusing to his friends.

Miss Dalrymple rendered the ballad in a thin, tremulous voice, entirely regardless of pitch. The higher notes were aimed at, but never reached; and when the song was ended I drew a breath of relief. Many of her listeners applauded with their hands while they criticized and ridiculed her behind their fans.

Then our hostess asked Mata to sing and to accompany herself on the harp. She declared it would be a pleasure, and, without the assistance of an escort, seated herself at the instrument. After striking a few chords, she sang "A Dream of Peace," that soulful composition by Pinsuti:

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"The sunset shadows softly flit
Across the oaken floor,
And where the Western hills are lit
I see an open door;
And thro' the rifts of ruddy gold
That lights the fading West,
I see a face within the fold
Smile from the land of rest.

"Only a dream of the days gone by,
Only a light in the fading sky,
Only a lamp in an angel's hand
To light my way to the far-off land.

"The sunset shadows softly fade
Above the brow of night,
And 'mid their mingled light and shade
I see a star of light.
Its gleam falls on the oaken floor
Just where time bade us part;
Its message lights forever more
My darkened home and heart."

Her voice was as sweet and clear as the tones of a silver bell, and before the first strain was finished the buzzing of voices ceased and the silence in the room was like that of a cathedral. She seemed to have forgotten her surroundings and was really looking beyond the clouds to the land of rest where the great soul whom she loved so well was smiling down to her. When the song was finished there was silence for several seconds, and then her listeners seemed to forget they were in a parlor, for the applause was tremendous. Mata blushed in confusion at the unexpected enthusiasm and rose to leave the instrument, but they refused to be satisfied and begged her to sing again. This time it was "Home, Sweet Home," and she rendered it with so much feeling that there were tears in the eyes of many of the fashionable dames who listened.

I understood that it was because she had been confined so long in the convent school, and was so happy now to have her own beautiful home that it was to her like reaching heaven

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after a long pilgrimage upon earth. Mata always felt her music deeply. It was for her a means of expressing emotion, and therefore a language more beautiful than words. It came from her pure heart; hence, it reached the hearts of every soul who listened.

After the last song the applause was repeated, and she was surrounded by admirers who paid her the most extravagant compliments; but she was growing weary of all this pretense and sham, and I whispered that we would go whenever she wished.

"Let it be now," she replied, and we began saying good-night.

When we were seated in the carriage Mata laid her head on my shoulder and sighed.

"How did you enjoy the reception?" I inquired.

"There is something very wrong with the world," said she, "when women bare their bosoms and arms and shoulders for the inspection of men. They tell me that it is fashionable; but who made it so? How can a modest woman expose her person in such a manner; and what is her motive? If a gentleman were to enter a reception-room in the presence of ladies without his coat, all society would exclaim at his rudeness, and no doubt he would be assisted from the house by the servants. Should he appear with his chest and arms *bare,* the ladies would scream and faint; yet we do not expect to find so much modesty in men as in women! Surely my Guru knew of what he was speaking when he said the people in the world were vile, and there was so much for the few to do that he must come back and help reform the world."

I tried to comfort her by saying she would not be responsible for the mistakes of others, and all that could be required of her would be to set a good example; but, shaking her head, she gravely replied:

"To a certain extent we *are* responsible for our brothers' and sisters' conduct. We may not wash our hands of them,

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and, wrapping the cloak of self-esteem round ourselves, say, 'Oh, I am not my brother's keeper.' We are all children of the Great Father, and there are no exceptions. We are branches of one great Vine. Some leaves are weaker and more feeble than others, but all are supported and enlivened by the life-giving sap or current that throbs and pulsates from the Root invisible. If a twig or leaf is broken from a vine, then the remaining leaves and twigs must suffer. If a worm or insect comes among them burrowing or biting, you will soon see that what affects one affects all; and if the enemy be not removed the foliage and bark will be destroyed and the vine be robbed of its beauty. It is precisely so with humanity. We are all one another's keepers, and must not allow our fellow-beings to go wrong without raising our voices and wills against it; and I must consider what will be the best thing to do to eradicate this evil—this immodest dressing that leads to such dreadful results."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE THEATER.

A few days after the reception it was announced that a noted actress was coming to the city to play *Cleopatra,* the Egyptian queen. Society tingled with anticipation and rushed to secure seats for the first evening's entertainment. An old friend of mine engaged a box and sent invitations to my wife and me to share it with himself and wife, and, since Mata declared that nothing would please her so much as to see the great American actress, we accepted.

Our friends were seated when we arrived at the theater, and, while waiting for the performance to begin, Mata examined the decorations of the house and the curtain through

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her glasses, making new comments in her original manner upon everything she saw—much to the amusement of our companions. The glare of the electric lights and the crashing of the orchestral music were entirely new features to her, and, with eyes open wide with wonder, she watched the rising of the curtain with as much seriousness as if it were a great and important event in her life. But, when the maids of honor appeared with their arms and bosoms exposed, a change came over her face, and sitting back in her chair she flushed to the roots of her hair. With the appearance of the star—a voluptuous, sensual woman, with form half clad in a gown slashed and draped to display a portion of her body and lower limbs—poor Mata was overcome with shame. Unconscious of the fact that the actress was in tights, and believing her nearly naked, she turned to me with tears in her eyes and whispered:

"This is dreadful! We must go home."

"Wait a little, till the first act is finished; our friends will be offended if we leave now," I replied.

She sank back into her seat and covered her face with her fan, while the audience went wild over the play. Our companions were as delighted as the others, and the floral offerings sent up to the star were numerous and beautiful. Everything but the great actress had been forgotten, and not until the end of the first act did Mrs. Fitzgerald become conscious of our presence. Then she turned to Mata and exclaimed:

"Isn't she divine? Her figure is positively angelic! Such limbs! Such a bust!"

Mr. Fitzgerald joined with his wife in expressing the greatest admiration for the star, and for different members of the company; after exhausting their vocabulary of descriptive adjectives they discovered that my wife did not respond at all to their enthusiasm.

"What is the matter, dear? Are you ill?" Mrs. Fitzgerald asked, anxiously. "You look positively miserable. Wouldn't you like a glass of wine?"

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Mr. Fitzgerald rose hurriedly to go after the wine, but Mata stopped him.

"Do not trouble yourself, sir," she said. "I do not drink wine; neither am I ill."

"But what ails you? You don't seem to be enjoying the play at all, and I expected you would be enraptured with it. This star is the finest upon the American stage."

I expected Mata would say something, but was not prepared for what came, and I stared at her in astonishment when she began speaking. She said:

"Mrs. Fitzgerald, I cannot understand how you—a lady supposed to be imbued with womanly modesty, the mother of growing daughters and the wife of an honorable man—can endure the beastly wantonness of this entertainment. Never having attended a theater before, I expected to hear some good music, to see some pretty dresses and scenery, and to be amused by the play; but I find the whole affair unfit for human beings to witness. This performance is a disgrace, and indicates a degeneration rather than a progression of the people who participate in it. Those women have disrobed their bodies for the indecent admiration of men; and these men are nothing but animals, or they would not encourage such an exposure by looking at them. And you, a sister of these misguided creatures, unblushingly applaud when one of them outdoes another in her immodest display of that portion of her person which common decency demands should be kept decorously covered. What do you expect will be the result of all this? The rising generation will not know the meaning of the word *modesty*. Your own daughters, brought up to witness such orgies and seeing their father and mother going into ecstasies over such vulgar scenes, will naturally think it the correct thing to do and will try to imitate these women over whom you rave. Your children will know nothing of spirituality. They will never realize that they are immortal souls, but will consider their bodies the real women, and will waste

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their whole time decorating and ornamenting that portion of themselves which is perishable and must return to the dust of matter from which it was created."

Here Mata paused a moment for Mrs. Fitzgerald to answer her; but the woman was completely crushed and sat looking foolishly at her. Since she did not reply, Mata continued:

"They are about to raise the curtain for a continuance of the display which I am not willing to encourage by my presence, so I am going home. Will you come, or are you going to remain and be a witness to more of this wretched performance?"

Without a word of reply and with a shrug of her shoulders, Mrs. Fitzgerald turned her attention to the stage, and after bowing good-night to the couple we left the theater. Mata was so excited about the unpleasant ending of the little party that I refrained from speaking, and we rode home in silence. When our wraps were put away, Mata came and sat beside me and nestled her head down on my shoulder. Putting my arm round her waist, I kissed her trembling lips and said, soothingly:

"There, there, dearest; don't feel so bad about this little thing. You cannot change the customs of the whole world."

"Little thing!" she repeated, sadly. "This shameless display of nakedness which seems to have become so common as not to create the least surprise? No, my husband; it is not a *'little thing;'* it is a crying shame. And the first work I purpose doing will be to form a society and invite all the women in the city who have any modesty left to join me in opposing this *great wrong* by setting up an opposing current of thought against this dreadful exposure of the female body."

I shook my head. "You will meet with poor success, I fear," I replied, discouragingly. "However, I am quite ready to assist in this crusade whenever you determine to begin."

"To-morrow I shall send cards of invitation to all the ladies

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I have met and request them to bring their friends—because I have something very important to communicate."

"That will bring every one, my darling," I said, smilingly. "The house will be filled to overflowing, and there will not be standing room in the grounds for all your guests."

"Why do you think so?" she innocently asked.

"Because your invitation will imply that you have a secret to tell; therefore, your listeners will walk over one another to secure positions where they can hear it. If you will permit me to suggest an amendment to the resolution, I would say that it would be better to confine your invitations to such ladies as you *know* for the first meeting, and then, after you are quite sure of success, the others can be invited to join with you."

After a few moments of consideration, Mata concluded that my plan was the better one and decided to try it.

At an early hour the next morning Mr. Fitzgerald called at my office in high dudgeon. He declared that both himself and his wife had been grievously insulted on the previous evening, and believed I had aided and abetted my wife in her outburst of abuse to them. He said an apology was the only thing that would save me from a sound thrashing and my wife from the everlasting displeasure of the Fitzgerald family and their circle of intimate friends.

I replied that no apology would be offered; that I fully indorsed the position my wife had taken, and moreover she considered the invitation to attend so indecent a display an insult to *her*. The man actually gasped for breath as he replied:

"Indecent display of what, sir? Don't you know that all the élite of the city were there? What do you mean by trying to set my wife a pattern of propriety by holding yours up for a model? Thunder and lightning, man! I've a good notion to knock you down for your impudence!"

"Try it!" said I, fully aroused by his words. "Knock me down if you can! You may not be successful. I think it

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a great pity that we should come to blows over a matter of this kind. We have been good friends, and I understand that your intentions were good when you extended the invitation to us; but you don't seem to consider the difference between my wife's training and that of Mrs. Fitzgerald. Now, don't get excited; wait till I have finished, if you please," I said, as he began shaking his fist in close proximity to my nose. "There is as much difference between the two women as if they were from different planets. Your wife was educated at a fashionable boarding-school and has always been accustomed to seeing women strip their bosoms and arms for the admiration of men. My wife was brought up from infancy by her grandfather, who was a recluse and taught her to aspire to godliness rather than to cultivate her vanity. At his death she was put into a convent school, where she had been most rigidly guarded from all contact with the fashionable world. There she devoted her whole time to study, and had never attended a ball, reception, or theater till she came to my home as my wife. It is perfectly natural and proper that she should be shocked, when you consider the training she has had; and it is no wonder that she is disgusted with what she sees in her intercourse with fashionable society. I do not desire to insult either you or Mrs. Fitzgerald, but shall stand by my wife in the position she has taken and shall defend myself against any attack you wish to make."

As my friend listened to my explanation his muscles relaxed; his clenched fist assumed a less threatening aspect, and by the time I had finished speaking he was almost restored to good humor.

"Well, sir, I was a little excited and perhaps did pounce upon you rather fiercely; but, you see, my wife is almost insane over the insult given her by Mrs. Bennet last evening. She didn't sleep a wink, nor did she allow me to, but had hysterics all night, and I had to call a doctor at daylight to give her something to quiet her nerves. She's a very excitable woman

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anyway, and when she gets into one of her tantrums it's awful for me."

"What was said that should excite her so?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know. I didn't hear half that was said; but my wife kept repeating something about 'your daughters, brought up among such orgies, witnessing their father and mother going into ecstasies over such vulgar scenes, will naturally believe it the correct thing to do and will not know the meaning of the word *modesty;*' so I think it was that shot that hit her the hardest."

"Would you like to see your daughters attired as those actresses were last night," said I, "dancing those vulgar dances and exposing themselves to such remarks as are always made about such actions?"

"*Certainly not!* Who said that my daughters would ever do such things?"

"How do you know they never will, since both you and their mother encourage other men's daughters in doing it?" I asked.

"Whose daughters did I ever encourage in a thing of that kind?" Mr. Fitzgerald inquired, with a look of astonishment spread over his face.

"Why, every woman on that stage was the daughter of somebody, was she not? And when you go and witness their performances, rave over them, call them '*divine and magnificent creatures,*' send them floral testimonials of your appreciation of their efforts, and applaud with all your power, are you not encouraging them? The stage would not be what it is to-day if it were not for the encouragement it receives from society. If an actress can conceive some new exposure, and gives it as her specialty, society will rush to see the new dance or whatever it may be. These women are human, if they *are* actresses, and many of the sons of our prominent men become infatuated with and marry them. You have a son; how would you like to see him married to that high kicker we saw last

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night? Would you like to introduce her into your family circle and let her appear with your daughters?"

"You are talking very foolishly, sir; very foolishly. Of course, I wouldn't allow the boy to marry her. Marrying and admiring are very different things."

"If a man really admires anything he is pretty sure to try to get possession of it. But why is not any one of those actresses as fit to be your son's wife as were any of the ladies who sat and applauded their actions?"

"Because they *are* not!" testily replied my friend.

"'Because' does not answer the question. The ladies in fashionable society expose their naked bosoms, shoulders, and arms to the gaze of the gentlemen with whom *they* associate; they drink wine, play poker for money, flirt with other women's husbands, and many of them bet on horse races and use profane language when they are angry, just as the actresses do. Where shall we draw the line between the two classes?"

"Why, sir, I—well—you know the ladies are protected by their husbands and fathers," stammered Mr. Fitzgerald.

"Certainly, and the actresses are protected by the same gentlemen. Who furnishes the money to pay the enormous bills they contract to supply themselves with the elegant costumes, magnificent jewels, and all the trappings they wear? Surely their salaries are not sufficient! Who pays for the wine suppers and flowers, and who sends the notes declaring eternal devotion to them? Do not the actresses have the same refined (?) company that the ladies of society do?"

"By the gods! I never saw it in that light before!" exclaimed my friend.

"And you have come to knock me down because my wife told your wife some unvarnished truths last night! She raved all night because she was told some things she ought to have known years ago! It is indeed a fact that most people will bear, with great fortitude, a false accusation, but the truth will enrage them beyond control."

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My friend looked very humble as he rose to go.

"Doctor, I am ashamed of myself," said he, as he reached out his hand. "I hope you are not offended with me for my—that is to say, my brusqueness, this morning. I shall see that some changes are made in our social program for the coming season, and Marie will get something besides morphine to quiet her hysterics when I get home."

I heartily shook the hand he offered and declared my regard for him undiminished. We parted good friends, and the incident was never alluded to by either of us again.

(*To be continued.*)

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

MIND AND THOUGHT.

THE fundamental proposition of the New Thought is that man is *now* a spiritual being—a perfectly harmonious and homogeneous spiritual organism. As a soul (differentiated spirit), he manifests an idea in creative Mind. He functions in expression on all planes of being. As the child of his Father, he is inseparably connected with his Source. The aspects of Deity are reproduced in him as spiritual attributes, or divine qualities. Preëminent among these is *intelligence.* To cultivate this property of life is to develop the involved spark of divinity that irradiates the entire being. It is the light of the awakened soul, and, like light everywhere, is always unerring.

Chief among the outgrowths of the soul is the *mind,* by which it is linked with the body. This organ of intelligence is the agent by which the individual modifies or becomes related to his environment. It is the sentry that reports to the inner man the conditions of outer life. This is accomplished through the senses, which correspond on the higher plane with faculties of the mind and on the lower with functions of the brain. This material instrument is the battery that serves the mental dynamo in the generation and expression of thought. It is not the thinker: it is the vehicle of thought, which is the activity of intelligence. The brain is not indispensable save on its own plane, and its necessity even there does not arise until the thought seeks expression. Much of our best and profoundest thinking is done at night, when the cerebral equipment is quiescent in sleep.

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Superficial critics frequently ask why, if the brain is not the reasoning part of man, an injury to that organ should produce insanity. This result does not always follow lesions of the gray tissue; but when it does it only tends to prove the truth of the foregoing statements. The mind is the thinker; the brain is its instrument. When the latter is injured it expresses thought incoherently—for precisely the same reason that, from a piano with a few broken or loose wires, even a Rubinstein could not produce either harmony or melody.

The mind is a sun; thoughts are its rays. These take form in accordance with the *will* of their generator. They are frequently erroneous and harmful, because every human being begins life with an active but uneducated will. Thoughts are not "things," in the technical sense, though thought-*pictures* are undoubtedly objective entities. It is these that are sensed and seen by clairvoyants. The mind can change the form, tone, and color of its intellectual output at will; indeed, it is the exercise of this power that makes all the changes that occur in society, government, and the individual life. Men differ because they think differently.

Although the mind has three phases of consciousness, it is fundamentally and essentially a *unit*. It partakes of the quality of wholeness inherited by the soul from its Source. To compare man to a sponge-cake, or anything else made up of ingredients, is absurd. To consider him as a compound even of spiritual elements is to deny his immortality. That which is "composed" of anything may be decomposed; it is destructible, though the principle of continuity may inhere in its parts as such.

"I am not an immortal being, but a man—a part of the Whole, as an hour is a part of the day; I must be present like the hour, and past like the hour."

Epictetus was not at his best when he wrote that. The old Stoic should have asked himself, Into how many "parts" is the

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Whole divisible? God is not a sum, as the Pantheists declare; God is Infinite Being—without parts, qualities, or other form of limitation—manifested in Nature, expressed in humanity.

The false idea that man is separable from his Creator is the primary cause of all his weakness and inability. Man is the result of God's ideation. His personal thought is the activity of that divine intelligence which is expressible through mind alone. His progress on every plane of being is measurable always by the acuteness of his perception of his oneness with Deity—his realization of *wholeness,* or the unitary basis of all Life.

J. E. M.

SPIRITUAL RELATIONSHIPS.

Who is my brother? Is it he who is born of the same parents as myself; in whose veins flows the same blood as in my own; who lives close beside me, yet knows me not—is he my brother? Or is it that one residing in the distance whose word accelerates my heart, whose thought stimulates my mind, whose aspirations are akin to my own; and, though we dwell apart, there is sweet understanding between us? Is not such a one, according to all the laws of affinity, of attraction, of like for like, my real brother? What though other blood flow in his veins and he owes not his being to the same source as I, are we not bound together by ties closer than those of flesh and blood—by the most true and beautiful relationship of spiritual brotherhood?

What higher union of soul to soul than this sweet, divine, inner communion? And yet, alas! our true relations, our real kinsmen, are frequently allowed to pass us by as strangers, while much ado is made over those who are often *real* strangers but whom through the inscrutable destiny of men we are doomed to call sisters and brothers. The unutterable sadness that sometimes steals upon us unawares is often due to just such wrong and injustice against the hungry soul that cries out for its own. That

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which is itself intangible, yet mightier than all created things, we try to subdue with material objects.

Instead of light, of love, of sweet and harmonious social intercourse; instead of that understanding which can penetrate the outer to the inner being, which overleaps the spoken or written word and alights upon the mental or spiritual attitude behind the word: instead of all this, which constitutes the true spiritual relationship of mankind, we have base counterfeits—because of the erroneous belief that our relationships can and do exist entirely in matter. Whereas it is but this which radiates from another's center of being, the divine essence, principle—in fact, all that which is so subtle, so evanescent: it is that which helps and uplifts us. It is that "something" which emanates from the personality of another, and which we breathe in as we do a deliciously pure and wholesome atmosphere, which is of greatest value and permanence in life. It is this spiritual something in another which reveals us to ourselves and fills us with a joy that enriches with never-decreasing wealth.

BERTHA HIRSCH BARUCH.

IS THERE A PSYCHIC BRAIN CENTER?

From the foundation of the world there has always been an expressed faith or belief in the supernatural, and men have worked upon this credulous element of the mind in multitudinous ways. The harp and violin are played upon to produce various harmonies in just the same manner as the faculties of the mind are being influenced in hundreds of ways by different motives, desires, and ambitions.

The superstitious seek for everything that is psychic in character and uncanny in life. Dr. Gall did not lose sight of this element of the mind when he discovered the faculty of Wonder-Marvelousness, or Spirituality, as it is now called; and he empirically and experimentally examined the brains and skulls of both men and animals. He discovered that persons who possessed this faculty in a well developed state had a strong leaning toward supernatural subjects, had an active sense of wonder, faith, belief in the unseen, showed a love for spiritual phenomena, trust in

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Providence, confidence in partially developed truths, a desire to see the new, novel, and wonderful in everything, and were easily impressed.

The location of this faculty in the brain is in the ascending frontal convolutions under the frontal and parietal bones. In the skull the coronal suture passes in front of the convolution in the brain that presides over it.

A doctor said to me the other day that he "believed no faculty was yet discovered that gave to man his premonitions, his telepathic power, his clairvoyant vision, his ability to read the thoughts of others, and send his thoughts thousands of miles away from him." I replied: "The discovery has been made, but you are doubtless unaware of it."

The Right Hon. Arthur Balfour and Professor and Mrs. Sedgwick, promoters of the Society for Psychical Research in England; Professor Hyslop, T. J. Hudson, W. J. Colville, Julius A. Dresser, Bodis Sidis, Wm. T. Stead, and, in earlier days, Swedenborg, Ann Lee, Joan of Arc, Milton; and many inventors —Tesla, Marconi, Edison—all have it largely developed. It is as definitely located in the brain as memory of names—Eventuality, the metaphysical faculty—Causality, or the intuitive faculty of Human Nature, and should be recognized by all investigators of occult subjects.

If there is power in the mind to understand psychic phenomena, there must be cerebral power to emphasize it; and by definitely recognizing the organ as one of the instruments of the mind, we can cultivate it and learn also to control it. If it is uncontrolled it weakens the mind and leads to folly and instability of belief—credulity in everything new; when controlled by the other moral organs, namely, Conscientiousness, Veneration, Hope, Benevolence, and Firmness, it is of all faculties the most beautiful. It lifts the mind, elevates the thoughts heavenward, and brings us to the gates of the celestial city. It is the pivot between the material and immaterial, the physical and the spiritual, the worldly and the unworldly, the intellectual and the psychical, the metaphysical and the supernatural, the objective and the subjective, the practical and the mystical.

J. A. FOWLER.

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THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Conducted by

FLORENCE PELTIER PERRY AND THE REV. HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

FOR THE PARENTS.

AN IDEAL METHOD OF EDUCATION.

I have recently read a most interesting book, which all parents should possess and profit by. It is the Rev. Wm. H. Murray's "How I am Educating my Daughters."

The daughters (four in all) range from five to thirteen years of age, and in all their lives they have never been to church or school, and never have had any companions but their devoted parents and the birds, pets, trees, and flowers to be found on their native farm. Yet their accomplishments are many, and their learning varied and wonderful, even though their wise parent-teachers did not begin their eldest child's intellectual training until four years ago, considering that until the age of eight no child should be given mental work.

The principal points made by Mr. Murray are most important and fundamental. "Above all else," he says, "children should be taught four things: love of parents, love of home, love of country, and love of God." From children thus educated, he declares, "there would come to us as a people, in a single generation, a vast increase in the respect, the reverence, and the affection due to parents; to the children themselves a larger, more practical knowledge of the forces and conditions that make for success on the higher planes of thought, feeling, and life; to the Church, so far as it represents true spiritual development and growth in amiabilities toward men and reverential apprehension of the Divine Being, a measureless reenforcement of vital piety. . . . One generation of children rightly educated secures a millennial

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citizenship. I simply propose with the Divine help to prepare four girls to enjoy the privileges, perform the duties, and win the honors of such a high estate—in short, that my daughters shall be so educated as to represent millennial womanhood."

Can any parent say more? Should any parent say less?

A charming introduction to the home life and customs is the chapter on the "Family Hour." There, in the midst of such delightful occupations as apple-roasting, corn-popping, etc., stories, songs, games, questions, and conversation are carried on and participated in by every one in the circle, with a delight and enthusiasm that will increase as the years pass and bind the family into an inseparable whole, with love as its basis and pinnacle.

But not only is this the hour for recreation, for thought, for the weaving of love-flowers into the patterns of the family lives: it is one of the richest of lesson-hours. In a most fascinating way Mr. Murray tells how by dividing grains of popcorn, on one of these occasions, he revealed the first principles of mathematics, and how from this beginning these eager, alert little minds went on mastering multiplication, subtraction, and division until they could do knotty problems in their minds that would take many an adult a long time to figure out with pencil and paper. To say the multiplication table up to and including 24 times 24 was one of their pastimes. Think of this as a method of concentration!

Not the least among their valuable acquisitions is a vocabulary of 18,000 words, which is an education in itself, especially as we learn that the vocabulary of the average college professor is only 7,000.

"Mastery of word-knowledge," says Mr. Murray, "is the key that opens the door of all knowledge and qualifies children to make rapid and easy strides in all their studies."

And words are often inlets to new and wonderful realms. Think, then, what vast new territories are opened to the mind that can enter through these magic passages! All the kingdoms and nations of the earth, the secrets of heaven and soul, of life and Nature, are opened to the one who knows the meaning and use of words. For are they not the guardians of the world's sum

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of experience, of knowledge, of revelation? Are they not sometimes like angel hands leading us into the countries flowing with milk and honey? Are they not as jewels in the mouth of the poet, and lofty mountains when they issue from the heart of a prophet?

Our ideal teacher has struck the deepest vein in his mine of Truth when he touches on the value of words. Parents, think of this, and go and do likewise with your own children. Let them learn to define, spell, and use correctly ten words a day (never missing a day), and learn, as have the Murray children, 3,650 words a year. Even if you can do no more than this for your little flock, it will be worth a thousand times more than the effort and time it will cost, not only to your children but to yourselves.

For seventy-five cents you can get the book (in paper), with a compiled list of the words used by Mr. Murray, whose address is Guilford, Conn. The book also contains Scripture-readings, poems, and literary recitations as learned by the author's children.

* * *

All this, Mrs. N., is in answer to your question about teaching your children how to develop their mental forces. Though this is not the so-called metaphysical method, yet it is very like it, and indispensable to the children who are to be well rounded. With your own spiritual insight and careful tact you will be able, through your explanations and interpretations of what they study, to throw the spiritual light on everything. But the value and scope of this splendid intellectual training cannot be overestimated as an aid and corroboration of the higher forces of life and character.

Paul tells us "that which is first is natural, and that which is last is spiritual." Our babies come into this world unconscious, physical beings; they leave it, if we train them properly, conscious, spiritual beings: so we train the physical and mental in order to make ready for the development and flowering of the spiritual.

It is the proper exercise and direction of mental and physical energy that form the real basis of education. Nature gives a hint of the right mode of procedure from the first. The baby kicks, cries, wriggles, coos, and gurgles. The boy and girl run, jump, climb, wrestle, skate, dance, laugh, talk, and sing. As the

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mind develops they ask questions, pick things to pieces, explore mysterious things and places, take imaginary journeys, personify ideal characters, and so enact the drama of human life—all this that they may learn its real meaning. The desire for knowledge is inborn. It is the first sign of the indwelling, awakening soul. How important, then, for the parents to be ready with suggestion, answer, and material to teach the child of the world around him and his relation to it, of the world within him and his use of it! To this end the wonderful earth in all its beauty and variety, the skies and their glorious suns and stars, are opened before us—all different leaves and chapters of God's great instruction-book, Nature. Froebel says: "Through a sympathetic study of Nature, through a growing sense of the soul and meaning of all natural facts and of all human relationships, and through recreating in various forms that external world which is but the objective expression of his own inmost being, the child attains to a consciousness of the connectedness and unity of life, and to a vision of the eternal fountain of Life."

* * *

"It is a fact that the higher activity is a transformation and not an isolated, detached, and aboriginal beginning which gives importance to the impulses, reflexes, and instincts of childhood."—*Susan Blow.*

"Let the nurture of sympathy go hand in hand with the incitement to activity, and from the union of the two will spring humility and helpfulness. Divorce sympathy from activity, and it will give rise to the lust of power, or that inordinate craving for approbation which has been defined as the 'love of love by sin defiled.'"

"Universal laws can never be broken with impunity; and the universal and inexorable law of habit is that all sensations pall with repetition, while all activities augment their joy."

* * *

These rich thoughts from great thinkers but emphasize and reiterate the valuable methods set forth and practised by Mr. and Mrs. Murray, whose splendid success bears witness to the wisdom of their principles of education.

(Rev.) HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

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FOR THE CHILDREN.

"So blue yon winding river flows,
It seems an outlet from the sky,
Where, waiting till the west wind blows,
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

All things are new—the buds, the leaves,
That gild the elm-tree's nodding crest,
And even the nest beneath the eaves—
There are no birds in last year's nest."

—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

THE ROBIN'S SONG.

A robin sat on an apple-bough,
One morning early in May,
And caroled a song whose melody
Made me pause beside the way.

"How happy he seems to be!" I sighed,
As I heard the mellow tones.
"I and my brothers are gay," sang he,
"And 'tis only man who moans."

Though a little boy, as I trudged along,
I pondered the robin's words.
"It is true," I said, "and we all may learn
To be happy from the birds."

CHARLES BÉTHUNE ROSS.

HOW HAROLD WAS TESTED.

There are many words in the dictionary we don't know the meaning of till something happens that seems to require just the very word that we never had heard before. Now, if I were to tell you how Harold was put to the test, maybe you would say you do not know what a test is.

Every one thought Harold one of the best sort of boys. I

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mean by that that they thought he was just what he seemed to be—a boy who wouldn't say or do any naughty thing when his mother was away any more than if she were right with him. But he was only a small boy, and he hadn't been put to the test to prove what he would do if a temptation came to him. So he needed to be tested.

There are many beautiful things in the shop-windows that look as if they were made of gold. But "all is not gold that glitters." The true yellow gold, as it is dug from the mines, is mixed in with silver and earthy stuff, and so it has to be put into a test or cup and held over a powerful flame that will burn away the dross and leave the pure gold by itself. Now, boys and girls are often put to the test—just as the gold is refined and made pure. We don't know, sometimes, till after it is all over that we were being tested. So it happened to Harold.

Harold's mother was making great preparations for an afternoon tea, and there were so many things about the house to be looked after that Harold did just about as he wanted to. All the morning Aunt Ellen had been making loaves and loaves of cake and small cakes and tarts, and fixing jelly molds and preserves. The odors from the kitchen were simply tempting. Harold began to feel—oh, *very* hungry. He knew he could eat just half of the little cakes Grandmother had put on the table in that scalloped china plate. But there were heaps and heaps of delicacies that were waiting to be brought in. Harold couldn't keep from looking at those little cakes. He ran upstairs, playing tag with his little sister; then he ran downstairs to frolic with puss, every time giving a good look at the cakes on the table. He thought Grandmother was not looking, and he reached over the table and grabbed a cake and ran off with it. But he didn't eat it. He simply hid it away in his pocket.

By-and-by, when he thought Grandmother was looking the other way, he snatched a second cake and ran off with it. By this time Grandmother, who had seen the whole proceeding, began to feel quite distressed that her little grandson had acted so dishonorably—so unlike anything she ever had known him to do before. She was revolving in her mind what she had better do. Of course, she would have to tell his mother.

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But right here something seemed to hurt the boy, for Harold rushed in in great excitement and threw the cakes back on the table, and cried out: "There! I guess you won't tempt me again, you bad, bad thought!"

It wasn't half so important that the table should be set as that Harold should be encouraged in getting rid of the bad thought and to hold a good one. So, leaving everything else, Mother took her little boy in her lap and gave him such a kiss as only mothers know how to give. Then she said:

"How glad I am, Harold, that you sent away the bad thought and refused the cakes! [A little glistening tear was just ready to drop from his bright eyes.] For, don't you see, my boy, had you eaten the cake, even though Mother had known nothing about it, that little bad thought would have been so pleased that it had accomplished what it had set out to do that, like a little seed in soft earth, there would have sprung from it many other bad thoughts?"

When a bad thought comes into one's mind, the only way to do is to refuse to hold it, saying, "I refuse to let you come into my mind."

So this was the way Harold came to be tested, and the way his mother found out that her boy was pure gold.

MARY J. WOODWARD-WEATHERBEE.

THE LITTLE THINGS WE MISS.

We miss a lot of interesting things through lack of observation. Many of us are blind and deaf even when we have eyes that see and ears that hear. Perhaps it is because we are so taken up with the things of our every-day life. When we are all absorbed in ourselves we are thoughtless and selfish. Selfishness is ignorance, and ignorance is a great high wall that hides many interesting things and the chance to gain a store of knowledge.

Many times I have found a great deal of pleasure watching the habits of animals. With the pleasure I stored up considerable knowledge. I have learned interesting things about birds by keeping my eyes and ears open. I have cultivated an acquaintance

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with toads and frogs, and I found them friendly and intelligent, even to showing an affectionate disposition.

One evening I picked up a large toad that had come out in a pathway. At first he showed that he was afraid, but I soon convinced him that he was not in "the enemy's camp." I stroked him and talked to him, and he talked back in queer little sounds that made me think he was singing to me. When I stopped stroking him he plainly expressed a wish for me to continue. I carried him with me on my shopping tour, and when I returned to the spot where I picked him up I put him down in the grass, thinking he would hop away. On the contrary, when I moved away the toad followed me. Did this not prove he appreciated the interest I had taken in him?

In my country home I have watched the same birds return every spring and rebuild their nests. We never allowed any one to come on the premises with a gun. The birds soon learned that they were protected and safe there, and we were rewarded for our care of the dear feathered tribes by visits from all kinds of birds. Some were quite rare. The morning and evening concerts of these songsters were truly heavenly. In the winter, when the snow was so deep that it covered their food from them, we fed the quail that passed through our grounds, and the result was that sometimes there were hundreds of quail to feed and shelter. Quail have been hunted and killed so long that they are timid, but the ones we fed and furnished shelter for became quite tame. And in the summer the quail gathered in a shady lane that we drove through to the street, and very often we have stopped our horse in that lane to let the quail move to one side, for fear of driving over and injuring them. How dearly I loved them all! What a pleasant thought it is that comes back to me that the birds trusted us when we protected them! Let us keep our eyes and ears open, that we may see and be ready for opportunities to help the animals and the birds; for in doing this we forget ourselves and we drop selfishness and ignorance.

When I was a child one of my playmates was a dog, and Venus was her name. Venus was looked upon as one of the family. She was kind, faithful, thoughtful, affectionate. One day she presented us with a little family of puppies. They were all white

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and looked like balls of cotton. We were delighted, and Venus was a very proud mother.

When the puppies had grown old enough to run and play we began to look up good homes for them. We succeeded in finding homes for four, but there were two more to be provided for, and we didn't know what to do, as we had one other dog besides Venus and any more would be too many.

One evening, when the family were studying the best way to get rid of the little dogs, some one thoughtlessly remarked, before Venus, that the next day he would drown the puppies—for that would be kinder than to give them to people who might abuse them.

The following morning Venus and her family were missing. We looked everywhere, as we thought, and called and whistled. But Venus did not come. I saw tears in my brother's eyes, and I felt a lump growing in my throat, and altogether we were feeling sorry enough.

After a while some one made a discovery. Right under the driveway into our stable there was a newly-made hole. The woodwork had been torn away in small pieces, making a hole large enough for Venus to pass through and take her puppies. By lying down on the ground we could see something glisten. It was Venus's eyes blazing like two balls of fire. We called and coaxed, but it was useless. Venus wouldn't move.

So it was decided that the stableman should take up a portion of the carriage-house floor. This was done; but Venus wouldn't come out. We reached down and patted her—but she had lost confidence in us. We were very much troubled, particularly after we realized that she plainly understood the remark about drowning her puppies.

Venus was taken out of hiding and restored to her old quarters, but it was several days before she seemed comfortable and natural. Finally we found homes for the two puppies that were the cause of so much sadness—for we all did feel sad, but none more so than dear old Venus. How many times, think you, are we responsible for the grief of animals? Let us try to relieve their distresses and to be patient with them, rather than careless of their comfort and impatient.

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Be kind to all living creatures. Keep your eyes and your ears open. In other words, do not be blind to what you see nor deaf to what you hear.

MARIE LOUISE COUSE.

THE FOLLY OF WORRY.

[This, children, is for your big brothers and sisters to read, and after they have read it I am sure they will explain it to you so that you will understand it and learn a valuable lesson.—F. P. P.]

Why should we really worry? Has worrying ever benefited any one? On the contrary, instead of helping us it harms us, as it takes away from our mental faculties their natural powers of reasoning, and if we did not unbalance our minds by a previous state of worrying we would be far more capable of guarding against a threatening misfortune, and so perhaps prevent it.

We frequently hear people say that every one must worry; that it is human nature to do so. Humanity has more or less tried to make it a part of itself, but it was not so intended. Seen in its true light there is no experience in life over which one has a right to worry. Ruskin says: "God gives us always strength enough and sense enough for everything that he wants us to do." So we are never tried beyond our powers of endurance. If we could only always realize that, how much happier we would be, as well as those with whom we come in contact; for, if we are of a worrying disposition there is a depressing atmosphere around us, and people of a sensitive nature are affected by it. While if, on the contrary, we are happy and light-hearted, making so far as we can the best of everything, we are sure to influence others, and by helping others we help ourselves.

Now, when there is something in our mind that is troubling us, no matter how great or small it may be, why not analyze it at first, and make sure that it really is something requiring thought? A great part of the time we worry over imaginary misfortunes. Then if we find that the thing we are troubling about really does not need to be worried over, instead of fretting, and thereby wasting our energy and mental forces, we may employ those same forces in finding a way out of the difficulty.

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Self-reliance is what a great many of us lack; we do not place sufficient trust in our own ability, and look outside of ourselves for help.

Doubt and fear produce worry. If we only stop to think we will realize how often we use the phrase, "I am afraid," even in ordinary conversation when there is no cause for fear. That alone is suggestive of worry. Why should we fear anything or worry about anything? "Consider the lilies how they grow," taking whatever comes to them—sunshine or rain—without worry or anxiety. With sunshine alone they would soon wither. God cares for them, and it is the same God that cares for us.

Worrying is caused by reaching with our minds into the future. If we would live more in the to-day and make the most of our present advantages, we would find that the things we imagined of great magnitude and consequence would gradually diminish, as time goes on, and later we would look back and see how foolish we had been even to think about it; and, besides, by looking forward to to-morrow we lose the chances and possibilities of to-day.

So let us all make a resolution that we will not worry any more about anything. Somebody has said that "the most reckless spendthrift in the world is the one that squanders time." Money lost may be regained, friendships broken may be renewed, houses and lands that are burnt or sold may be built or bought again. But what power can restore the moment that has passed, the day whose sun has set, or the year that has been numbered with the ages gone? And can we imagine a more thorough method of wasting time than by useless worry?

Now, I am sure that if we keep to this resolution firmly we will not only feel happier ourselves and make others happy, but we will strengthen our will-power to such an extent that, should some emergency during life require a great deal of bravery, we would be able to meet it as true men and women.

LUTA DE PALKOWSKA.

HUMAN beings owe a debt of love to one another, because there is no other method of paying the debt of love and care which all of us owe to Providence.—*John Ruskin.*

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THE BIRD'S NEST.

(Sequel to "Dorothy's Guests.")

A few months ago we read in MIND about "Dorothy's Guests" —how she fed them, the dear little birds, up on the porch roof beneath her window. These little "denizens of the air" have a deal of sense, which is proved in their selection of sites for their nests, or homes.

Two little birds that I'm going to tell you about seemed to be unusually clever in this respect; for they seemed to say to each other: "A very kind little girl lives in this house, and therefore it's an excellent place to hide our nest." So what did they do but build it on the window-sill between the blind and the window of a spare bed-room, next to Dorothy's room!

Dorothy saw what they were doing, so she threw out bits of string, cottonwool, and shredded rags—the latter was from one of her little handkerchiefs, a very soft piece of linen that was torn. The birds actually picked up her offerings, taking them to line their nest of twigs and grasses.

One day Dorothy peeped under the curtain—it wasn't quite down—and she saw three of the cunningest little birds. They weren't pretty, for their heads were so big; and their mouths—oh my! how very wide they opened every time the papa or mama bird brought a worm for them!

It was great fun to watch them learn to fly. A limb of a tree nearly touched the window, and they would alight upon it. Dorothy missed them when they flew away for good; but she says she is sure that *one* of them will come there again next summer to build its nest. And *I* wouldn't be surprised if the wise little bird found a mate and brought it right there—would you?

FANNY L. FANCHER.

IS THY friend angry with thee? Then provide him an opportunity of showing thee a great favor. Over that his heart must needs melt, and he will love thee again.—*Richter.*

LET nothing come between you and the light.—*Thoreau.*

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

HEALTH AND A DAY. By Lewis G. Janes, M.A. 185 pp. Cloth, gilt top, $1.00. James H. West Co., publishers, Boston, Mass.

The charming literary style of this new work will commend it to the attention of many conservative minds who might otherwise be repelled by its departure from conventional standards. Its fourteen chapters consist of common-sense talks that spring from the insistent logic of experience rather than the cut-and-dried teaching of the schools. Its key-note is Emerson's familiar saying: "Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous." Dr. Janes believes that life is worth living to the fulness of its widest possibilities, and the best methods of attaining health, happiness, and success in the "struggle for existence" it is the mission of this book to suggest. It is not a work on Mental Science, in the technical sense; but it is rational, instructive, and helpfully suggestive along the lines of right living and spiritual evolution. It is replete with valuable facts, and philosophic in the highest significance of that term. Every reader should derive benefit from every chapter, for the subjects are of equal importance in the individual life and present problems for solution that are most skilfully handled by the author.

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF HUMANISM. By Henry Wood. 319 pp. Cloth, $1.25; paper, 50 cents. Lee and Shepard, publishers, Boston, Mass.

This is not, strictly speaking, a "new" book, though it lacks no element of freshness or of contemporaneous human interest. It is a *revision* of "The Political Economy of Natural Law," which passed through four editions, and to which Mr. Wood has added several new chapters. In the scholarly hands of this author, politics is no "dismal science;" economics and sociology are "dry" studies only to selfish minds, and the principles of government are seen to have an ethical foundation that evolves with the evolution of the race. Henry Wood is a profound student of human nature, affairs, and events, in all of which he detects the operation of universal Law. His conclusions, therefore, are scientifically tenable, even when applied to idealism—the goal of all his writings. He would dissipate the sordid commercialism that

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tinctures so much of current economic literature by introducing the spiritual element—the mental man—into practical discussions and movements. In the present volume he shows how this can be done by recognition of the oneness of God and humanity—the solidarity of the race and unity of the social organism. The author is always an optimist, and his incisive, polished diction is never employed in the interest of retrogression or decadence.

THE BUILDER AND THE PLAN. By Ursula N. Gestefeld. 282 pp. Cloth, $2.00. The Gestefeld Publishing Company, Pelham, N. Y.

This bulky volume will be heartily welcomed by "reformed" Christian Scientists, who repudiate the authority and leadership of Mrs. Eddy, and by those elements of the New Thought fraternity who have no use for the metaphysics of the Orient. It is presented as a text-book of the Science of Being, in which the personal equation cuts no figure. The author is not a believer in reincarnation, though she accepts the principle of evolution of which reëmbodiment is naturally and logically the process. Of the very few teachers of advanced spiritual thought who take the same attitude, Mrs. Gestefeld has been the most successful in formulating a system that dispenses with the necessity of rebirth. In this, her latest and best work, the principles of Mental Science are reduced to a coherent system having a mathematical basis. It is not a mere treatise for cursory perusal, but a comprehensive presentation, demanding serious study, of the laws that underlie the science of religion. The power of self-healing should easily be derived from a careful reading of this book, which is especially commended to the attention of orthodox Christians and Bible students. J. E. M.

NOTICE.—The Alliance Publishing Company is obliged to withdraw the announcement, which appeared in the last issue of MIND, of the removal of its business to "The Schuyler." Owing to differences that have arisen between the contractor and owner of the building now in course of erection, the property will probably not be available for our use till October 1st. Our friends and patrons will please note that our address is still the "Life" Building, 19 West 31st street, New York.

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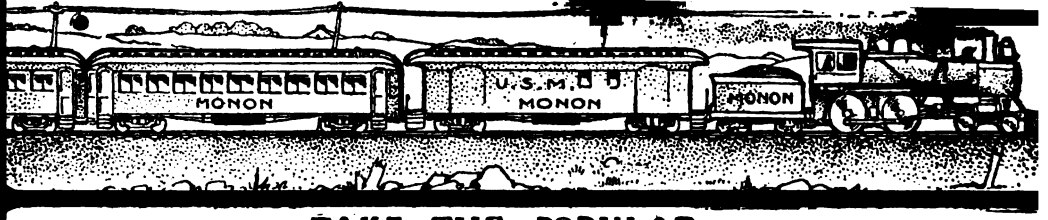

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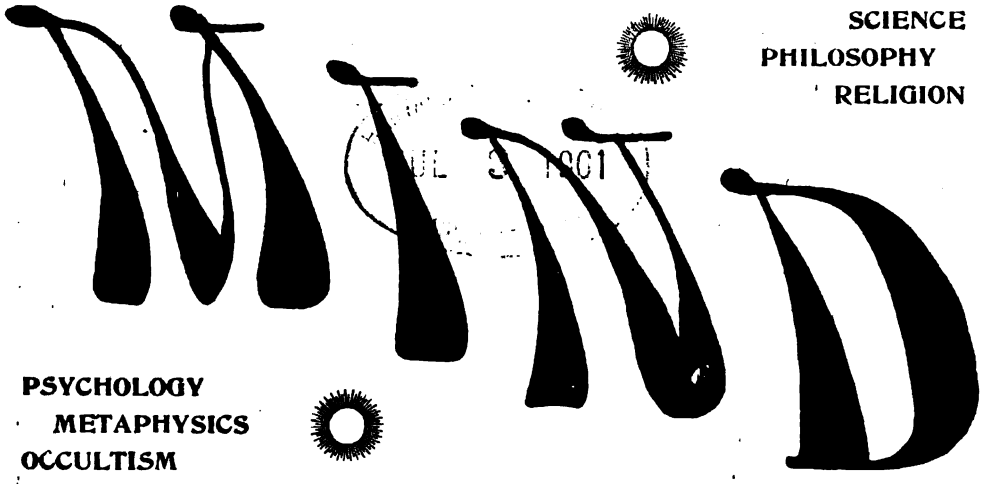

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NEW THOUGHT

EDITED BY

JOHN EMERY McLEAN and CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

Vol. VIII. No. 4.

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MIND.

VOL. VIII. JULY, 1901. No. 4.

JUDGE CLARKSON AND THE NEW THOUGHT.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

The large and growing body of thoughtful men and women who belong to what is popularly known as the New Thought movement cannot fail to be deeply interested in the recent public announcement by ex-Judge Joseph Russell Clarkson, of Omaha, Nebraska, embodying the reasons that compelled him to resign from a commanding and responsible position in the Christian Science movement, and also to withdraw from fellowship in that church. Judge Clarkson has long enjoyed the high esteem of his fellow-citizens, both as a jurist and as an honorable member of society. After he accepted the tenets of Christian Science he became a prominent and influential member of the lecture board of that church, and still, though he has withdrawn from the organization, he believes in the truth of what he considers the "best" in "Science and Health." He further holds that "the Christian Scientists are as a body closer to God" than any of the churches that make up conventional Christianity, and that "Christian Science as given through Mrs. Eddy's book is the most wonderful exposition of truth that came during the nineteenth century."

The opinions of such a man are entitled to far more consideration than the criticisms of those who have never viewed the faith save through prejudiced eyes and who are ignorant of its teachings, or at best have but limited acquaintance with its

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tenets. The author, as a trained lawyer and experienced jurist, and as a man of wide reading, has been schooled to weigh evidence and consider subjects in an impartial manner. In the preface of his recent brochure, "The A B C of Scientific Christianity," we find given somewhat at length and in a simple and candid manner the reasons that led him to sever his connection with the Christian Science lecture board and with the church of which he was so prominent a representative. As one of the most popular lecturers among the authorized representatives of the Christian Science movement, he necessarily came into very close contact with its practical operations and demonstrations in various centers. The varying and unsatisfactory results that followed the treatment greatly disquieted him. He felt that there must be something radically wrong in the presentation of what he believed to be a luminous restatement of primitive Christianity. The further he investigated the more the unpleasant conviction was forced upon his mind that the results fell far below what they should be. He states that in his extended trips over the country he "found in every place substantially the same unhappy conditions apparent—worse, though, in Boston than in many other cities." In order to satisfy himself as to where the trouble lay, he began a patient and conscientious investigation. Coming to Boston, he "listened carefully to full instructions from the Metaphysical College." He next had "long personal interviews with Mrs. Eddy and leading representative Christian Scientists." The result of all this was that he became convinced "that human distortions, perversions, misconceptions, and misapplications of the teachings of 'Science and Health' have led both Mrs. Eddy and her following into a pursuance of methods in business, teaching, and practise which have a tendency steadily to lower the high standard of spirituality originally set. and if much longer continued will bring about a condition of spiritual paralysis in the Science ranks."

Judge Clarkson points out in detail what to him are some of the fatal mistakes which are paralyzing the good that might be

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wrought by adhering strictly to what he conceives to be the pure and unadulterated teachings and practise of Jesus and his immediate followers; and, though it is impossible to give a full citation of these, I quote as extensively as possible, in order to give the reader some idea of his point of view and the reasons that forced him to withdraw from the church:

"The teaching is about evenly divided between exquisite holiness and mental evil, the instruction in mental evil being a straight departure from the teachings of 'Science and Health.' The result is a 'house divided against itself.' Utterly futile will be any attempt to progress to the Christ healing so long as evil is manufactured at the rate that it is in the Metaphysical College, and consequently in the field.

"I refer, as any one who has been in the class will know, to the diagnosis, dissection, revivification, classification, upbuilding, and supposed final demolition of evil mentality, comprehended under the general terms of animal magnetism, hypnotism, mesmerism, and mental malpractice, and in this connection quote from 'Science and Health,' pages 280 and 281:

"'Animal magnetism has no Scientific principle; for God governs all that is real, harmonious, and eternal, and His power is neither animal nor human. Its basis being a belief, and this belief an error, in Science—animal magnetism, hypnotism, or mesmerism is a mere negation, possessing neither intelligence, power, nor reality.'

"'Science and Health,' page 235: 'Love and its manifestation are all in all. There is naught else; nothing else is. Divine Love is infinite; therefore, all that really exists is divine Love.'

"'First Corinthians, chapter 13: 'Charity [in revised version, "love"] thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;'—

and ask whether such teaching as I have indicated is not a reversal of what the book inculcates. It is in the teachings of Mrs. Eddy and her followers, subsequent to the publication of the book, that I see a steady departure from the truth, and a necessary retrogression in the path which leads to the ultimate goal—Divine Love. I believe that the character of the teaching is the result of conjecturing causes for the failures to heal, and the mistake has been made of imputing to outside sources a mental malevolence which really exists in the Christian Science ranks, and which exists in the Science ranks as a foregone consequence of a determination to see it in others, to fear it, and to devise schemes whereby it may be disarmed and annihilated.

"To Mrs. Eddy and her following—speaking, of course, of the general conditions, there being thousands of exceptions—applies what Job recognized in his own case: 'The thing which I greatly feared is come upon me.' (Job iii., 25.) She and they are judged as they judge. They are a self-deceived, self-hypnotized, self-mesmerized people, and are to be pitied from one's heart. I ask of Christian Scientists, who are not so far gone

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but that they may still hear and see, whether they truly believe that the Christian Science methods and practise have, when the general result thus far is considered, been prolific of the fruits of the Spirit, which are these: 'Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith.' (Gal. v., 22.) I contrast with these the fruits of the flesh: 'Idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies' (Gal. v. 20), and ask, of those who are so situated as to know the general conditions, which kind of fruits are to the front. If it be admitted that the latter class seem to have the advantage, or even to hold their own, I ask whether we have not for a sufficient length of time experimented with building up a constantly strengthening and expanding and terrorizing evil as the cause of our failure to do God's work and to come into His peace; and whether the hour has not come for us to obey the injunctions of Jesus, as given in his Sermon on the Mount, and to know and insist upon as a positive, affirmative, all-denying fact that what 'Science and Health' says on page 139 is true: 'Truth, Life, and Love are a law of annihilation to everything unlike themselves, because they declare nothing except God.' And whether we ought not by this time to realize that our methods have become too distinctively human, when we consider what 'Science and Health' says on page 364, 'If the Scientist reaches his patient through Divine Love he will accomplish the healing work at one visit,' and on page 409, 'If mental practise is used for any purpose but healing, morally and physically, its power will diminish until the practitioner's healing ability is wholly lost,' and 'To let Spirit, through the power of divine Love, bear witness, without argument, to the healing Truth, is the more excellent way.'

"In defending 'Science and Health,' Mrs. Eddy, in the January, 1901, *Journal*, page 597, says: 'It was not myself, but the divine power of Truth and Love, infinitely above me, which dictated "Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures." I have been learning the higher meaning of this book since writing it.' Then, I ask, was not Mrs. Eddy a mere scribe and should the book ever have been changed, by her or any one else, from its form as originally written; and, logically, ought we not to prefer the best thought of the book to what she or any one else may say or do in derogation of the book's highest teaching, and ought not the first edition to be reprinted and become, itself, our guide? . . .

"I deprecate any corruption of the best to be found in 'Science and Health.' I stand on the best in the book, but not on the book, its author, or revisers, because I believe Mrs. Eddy is mistaken if she thinks 'Science and Health' was dictated by the divine power of 'Truth and Love.'

"The book is illustrative of Mrs. Eddy's researches and experiences in religious, mystical, medical, philosophical, and scientific fields. It embodies both good and evil. Its diction and subject matter have been improved by revision, but the improvement has been largely the work of a writer other than Mrs. Eddy. . . .

"I believe that a large part of the instruction relating to mental practise

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as outlined in 'Science and Health' is either purely harmful and hence to be rejected, or is so susceptible to abuse as to call for non-observance from fear of the harm which such instruction followed may exert. If the practitioner is 'not perfectly attuned to Divine Science' and needs 'the arguments of Truth for reminders,' he is not equal to the Spirit's proper work, according to 'Science and Health.' If the practitioner does not 'accomplish the healing work in one visit,' then he does not reach 'his patient through Divine Love,' according to 'Science and Health.' Continued treating, if the book is to be believed, means that more or less of the practitioner's human mentality is discoloring the treatments. What this mentality may be neither patient nor practitioner can know. That it is likely to be harmful to the one upon whom it is injected, dozens of passages in the book indicate. . . .

"A man standing in broad daylight needs not even to affirm light. For him to deny darkness were foolish. I do not believe that all the current printed truth relating to metaphysics, mental healing, and the Science of Being is to be found in Mrs. Eddy's books and in the Christian Science publications, nor do I believe that all of truth is to be found in any or all publications. Books, writings of any kind, even though it be conceded they are inspirational, are always more or less tinctured with the human medium. Fragments of truth come to every one. Truth speaks from every blade of grass, from every atom of the universe. Every personality, every event, has its tale to tell. Everything that *is* has its appointed place, its appointed task, its allotment of truth to reveal. Free expression of one's own —free expression of one's self—is due to Truth; the hearers, the readers, the students must handle the wheat and the chaff, must learn how properly to separate the two, must 'Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.'

"I have had much benefit, as it seems to me, from Drummond's 'Natural Law in the Spiritual World' and his various addresses; Emerson's 'Essays' and other writings; Sheldon's 'In His Steps'; Hudson's 'Psychic Phenomena'; Hubbard's 'Philistine' and 'Little Journeys'; MIND and many kindred publications; and numerous sermons. I have had more help from the Bible than from all other books and writings combined; and I believe I have had more help from hours of day and night given to meditation upon, and prayer to, an infinite spiritual God of all power, all presence, all wisdom, all tenderness, protection, mercy, and justice, and from flashes of truth coming from him, than I have had from all writings and persons that have come within my view. . . .

"I believe that religious opinions which may be fairly comprehended in the general term 'New Thought' are in advance of the beliefs generally entertained in the Christian Science ranks, because I believe I recognize in the 'New Thought' a tolerance of others' views, a humanity, and a reasonableness which the distinctive Christian Science methods have not developed, and which all organization has a tendency to stifle; and yet I recognize in the 'New Thought' and in most of the other systems of mental

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healing and of self-improvement through mental operation a tacit, though qualified and perhaps unconscious, acquiescence in Christian Science as announced in 'Science and Health.' I see in much of the expressed religious, scientific, and philosophical thought of the day such correction, elucidation, and support of 'Science and Health' as the book requires.

"All systems are yet far short of perfection. Christ in his fulness has not yet come. But honest praying, honest speaking and writing, honest acting, honest, pure living, kindness and love toward our fellow-men, and the consequential concomitant spiritual growth will bring the Christ. I say 'will bring,' but mean that he is here and always here, but our houses are not yet fitly prepared for his reception.

"Pending his coming, neither any human being nor any organization should be allowed to mold for you and me a little, sacred world within whose illiberal and contracted boundary the Christ conscience, or its expression, should be confined. The God consciousness should have untrammeled growth. The spiritual idea of being should illimitably expand until it becomes for you and me that 'mind . . . which was also in Christ Jesus.'"

The body of Judge Clarkson's brochure contains three chapters, in which he gives for the benefit of his readers talks he has had with himself—a full statement of those things which make him believe in what he calls "Scientific Christianity," and why he so believes. His reasonings rest upon and are bulwarked at every point by numerous passages from the Bible. The arguments, if one accepts the premises, are strong, and the reasoning is clear and lucid. It is a heart message from an earnest man fully assured of the truth of his premises and of the correctness of his conclusions. Toward the close of his work we find these suggestions offered by the author, which may prove helpful to the reader while serving to illustrate in a measure Judge Clarkson's method of presenting his message:

"As, in summer time, well screened doors and windows bid defiance to insect pests of every kind, so God kept in your consciousness is a mental, spiritual wall, impregnable against, insurmountable by, any evils, any enemies. As you drop off to sleep at night, think, the last thing, of God as Spirit, tender Love, Life, all about you. Think of yourself as the spiritual child of God, joint heir with Christ of God. Think of yourself as eternal in God. Think of your fellow-men as like you, you and they having your fatherhood and motherhood in God. Think of God, and that God has made as being all that there really is, and know that God never made anything unlike Himself; so that in making you and your fellow-men, He did

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not make you the sick, sinful, suffering, unhappy, restless creatures you seem to be, but made you in His image and likeness—the image and likeness of Good—Harmony, Perfection, Spirit. If you wake up during the night, instead of worrying over sleeplessness or over any of your mortal cares, think of God as with you, about you, keeping you, loving you, sheltering and clothing you, healing you, cleansing you. And so, too, in the hours of the day, know that you live in God, move in God, have your being in God; that all your intelligence is from Him, all your strength and courage are from Him, all your eternal peace and joy are in Him. Make Him your companion, and you will find Him preferable to any other. Select from the Bible a line or verse that appeals to you, that seems to meet your need, that seems to be the medicine for your case, and know that what seems to meet your case *is* for *you*. Then learn the line or verse, and think upon it, say it over and over to yourself. Treat it as from God, feel that it is God talking to you, that it is God's word, meant for you, to-day, just as it was meant hundreds of years ago for men to whom it came, and who have handed it on to you. You need not struggle in your attempts to keep God in your consciousness. Simply know that He is all-present, all-protecting, just as you know that the air is about you, just as you know that the sun shines, just as you know that your heart beats, just as you know that you breathe; just as you know anything which you have learned through your physical senses, so know God through your spiritual senses."

A profound faith in God and in the Bible characterizes the book, which, with transparent sincerity and candor everywhere evinced, makes a work refreshingly unique among theological discussions at the present time, and one that cannot fail to exert a wholesome influence on the mind of any one who is open minded and seriously interested in the thought presented.

TRUE peace is the fruit of *spirituality;* therefore, it is an inflow from the ocean-fulness of God. The world cannot give it; a man cannot give it to himself, nor win it by mere resolution. In right conditions, *it comes,* like heavenly-mindedness, of which it is a part.—*Charles G. Ames.*

ENVY nobody; covet nothing worldly; go quietly about your work, and believe that a man may work at an anvil and be as religious as if it were his office to stand at the altar.—*William Mountford.*

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THE GOSPEL OF FEDERATION.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

With the birth of the new century Australia proclaimed itself a Commonwealth. The word "federation" has filled the air ever since the chiming bells from many a tower and steeple proclaimed the departure of the nineteenth and advent of the twentieth century of modern history. Not only for Australia but for the whole world this term has surely an illimitable meaning. To all students of anthropology the ringing words of Tesla, the electrician, on human solidarity—words that glorified the pages of a popular magazine less than a year ago —must have been welcome as heaven's own sunshine, affording as they did another proof of the perfect harmony existing between the purest religious and the highest scientific thought.

We are all members of a wondrous unity; this is the burden of the federation anthem now resounding over all the earth. Australia is a nation for the first time in that great island's strange and checkered history. Six large colonies, including the island of Tasmania, have been transformed into States, so that the United States of Australia is an appropriate title for the newly-fledged commonwealth. Socially and industrially, federation means the abolition of many barriers in the way of free intercourse between the inhabitants of different sections of one great country, and in every way greater facilities for transportation. Ethically it signifies nothing less than the burial of old feuds, the suppression of jealousies, and a combination of forces all working together to produce a long, strong, forward pull up the hill of progress, whose ascent can never be readily accomplished unless fellow-travelers march upward as if they composed but a single, united man. Federated interests cannot in any sense obliterate the natural

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distinctions between individuals which are ineradicably inherent in the social organism, but they can so harmonize the thoughts of men and women concerning the part that each must play in the unity of the whole that in place of strife or jar there will soon be witnessed the evolution of a glorious human symphony.

Australia is indeed a wonderful country—a land of boundless resources but little understood and but very partially utilized. In a tract of country capable of sustaining at least twenty times the number, there are only about five millions of people, and these are not so much scattered over a wide expanse of territory as strangers would be likely to suppose, but are for the most part condensed into a few large centers of which Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Brisbane, and Perth are the most important. Two cities (Sydney and Melbourne) possess together a population of considerably over one million, or more than one-fifth of the population of an island nearly as large as Europe.

Australia suggests the present condition of humanity in a most forcible manner. Boundless capabilities undiscovered and unworked are in evidence on every side, with only here and there a solitary individual endowed with sufficient insight to catch glimpses of these mighty potentialities. The climate of Australia is in many respects delightful at least nine months in every twelve, and the soil is in many places richly productive. Mineral resources seem inestimable, and natural scenery is romantic and sublime. Yet Australia knows its difficulties and depressions; people are out of work there as well as in England and America, but certainly over-population cannot, in that thinly populated land, be the cause of the problem of the unemployed, which, alas! besets us everywhere. The great philanthropist Tolstoi, who is at present so much discussed from all points of view, has told the inhabitants of Russia times without number that the salvation of the people can proceed only from a return to Nature and from life lived in harmony with

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the grandest moral precepts ever submitted for humanity's acceptance and esteem. Tolstoi has made himself singularly unpopular of late, so much so that a relentless church has excommunicated him and civil authorities have forbidden the circulation of his portrait. As one of the foremost thinkers and writers of the age, Tolstoi has to be reckoned with, even though some of his views may be extreme and in some directions conservatives may think he goes extravagantly far; yet the underlying spirit of his message is what all the world needs to heed.

Work is divine—a privilege, a blessing, a delight: such is the burden of every genuine prophet's message to the masses. But what constitutes work, and wherein is it distinct from toil or grinding labor? is an ever-pressing question. The early traditions of Egypt and Israel abound with references to the harmony which long existed between the pastoral Hebrews and the Egyptian manufacturers and merchantmen. Two widely different races can live in a country coöperating but not necessarily amalgamating. Coöperation is not necessarily amalgamation; this is a point that needs to be kept clearly before the mind's eye of every earnest teacher and reformer. When States are blended into unity they do not surrender their distinctive local colorings; and no more can the inhabitants of districts change at once their peculiar characteristics than the physical distinctiveness of a special neighborhood can be annihilated by act of parliament. The fauna and flora of certain districts will continue to vary one from the other after an act of federation has been accomplished, even as they differed previously, but one district can supply the wants of another by mutual interchange. It is a most encouraging symptom of our day to find that the most successful and highly gifted physical scientists and practical inventors are bold and persistent in setting forth those mighty truths concerning human brotherhood which ill-informed persons are apt to regard as only the sentimental gush of religious fanaticism.

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Federation, as foreseen by Tennyson in "Locksley Hall," is not a poet's dream, save in the sense that poets while dreaming may see far ahead of prosaic grovelers who dignify short-sightedness with the title of practical common sense. Common sense is good enough if we can attain to nothing better, but uncommon, *i.e.,* supercommon, discernment is far superior to aught that is only commonplace. Idolatry of what is sordidly material is the chief source whence all human suffering and disability proceed. The narrow policy that thinks only of the welfare of the small personal self cannot promote the advancement of even that self's true interests, because we are all members one of another. Theocracy, Aristocracy, Democracy—each has its position to maintain in sound philosophy, but Plutocracy is a fungus growth, an excrescence of the social organism. The true theocrat discerns the operation of Deity in human life and swears allegiance to the divine promptings of his being. "God is within and around me" sings the poet of theocracy, and I must, as Emerson so frequently declares, be true to my own highest convictions regardless of the opinions of my fellow-men. Aristocracy is properly moral and intellectual, and in no sense whatever vulgarly financial; nor does *real* aristocracy depend on birth or pedigree, but solely upon character and achievement. Democracy rightly understood acknowledges the intrinsic value of every human soul and aims at the unification of a multitude of units in a perfectly harmonious organic mass. But now arises the question: *Mass* simply, or true body? Aggregation merely, or perfect organization—which? Upon the reply to these inquiries hinges our acceptance or rejection of a true gospel of federation.

The student who probes deeply below the surface of appearances confronts two verities: first, he perceives the common possession of the human race; second, he discerns how various are human aptitudes for work in specific directions. Over-specialization is an error, but specialists are surely needed to

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carry on the work of society to perfection. The oculist or aurist may be either a success or a failure as a specialist in proportion to the extent to which he has carried general researches into the fields of anatomy, physiology, and most of all psychology. The synthetic psychologist can specialize as he feels disposed, but whoever undertakes to become a specialist without first embracing a human whole will prove a dismal failure because he will lack all adequate sense of the value of proportion and will therefore seek to treat eye, ear, or other organ as if it were not of the body but stood out alone as an independent entity instead of an interdependent member of a unity. The grand generalizations of Spiritual Science are essential for all who would work intelligently for the exaltation of humanity; but after synthesis comes analysis, and the true healer is always one who can minister to special needs as well as to general necessities. Music always affords an illustration of organized society, and music as a therapeutic agent is gradually receiving some of the recognition which is its due. Not only must various musicians play upon divers instruments, but the singing voice, no matter how highly cultivated, must in the case of soprano or tenor have a range of its own widely different from that of contralto or bass. Then there are the well-known shadings between the four sets of voices. Mezzo-soprano and baritone are universally acknowledged, and to the practised ear there are many ranges of soprani, contralti, tenori, and bassi. The most accomplished violinist is not apt to play a cornet or flute exceptionally well; and only rarely do we find a musical executant equally at home with organ and piano, though it is possible for the same person to play both instruments moderately well.

Rivalry, jealousy, and all other discordant emotions in the human breast are like distracting noise in place of harmonious music evolved from voices or instruments. The great distinction between noise and music is that the former is incoherent and disorderly while the latter is periodic and in order.

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"Let all things be done decently and in order" is as salutary a precept as can be found anywhere, and it applies with singular force to the mighty problems with which philosophers are ever wrestling. How to evolve cosmos out of chaos—how to elevate an inchoate mass, made up of seemingly irreconcilable materials, into a glorious unity—is the problem that legislators everywhere are called upon to solve; but, though it is often grappled with, its complete solution is yet in the future. Spiritual Scientists are out of accord with the fundamental principles of their faith if they seek to reform the world by external pressure rather than by assisting inward growth. Every member of a band is an individual, and unless every member of a choir or orchestra realizes individual responsibility as well as collective activity there is little likelihood that a creditable performance will be given.

Federation means in every department of human activity precisely what fine orchestration signifies in a well equipped musical organization; and until this sublime truth is adequately realized we shall hear a great many groanings over the supposed impossibility of blending all varieties of human nature in one glorious whole. Tennyson, in "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," sees a wonderful vision of the downfall of unrighteous monopolies and unreasonable class distinctions; but with poet's vision he views the unification of all human interests in the light of a true understanding of what is meant by human solidarity. Some ardent socialists utterly fail to see the natural distinctions between various human beings; consequently, they strive to rear a temple without proportion, symmetry, or plan. Some enthusiastic individuals, on the other hand, are so enamored of their conception of individual sovereignty and personal liberty that they fail to acknowledge the claims of organic unity.

Democracy is the great catchword in Australia at present; but what democracy really means when carried out in practise is very vaguely apprehended by the majority of declamatory

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democrats. We can well admire the traditional protest of Gautama the Buddha against a perverted system of caste in India, two thousand three hundred years ago; but the original Brahmanical idea of human distinctions was open to no reasonable objection. The four principal castes into which Hindus were divided became hereditary and arbitrary in times of deterioration of a nation's ideals, but originally qualification and individual merit (not birth or social standing) were the only passports to elevated station. Even the most Utopian of socialists—Edward Bellamy and his school—have pointed out how natural variations will exhibit themselves untrammeled in what Bellamy conceives to be an ideal condition of life for civilized humanity. We can never tell where a genius is going to spring from. Thomas Huxley said that prophetic Judaism appealed to him far more than any other form of religion, but he proposed adding to it some beautiful precepts culled from the highest Greek philosophy. Huxley thereby proved his sympathy with the motto, "Vox Genii Vox Dei," rather than with the trite parrot cry, "Vox Populi Vox Dei." It has never been the popular shout that has echoed the Divine voice in the cosmic soul of humanity. Solitary prophets and isolated seers have uttered an unpopular cry, as did Elijah in the days of Baal worship and Wendell Phillips and other illustrious Americans in the days of negro slavery.

Russia's great prophet to-day is Leo Tolstoi, a Count who has deliberately denuded himself of all inherited worldly possessions and taken hoe in hand to till the soil because possessed with the conviction that only the agriculturist, the practical workman working in natural conditions, can truly fulfil the needs of human life. Tolstoi is a modern John the Baptist, a voice crying in the wilderness as the herald of a coming race-deliverer. Tolstoi's gospel is incomplete, but it is founded on a rock—not built on sand, by any means. So long as certain kinds of work are looked upon as degrading it is necessary that manual labor should be performed by all; but, when the true

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light dawns and people *en masse* begin to see that all honest and useful employments are alike honorable and elevating, it will be unnecessary for every man to till the soil, as it will be out of the question that every man should write books or edit a newspaper. Division of work is harmonious with universal free trade, which when realized will mean that all ports are open the world over and one country exchanges products with another to mutual advantage and enrichment.

Not all lands are fertile in the same directions; the animal and vegetable life indigenous to one kind of soil will not thrive elsewhere. Some workers, who can achieve splendid results in certain directions, are comparative failures when set to perform widely different kinds of labor. True democracy manifests itself in an appreciation of genius wherever found; and, no matter what advocates of an extreme theory of hereditary transmission may press forward, "heredity" does not account for genius unless we put into the word a much deeper meaning than it ordinarily suggests. One married couple may have six sons or six daughters, each different from the remaining five, not only in appearance and disposition but in adaptation to special work. One of the sons is properly a bricklayer, another a civil engineer, a third a man of letters, while the other three may be fitted respectively for musical, legal, and clerical callings. Among the six daughters one may be a thoroughly domestic girl, another a born stateswoman, while the remaining four may be respectively adapted to commerce, nursing, teaching, and acting.

A serious study of Emerson's "Essays" is helping many a soul to assert itself instead of blindly bowing to the yoke of insane tradition. We are not federated unless we are free, and we are not free as a people until we comprehend what is meant by righteous interdependence. The book of Genesis shows us Israelites and Egyptians differently employed, living in harmonious communities, respecting and helping one another. The book of Exodus points out the manifold plagues that beset

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a country when one element of the population looks down upon and tyrannizes over another element. The final overthrow of the Pharaoic dynasty serves as a vivid illustration of how impossible it is for a land to maintain supremacy or for a government to remain in power if the throne be not established in equity.

All teachers of higher than ordinary thought must establish their claims to call their system of philosophy progressive and advanced by demonstrating in actual life the complete practicability of the gospel of federation. Reciprocity is the soul of all successful communal enterprise; one State, like one individual, must work *with* and *for* instead of *without* or *against* neighboring States and individuals. Let the new century become a veritable embodiment of new thought concerning neighborliness, for only as new thought enters the general mind and becomes ultimated in newness of social and industrial action can we hope to see fulfilled the glorious dreams we all do well to indulge of a new earth corresponding with a new heaven wherein dwelleth righteousness. The new heaven must be our own regenerated interior nature, whence the new earth—a new exterior condition—will spontaneously proceed as inevitably as a growing tree, with healthy roots beneath the soil, puts forth in orderly sequence leaves, flowers, and fruits in their appointed season.

HEAVEN is as present now as ever it will be. God is here in his magnificence to-day, as he is in the courts of the angels. We must not dream of postponing our heaven. We must prepare to enter in now by loyal service of God every instant.—*W. H. Channing.*

IF your reality be real, it will bear to be lived by in every mean detail of life. If friction with fact belittle your ideal, the fact will never become a falsehood. Your ideal will have to be recast, because it is fanciful.—*Mozoomdar.*

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THE PROBLEM OF HAPPINESS.

BY STANTON KIRKHAM DAVIS.

We are born into the consciousness of material things and are brought under the dominion of the senses when first we open our eyes, and so it is that men fall naturally into the belief that to eat and be clothed, to marry and beget sons and accumulate property, are the paramount considerations—nor ever question it. Only now and then is one born into the consciousness of the Spirit; only now and again one who sees these things to be secondary and not in themselves sufficient ends in life. What wonder, then, that as men grow older they grow disheartened and become cynics? What wonder, indeed, that the problem of happiness finds so seldom a solution in terms of actual life; for, considering the neglect of essential factors, how else can it be?

Many factors, of a truth, enter into our problem. There is courage, for instance, which were it a man's sole possession would in itself confer a considerable degree. There is perception, will, habit—education, which has reference to all of these. Are we being educated, that is, or stimulated, in the direction peculiarly our own, that we may come to express that something which is in us? It is obvious that education without reference to this will not contribute to happiness. If capital lie unused, if character be unformed, there must be unrest. In such case we cannot too soon have done with book learning and begin the culture of the will and the affections. Does our mode of living tend to educate us, above all, away from our false and negative tendencies, in the direction of aspirations and real aims—out of the Adam into the Christ? And this is the education that is never ended, and it is never too late to begin. Nor let us neglect the sense of humor—a brave virtue, a practical virtue, a friend indeed. "To sit on a stile and continue to smile" is a better

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philosophy than many another, and is vexed with no dogma. We cannot laugh too much so long as our mirth is kindly. True humor need create no false occasions, and it brings no heartaches. It begets good will and is a mental and moral buffer. The man of coarse habit and coarse thinking needs it not so much as the gentle soul—to him it is indispensable. Out of the flux of things it everywhere extracts some gold. Its possessor carries his own sunshine—gilds the dreariest circumstance and enlivens what else would be monotony. So is it recuperative and wholesome, and, being cultivable, it, no less than the love of the beautiful, comes within the scope of a liberal self-education.

Many factors indeed—factors subjective and psychologic; not legacies and estates and voyages, so much as interior states and aspects, and mental attitudes, to be summed up in this one supreme consideration—you shall find yourself. Until this is accomplished every structure builded is without foundation. Find yourself, provisionally, heart and will and intellect—nor neglect any; find yourself ultimately in God, in the supreme Heart and Will and Intellect, and there perceive your inseparable identity. No outcast, no renegade, no outlaw art thou, O Man, but still and forever the child of the Father; Life and Love and Beauty thine inheritance. For thee ever hope, ever sweet influences; no time too late; no goal too distant. Courage, then!

It has thus been the chief office of any true philosophy of living to show that happiness is something apart from pleasure, which is but a fool's paradise; that it reverts to an inner state, is the outcome of an inward poise and serenity, and therefore not greatly dependent upon externals. We may be unhappy—uneasy—in spite of ease of circumstance and the most favorable surroundings. Again, we may be sick and happy, poor and happy, alone and happy. But, thanks be to the genius of the hour, we need no longer state our doctrine so narrowly as did the Stoics, who placed such things as health and environment

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beyond the will. We shall still be resigned to the inevitable, but we have wonderfully revised our opinion as to the nature of this. That we shall seek coalition with the Real, as being alone inevitable, were perhaps to state it better, as the necessity now appears. Thus, while happiness reverts to an inner state, it is at the same time from an inner state that health and environment proceed. Our philosophy has so broadened its content as to see that mind which underlies happiness underlies these as well; whereas it was passive it has now become active and regards the will as the instrument of Truth for the projection of harmonious environment and the direction of thought into healthful channels.

If you have no revolution in your life, and are as yet in your period of feudalism, you shall experience anarchy and the overthrow of a whole line of degenerate kings before you emerge from despotism and evolve at last a stable self-government. Alas, if when the time is ripe we leap not to our feet and don the red cap in the name of Liberty! Thence much confusion and strife, the clank of arms, the overturning of all things even to those that are worthy and acceptable;—all this before a new order arises from the turbulence: in the end to leave the Jacobins to guillotine one another, and so be rid of them.

It is a thankless task to read philosophy if we can live none. What does it concern us what Kant said, what Hegel, or Fichte, or Schelling, if we have no convictions of our own? Some little philosophy for this daily life is the crying need. But it is alone a spontaneous and inspired utterance that can aid us. Who has not felt the futility of all "systems" of philosophy? They fall cold on our ears—do not warm in us any new life nor hope: just as a treatise on morals is a bore, and rules of conduct an impertinence, while the shining example of a free and noble life is refreshing and uplifting. Because life and love are one we must live from our hearts, write from our hearts, speak from our hearts.

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Let us not be at pains, then, to supplant God in our consciousness by a system of metaphysics; for, God-given and indispensable though it be, metaphysics can still be to us but the ground for a working plan of life. But, like everything else,—the science of chemistry no less than the Church of Rome,—it involves an act of faith. We have but to push it far enough and we are confronted by the Mystery of mysteries. It is here the kindly office of Wisdom to show us that the clearing away of this enveloping mystery is in no way essential to our happiness, and further to bid us project that scheme of happiness from the ground of Faith and never from that of Intellect. Pity it is if your mind is so ordered it must perforce carry everything before the bar of Logic; for no world-theory can there prove its case. There remains in religion always an element beyond finite reason. That God is Love, let this be to us both religion and philosophy. And if Logic declare it to be an "ethical assumption," it is still proof enough and to spare that any postulate to the contrary does violence to our very being—is refuted by both intuition and reason, by expediency and common sense no less than the divine sense in man. But it is only in our unregenerate days that we even inquire concerning this. Here, again, Wisdom admonishes us to lay aside the self-imposed burdens of the intellect and be even as a child: so to go forth in love and trust confident in that all-encircling Love.

Much reading, much listening, much wrestling with the angel, and yet wisdom comes slowly. But it is realization only that we lack. We have capital enough for the enterprise of life in our being; the question is to render it available. So need it be no discouragement that wisdom conditions happiness. *Still* the mind and the Soul will make itself known. It is thus the main purpose of concentration to hold the mind in check, to render it passive that self-illumination may take place. More often than not we are oblivious of the Soul through the over-activity of the mind. Concentration, in fact, should always be in the direction of repose. But in our revolt from mental tyranny

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let us not disparage the mind as an unworthy agent of the Soul's divine estate. For the abuse of the mental faculties is alone responsible for our ills. In this connection is recalled a proverb quoted by Emerson: "Everything has two handles; beware of the wrong one." If negative states, if morbid fancies and perverted senses have produced such a corresponding morbidity, it is none the less true that a wholesome imagination and senses normally directed to the perception of Beauty subserve the finest uses of life and happiness. There's no faculty of the mind but its use is beneficent, but it needs be taken by the right handle.

Any stable condition of happiness must be the outcome of balanced forces—a rounded character. It is not genius which is happiest, nor is great attainment essential—unless it be the genius to find one's self, which is, to be sure, a very considerable attainment. Life is not so hard as we make it. But we cannot enough see the divine in it. Our living is perfunctory; we live because we must. We forget that prayer is answered, and continually lapse into a state of mind where is no beauty. So in our daily life, if we occasionally pray for heaven, we as often invite the reverse in the character of our thought. Ah, but we must make of life something more than senseless repetition. Living is too dear thus. We are more than sheep. He alone who begins life anew each morning is truly living. It is ever morning to the Soul, and it would seem a constitutional defect of the mind that measures life by days and months and years, as if the world were a huge clock and mankind the minute-hand, and the main business to count the minutes. Let us count cycles rather, and aim to live epochs and eras. For we may crowd a cycle into a day if we live to the Universal.

It only pays to live divinely, to live impersonally, to live to Beauty. What matters it that we are dead to custom, dead to society, if only we are alive to Beauty? 'Tis the stream in which we bathe and forget our cares, and are renewed. Let us once so consecrate our lives, and thereafter we shall distil

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from the hours a little of the elixir of happiness; for such is Beauty's gift to every rapt soul. So does the Spirit contrive that here on this dear green earth we are beset with beauty. The very sod is packed with it, so that it must continually overflow, now in green fields and buttercups, now in golden rod and asters. It lies over the moonlit ocean and purples the distant hills. It skims with the martin and floats with the cloud—is showered upon us in October leaves and winter snows. All the days of my life it knocks at my door. Let us not be unheeding, lest we become withered and sere in the desert wind of the commonplace; lest we become infected with the pessimism of church and society—parched and shriveled with the dulness of men's thinking, and so succumb at last to the Prosaic. Keep, then, the lamp burning at sacred Beauty's shrine, and may it be constant as the Greek fire; for, give me in my heart the love of Beauty and naught shall keep from me the World Beautiful. In view of this it is only the frivolous, or the melancholy and half insane, who can talk of "killing time." A healthy mind does not know the meaning of *ennui*.

Ah, these personal ends! Subtle enchantments that weave a golden mesh. Silken threads that bind,—fast bind: through which the self-imprisoned must at last hack and hew his way,—inwardly groaning, with terrible toil, with brimming cup of bitterness. Illusions of youth! Illusions of manhood! Illusions of age! Ceaselessly this web you weave—thread after thread; diligently pay out the silken thread, skilfully attach it, strengthen it: thence to be our prison fair—self-wrought, self-bound; there to sit and languish, there to pine, to chafe and fret and fume. For the Spirit of the Lord is not there, and liberty is not. When we have passed out from the illusion of personality, then, and not till then, does free life begin for us—there the first budding signs. To be great and serene is to be freed from personality. If we but stop to reflect, we are not attracted by personality in people but by those virtues which they in some measure reflect; and they compel our ad-

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miration who reflect these unconsciously and spontaneously. It is Principle always that we adore. Love, Truth, Joy—by these we are led, by these instructed. And where there is the less of personality, there have they the freer scope—there are we the better reflectors. So in our acts it is motive alone that counts. To have kept the house or tended the baby—managed the farm or financiered the nation—one is as insignificant as another; for house and baby and all are destined for mortality's speedy end. But if in so doing we have acquired love, patience, insight—these are ours for evermore, and make the task noble and the game worth the candle. Neither is it much to give happiness that we ourselves may be happy, nor to love for the sake of being loved. Our problem will not admit of so easy a solution. No conscience money! No robbing Peter to pay Paul! But motive—always motive, and this alone.

In the pursuit of happiness we travel the world over—we forever seek new conditions. Now it is money will give it, and now it is marriage. But happiness lies not in new conditions: it is the outcome of a superiority to all conditions. Once married we find it is to impose strange and unlooked for circumstances to which in turn we must rise superior. When men say marriage is a failure, they mean that selfishness is a failure —that egotism is not a success. Marriage is indeed the true state of man, and true marriage can never be a failure. But we play at marriage; we are but half married at best. Unselfishness is that basis alone on which marriage can rest secure. Here, above all, is it required. True marriage requires a gradual self-renunciation. It grows beautiful as it becomes impersonal: two living and acting together to the ends of the Universal; two in one, and that the Soul; two going out to humanity in each other—that is marriage. But two living to their own ends will bring up like the monkey and the parrot. Nature resents a too personal and restricted love and finds a way to turn the tables. From the hearth our love must go out to the world, else it will grow stale. It is the same with prop-

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erty. Whatever is hedged in has lost its best value. The exclusive exclude themselves. We are only here for a day; let us hold a feast, then, and celebrate the event. What is love for but to express? Lavish it, then, on the cat, if no other outlet presents itself. But there is occasion enough—never fear; the aged and neglected need it, the unwelcome children need it, the downtrodden animals need it. Ah, but they are a sorry lot of specters, these austere men and women who have bottled up their natural affections until they have turned to vinegar. We can be as miserly with love as with dollars.

There is one beloved of your soul—and one only. Let your love, then, go out to all things against the hour when he shall come—that you may be prepared. These loves of men are but the symbol of the love of God, without which there can be no ideal marriage. It is the Ideal that we seek, and when in the course of events the divine laws have attracted to you your own it is still the ideal man or woman to whom you must cleave. In your inmost heart hold fast to that, for the embodiment will ever fall away—the spiritual man alone stands firm.

Marriage exacts a purification as well as a renunciation. Every happy marriage implies evolution: an evolution from the personal man or woman of selfish ends, to broader views and nobler aims and a deeper love, a sanctified love. It demands there should be a community of such interests as these—that man and wife should hold the Ideal in common. For merely to hold the flesh in common is to seek a common grave; to have nothing in common is an affliction. And yet even this is not hopeless but capable in noble natures of bearing fine fruit. All experience goes to corroborate what wisdom reveals to rarer natures, that there can be no perfect union on personal grounds—so unreliable and fluctuating is personality. But where two are joined in the Spirit nothing indeed can put asunder.

The necessity for growing out of personality becomes the

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more-evident when we come to consider man in his social relation. If we were not all mote-hunters, if we were not all critics by temperament and inclination, were we not all egotists, in short, the problem would be simple. Several ways here present themselves with reference to this social self, this idea I have of myself in relation to other social selves, and of how I would have them regard it. Thus we may withdraw and shut them out; and, though we might thereby exclude somewhat it were well to be rid of, such a course is obviously too narrow. On the other hand, we may throw ourselves into the stream of personality under the mistaken impression that such is the broad and humane course—and so be swamped therein. Again, we may rise superior to personality and resolutely set ourselves to meet the individual and real in men. And this is the heroic course, for it amounts to abnegating this social self. But the reward is large, for we shall become invulnerable to all the false impressions, the misunderstandings, the cuts and lashes and stings to which they are subject who still cherish their personality. Nevermore can we take offense; for us thenceforth there are no slights, no insults. Whether we find ourselves in congenial company or the reverse, there we vibrate with the Real; there are we magnets to whatsoever is lovable, to whatsoever is divine. It is true, from this view springs indifference to opinion; but this—if it arises from pure motive—is to be reckoned a gain. To abide by the Oracle is alone a desideratum: to be true to other men's opinions is an altogether hopeless and discouraging task—and folly at that.

This large perception of the ego in relation to society has a further bearing on our problem. Happiness sometimes follows the cessation of endeavor in certain directions; a burden falls from the back on the moment. We mortals have no wisdom commensurate with our wills, and so it is our self-will is so often misdirected. Our initial velocity is great, but we go in the wrong direction. We are haunted by this self-will.

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All our weaknesses serve it; vanity and pride forbid us to let it go. We will to go here or there in the pursuit of happiness, and because we have not the wisdom to choose we are disappointed when we arrive—disappointed if we do not arrive. But when at last we let go the wild horses of our ambition, what a relief is ours! In the mystical language of the Upanishad:

"Two birds, inseparable friends, cling to the same tree. One of them eats the sweet fruit, the other looks on without eating.

"On the same tree man sits grieving, immersed, bewildered by his own impotence. But when he sees the other lord contented and knows his glory, then his grief passes away."

Oh, happy day for him who gives up striving to be richer, wiser, more clever than his fellows, and settles down content to be himself! And when abates the fever of possession and he perceives that the riches of the rich, the joy of the happy, and the strength of the strong are his as well—then indeed for him has the millennium dawned. Then shines the sun for him; for him blooms the rose; for him the waters murmur and the wind sighs in the forest, or croons to the rustling corn. He shares the speed of the trout and the song of the wren. He welcomes the souls that are coming and bids God-speed to the souls that are parting. Alone on the mountain or one of the crowd, everywhere is he in touch with the heart of humanity. All joys are his joys; all sorrows are his to assuage. Child is he with childhood everywhere. To him flow the love and heroism of the world; for he has no longer a private and particular life. His bark has sunk to another sea—sails now on the serene and smiling waters of the Universal.

As RELIGION has deepened its hold and broadened its sway, every part of life quickened by its touch has become more real, more sacred, more joyful, more satisfying. Religion is not a department of human life. Religion is a spirit pervading all departments of human life.—*Mary Emily Case.*

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FREEDOM—INDIVIDUAL AND UNIVERSAL.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

The Nazarene said on one occasion, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." When Jesus gave utterance to these words he was having a discussion with certain ones among the Jews, who referred to Abraham as their "father." We find the Jewish people everywhere dating their birth from Abraham. The Jewish idea was very different from the Christ idea: "For One is your Father, which is in heaven." And the Hebrews referred their religion to "the God of Abraham." With Christ it was different: to him there was one great Father of all—*our* Father.

It has been men's custom throughout all time to quote "authorities" in defining their position. True authority is not to be found outside of one's self. It is not what some other person, however distinguished, may say; it is not what any institution or any book may say; it is the voice of God speaking to man in his own soul that constitutes the ultimate authority of life. There is no real authority to be appealed to elsewhere. It is not the acceptance of anything from an "authority" that makes us free; it is the *Truth* that does this. We should seek, therefore, to know all that can be known about truth.

"What is truth?" asked Pilate. The question is always pertinent. While truth is eternally the same, man's relation thereto is ever changing. Sometimes we live in a valley, wherein the objects that surround us seem very large; but when we begin to climb the mountain side they appear to grow smaller. As we continue to ascend, our view becomes enlarged, but the things in the valley have apparently dwindled away. So it is in life, wherein one change seems to necessitate

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another. What seems true to us to-day may be untrue on the morrow.

Many people believe that, if they arrive at a certain decision, "consistency" requires them steadfastly to maintain it. We can only hold to a thing until we get something better. When something larger comes into the life, the smaller thing must go out. Yet we find many people tenaciously adhering to old things while trying to lay hold on the new. They are trying to balance themselves between two conditions. They declare that, having derived benefit from the old in the past, they have no desire to abandon it; that, while they may get no good from it now, on account of its former usefulness it should not be set aside. Just as soon as anything becomes an impediment to one's growth, the obstacle should be removed; otherwise there can be no real development. It is only as we die to the things of the past and live to the things of the present that we enter to any degree into the fulness of life. We should not hamper our lives with traditions, but rather seek to make a new way for ourselves. It will be a living way if we put our real selves into it. Whatever we do, it will partake of our own life and power. The past may have helped us to reach a higher plane of thought and action, but if it does not assist us in the present it has outlived its usefulness. It can no longer be a part of ourselves.

We wish to adjust ourselves to life in the best possible way, and we try to do this with the least possible effort—often making serious mistakes. We think that it is our duty to satisfy, in some measure, the people of the world about us. But we cannot satisfy the world, no matter what position we take. Is it not better to live in the fulness of individual freedom—in the fulness of our own power—than in a way that is apt to minify the life? Is it not better to live a great life than a little one? Which, think you, would eventuate in the ruling of our world?

Freedom is something that we have the power to choose.

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A man may make his own life free if he only *will*. We may have the full freedom of life, but only in one way—through knowledge of the truth and conformity thereto. That way leads to peace. Coming into this freedom and peace, however, we all may sound notes of discord; but this seems necessary in the evolution of life. We should not be affected by what others say or think; yet we should heed the voice of God within our souls. If we are obedient to this, everything good and true will come into the life. If we are consciously disobedient we must accept the consequences of such disobedience. That which to a certain degree is demanded of one may be required to a much greater degree of another. We are all in different stages of development; no two have developed alike. All any one may be asked to do is to live up to his highest knowledge—his loftiest ideal of life. If he does this he is free, and if he refuses to do it he is in bondage.

Now, on the lower plane—in the valley—there are very few requirements; but these must be met. The law of that plane must be fulfilled. If we view life first from this physical plane, and consider its demands—that one must be temperate, kind, and considerate, to the extent of that plane's possibilities—we shall bring about a state of mental poise and physical harmony. But the things required of a person living on the next higher plane, where people think and reason about life's problems, are more varied; there are here more things to think about. Such a person has entered into a higher knowledge of life, which brings with it added responsibilities; and these he cannot evade if he would be free. Freedom is essential to perfect development. Where there is not freedom there is no real growth. Many things are required of us on this higher plane—something greater than kindness, and something greater than temperance, as that term is commonly applied. It is the temperance of right thinking; *i. e.,* to think kindly, and to form in mind true pictures of life.

When we come to the highest plane of development, the

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spiritual, the requirements, we find, are vastly greater than those of the other two combined. Knowledge of life on the animal and mental planes is very partial. But we come to a clearer and higher knowledge in the realm of the spirit. We are required to know, first of all, in order to be free, that there is but one authority in the universe; that is, God, as expressed in the life of man. If one would speak out of the fulness of his own life he must always depend on this Authority. On the physical plane authority is required. There exists in most minds the worship of symbols, wherein formal religion got its first impetus. On the intellectual plane there is authority —that of personalities, who formulate dogmas for others to believe in. This may be legitimate on the purely mental plane, but on the spiritual plane there is only *one* Authority. We desire to be free spiritual beings. We wish to unfold to all that is in us; but we cannot unfold to our highest and best if we recognize any authority other than that of the divinity within. There is where the real freedom of life is to be found.

"But," says some one, "in doing this we will have to live in a way entirely different from the ways of the world—the ways of others." "If any man be in Christ," said one, "he is a new creature: old things are passed away." That is why all things have become new to the dweller on the spiritual plane, and why real authority is in man's own life. It is not something apart from man. So the new creature does not allow any other soul to dictate as to what he shall think or do. The voice of God in his own soul is his only criterion. There is no other source of leadership; and when one determines to be led by the spirit he comes into the only true freedom of life, remaining no longer in bondage to the customs and forms of the world, or to his own desires. The desire universal comes into his mind, and he realizes for the first time that he is one with all things, with all power, with all intelligence, and with all love and faith and hope. His whole life is immersed in this oneness. He no longer leads a personal life, but lives universally.

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It is only as we lay hold on the *new* that we come into the fulness of life. Many people look upon this as a sacrifice to the world of their personal lives; yet it is only apparent at best. If in relinquishing one thing we acquire a greater thing, there can be no sacrifice. That is something that appeals to the mind of the world, not to that of the spirit. The spiritual man is above all sacrifice. He is superior to the storm and the tumult of the world. He is not affected by its jealousy, deceit, and hatred. He takes all things at their true valuation.

Is it not reassuring to feel that we have God working within us to will and to do, and that we are equal to any emergency that may present itself in our daily lives because of this inner power? We place everything in God's care when we acknowledge God in the life and choose to follow the dictates of our own conscience. This is the one essential thing. We can never satisfy "the world" no matter how hard we try to conform to its opinions. When one sees that the task is a hopeless one, what is the use of continuing the effort? Let us conform to the best that is in our own lives, and we will soon realize that our influence for good will be far greater than any influence we might bring to bear when we try to adjust our condition of life to the standards of others. Man makes his outer world what he chooses to make it. We may consciously and actually make this world just as bright and beautiful a world as we wish to make it; but we cannot serve God and also serve the world. "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." If we desire to be God-like, and to express outwardly all that we are inwardly, we must acknowledge the power of God in the individual life by coöperating with the divine process—by consciously working out the God-plan of life and so placing ourselves in at-one-ment therewith that we may apprehend the result as we proceed.

At this point the element of faith comes in. Faith is the ground-work of such knowledge; but we must ever work with one object in view—to know the truth, and, through knowing

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it, to be free. Sometimes, however, we know the truth and yet are in bondage. Only as we *be* the truth—become one with it—can there be any real freedom.

In all our spiritual aspirations there will be a thoroughly harmonious breath action, whereby, starting from the center of life, we may produce true vibration in both mind and body; but this harmony does not end here. We look at a rose; it is a beautiful thing. It occupies very little space, but on entering the room that contains it we smell its perfume everywhere. We sense the *soul* of the rose, just as, through knowledge of the spiritual life, we apprehend God in our lives. We may exhale a fragrance more sweet than any rose. Sometimes a weed diffuses a disagreeable odor, and so from many human lives there emanates a deleterious influence that is equally subtle. It is because in many cases the individual knows, but fails to act—fails to *be*. That produces a wrong vibration, which disturbs his own mind and body and communicates inharmony to others. It is true that some persons have the power to smell the most delicate perfume while being unable to smell the most disagreeable odors. This is because they have related themselves to their environment in the true way. To them, all agreeable things will attract while disagreeable things will repel. It all hinges on the question of relationship.

Some think this philosophy has a selfish aspect; but is it not right to desire the beautiful things in life? Every individual is doing more than living his own life: he is living for others as well. If he can show a way to live other than the ordinary way he should do so. If he can rise superior to the discordant things of the world, he is not true to himself or to his fellow-man if he fails to do so. We can make our lives just what we will to make them, and by so doing we bring wider knowledge and greater freedom into the world—because "no man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." If we are living as we should live, we affect the lives of others by bringing new life to them. If we are living in a condition of

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passive contentment, and our minds are absorbed in things that bring no spiritual gain, we will neither bring good into the lives of others nor develop that quality in ourselves. If we could realize the importance of this we would never radiate any inharmonious atmosphere. We would begin at the very heart of life and work toward the circumference, and we would affect those about us in a thoroughly harmonious way.

Through accepting the guidance of the higher impulses, we think rightly through right feeling and breathe rightly through right feeling and thinking. We cannot shape our lives from any outer model. It is the creative power within that makes all changes, even in the things about us. Persons not satisfied with the present order seek to reform it. The first step in any reformation is to conform to this inner law. We should strive to change the outer through the inner. Thus do we become thoroughly harmonious—in mind and body—and avoid being led into bondage of any kind. We wish to be free in the Christ—the Christ thought and order of life; for there *is* a Christ order, which frees us from all the sin, sickness, and slavery of the world. Obedience thereto enables us to rise above the world and its limitations and to become a law unto ourselves—a law that brings only that which is true and good and pure into the mind. If we would avail ourselves of its beneficence we must acknowledge its spiritual operation in our individual lives. Thus shall we realize that we are children of God and joint heirs with Christ, and that we have dominion and power over all things.

WE know that there have been lives which were beautiful exceedingly, that there have been souls which were perfect in their loving obedience. And we are assured that for us also there is a way in which we may walk, and which will lead us to that perfection for which we were manifestly intended.—*John Dendy.*

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THE WORK IN HAND.

BY ANNA J. GRANNISS.

The work in hand demands your earnest thought;
  Mistakes made in some by-gone year, or day,
Have here no place, and half the ills they wrought
  To-day's brave smile may help to shine away.

The work in hand—to do, to toil, to bear—
  This is the hour may earn you a success;
If honest effort overtake your prayer,
  Life may be crowned with conscious usefulness.

The work in hand! Have done with vain regret;—
  You cannot serve with doubting backward gaze.
The work in hand requires you to forget
  The faults and failures of your yesterdays.

The work in hand! Whatever may have been,
  Though seven times seventy failures lie behind,
Be done with them—cut every link between
  Them and the work you have in hand or mind.

You ask no man to tell you of his past:
  It has no language you could understand;
You ask him not his future to forecast,
  And only judge him by the work in hand.

You take him for the man he is to-day,
  With this new morning shining in his face;
The work he has in hand—who dare gainsay?
  His past is dead: his future hath not place.

So, when intrenched within your given field,
  By present duties loyally you stand;
To your past failures may each lip be sealed,
  In honor of the work you have in hand.

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MIND—FINITE AND INFINITE.

BY C. DEAN.

Mind is the source of all knowledge;
Man is Mind:
Man is the source of all knowledge.

No thinker will dispute the statement that man is the center from which all knowledge radiates. No one who has the power of perception in its deeper penetrations can deny the fact, or truth, that these radiations are never severed from creation. "I am center and circumference, the beginning and the end of principle," said the sage.

Science, which deals with laws, has traced their paths in Nature with so keen a scent for aims and ends that, however hidden their relations to the eye of sense, the center-energy as manifested by the Solar Rays, in its duties of performing Reason's dictation of the Law, has not escaped its observation. Earth meekly obeys its commands, by deduction and induction in their due season, receiving and giving service for the use of Man—the God-Man.

He takes up the universe into himself, and appropriates its life principle through his inner laboratory of intelligence. He breathes the universal, invisible air with its precious portion of oxygen, which this intelligent Workman wisely pours into the vesicles of the lung and then absorbs into the red corpuscles of the blood, thus turning out useful energy, thought, actions, and justice. This laboratory demands work. It has an appetite, and calls for food, which is drawn and selected from the all-round earth. It needs it for the blood, which calls for fuel supply in order to keep up circulation continually and to repair waste tissues. Digestion performs its duty by separating the part that is necessary for assimilation, and con-

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verting it into muscle and nerve energy. Surely, here is a kingdom of demand and supply! Man may sit on the throne, if he will only accept *His* righteousness and enter into *His* labors.

This centric force executes itself. When the simple law of its recognition and submission is obeyed, possession follows. But the line must not be crossed. The throne must not be abandoned, lest a fool usurp authority and indulge in his foolish whims. Mind, or Man, leans on this inner Power and welcomes the Knowledge that comes to him, and which, in turn, shines from him. It can be detected in the eye, the gait, the word, and the kind and great deed.

Let us look up into the heavens, so called. Harmony prevails. No wonder that astronomy is pronounced the greatest of all sciences. Our sun, supposed to be one of the fifty thousand stars, and seven hundred times larger than all the planets, keeps its retinue moving in orbits around him by his own gravitation, while the motion of each planet is affected with only small irregularities caused by the attraction of all the others. Swedenborg conceived gravitation to be only an external of the irresistible attractions of affection and faith. The man of deep perceptions sees correspondences everywhere. Even when the sun is hidden by thick clouds, and the sky riven by sharp strokes of lightning, while the roar of thunder cleaves the air, the infinite man discerns a clearing of the atmosphere, and the necessity of house cleaning in the moral world. So it is with afflictions—that opening of the vision is secured, sympathies broadened, and life made more forceful.

Thus is the mind held objectively. It is seen to be Law. Law is Lord. Lord is Master. Let us be the master! But, in order to be the master, the Law must be taken possession of by Obedience. Then we have wisdom, power, and happiness. How shall this be accomplished? By atonement or sacrifice, giving yourself for the greater Self; by at-one-ment, reconciling yourself with the greater Self. This constitutes the Great

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Mind. Its principle is firmness, gentleness, and justice. It executes its own laws. Will and Law are one. The first name indicates positive force; the second, negative force—hence, negative Unity. The first shows the Way, the second the Truth. But never fear this Way, this Truth; for Love is the fulfilment of the Law, and perfect Love casteth out fear.

Use is the potent energy of this trinity. Atonement once accomplished, chaos assumes, or makes, its true appearance of order. The new man finds a firm foothold; he has built his house upon a rock. He feels the gentleness of the ways of Providence, and sees justice where he once saw injustice. Having lived, or rather stayed, long under the false opinion that each one is a being in and for himself, and that every man's hand is against another's, it will require great vigilance to keep the eye single; for only the pure in heart can discern God. In this stage of spiritual development much nutriment is needed. The appetite is keen and craving for sustaining Light; but whole truths, kneaded by wisdom only, will conquer the enemy and give victory to the seeker after Peace.

Peace changes capacity into actuality. It is the concentrated will organized into character. When this new birth is realized by the individual, the antagonism of his own will will cease operations against the fortress of his abiding-place. He will have a new understanding. It was one of the Immortals who hunted down the secret and discovered that "self-help and self-creation proceed from the same original power, which works remotely in grandest and meanest structures by the same design—works in a lobster or a mite-worm as a wise man would if imprisoned in that poor form." This new understanding reveals great power, where once was seen only inefficiency. That cruel foe, circumstance, that you have stored up in your memory, now appears to you as a benefactor in disguise. When "hard times" caused your employer to discharge you, and you were weeks and months without means of support, the incident afterward proved a blessing—a greater work was

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wrought in your life, and you are now ready to acknowledge that, contrary to appearances, "an eternal, beneficent necessity is always bringing things right, even though we should fold our arms, which we cannot do, for our duty requires us to be the very hands of this guiding sentiment and work in the present moment."

As pure tone, or voice, consists in all the breath being converted into sound, so it is with the new man, or the new system. The finite mind (mentality) should be translated into the Great Mind, no element being reserved. Serve fully and thou shalt be served. Respect this Master-Mind and it will take all care from you. It created itself—self-activity—and it distributes all activity. Trust this invincible authority. A wise man writes: "I have never until now dreamed that this undertaking the entire management of my affairs was not commendable. I have never seen until now that it dwarfed me. But now I see. I am representative of the whole; and the good of the whole, or what I call the right, makes me invulnerable. An invisible fence surrounds my being, which screens me from all harm I will to resist."

This is the province of virtue; by enlargement of our powers we control the elements. In poverty we are rich. By the absence of virtue, riches are mean, and gorgeous apparel assumes a barbarous paint. The spoken sentence betrays the poverty or riches of the man more than any other evidence. Centrality alone obtains. Nothing less than the whole universe satisfies the rational mind. No place but the center satisfies the moral man; and no education but the true one imposes itself on the potential scholar. That great teacher, Epictetus, observed clearly that "true education lies in learning to wish things to be as they *actually* are; it lies in learning to distinguish what belongs to you from what does not belong to you." Seek, and ye shall find. Find what? Your own freedom and power.

The trend of education is turning another corner in its aim. True methods are coming into use—methods that have hither-

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to lain dormant. They are the methods of Reason—the methods that gain victory over things. The teacher must enter the "magic circle of relations," and study for health and harmony in order that his duties may not be neglected. The great object of education, rightly interpreted, is initiation into the Grand Mind in which we live, move, and have our being. In this way the schools would work in harmony with Divine Providence. Every child is born into the world with a determination, or polarity; in his mentality he brings his portion of distribution with him, but undeveloped. The intellect is a worker, the force that develops and is developed. The mentality receives, memorizes, understands, and chooses what is its own.

Intellect is indefatigable; it does not make thoughts or laws, but perceives them. It is perception. It is seeking after things as they actually are. In every individual there is a responsive power of direction, which makes for truth and the secret of God. Emerson writes and declares his views in strong, practical terms, thus: "The world is delivered into your hand on two conditions—not for property, but for use, use according to the noble nature of the gifts; and not for toys, not for self-indulgence. Things work to *their* ends, not to yours, and will certainly defeat any adventurer who fights against this ordination. The effort of men is to use them for private ends." It shows us the world alive, guarded, incorruptible.

The scholar is self-centered in the maze and confusion of the world of sin, where the transgression of the law is a birthmark. His duty is plain. In his vibrant center he stands able to draw all men to their own, and to provide spiritual nourishment to keep them pure and sweet. "The time is not far distant," said the Rev. Charles F. Thwing, president of Western Reserve University, "when with the aid of exact method religion may be taught in our schools as easily as reading or spelling." Such words should receive applause. But it is well said that learning depends on the learner. Jesus was mis-

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understood by the barbarians who accepted the cross but interpreted the resurrection in the light of the Egyptians—as the finite body. Not comprehending the spiritual law that works in the eternal revelation of man with his essential environment, they could not grasp that knowledge of the perpetual unfolding of the Grand Mind. They were ignorant of the soul, which never loses its invisible identity, although changing its exterior from generation to generation. They are now laughing at their own folly, and possibly never recognizing their own identity.

The soul is the center of the Grand Mind, and mentality (or men) is its radiance. The centric energy is continually revealing itself in the visible world as a self-active force. Mark its changes in the aspect of the earth's surface. In harmonious relation latent or potential forces have been aroused and quickened into expression. Soul, following closely these positives, puts them into use by such mechanical contrivances as their law demands; consequently, primitive Nature grows into manhood and asserts its liberty and its right to conscious ease. However, there are transgressors who rail at fortune and try to bend the will of Divinity into their opinion, receiving nothing but exhaustion for their pains. So hard, and yet so easy, is the goal of salvation. They are too wise in their own conceit to trust the God at the helm. They do not *see*. The wise man looks, sees, and declares: "All I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all I have not seen." Resting, he sees the unfolding of the *Great Mind*.

O wondrous, majestic Mind! As we view thy harmonious works through the window of Soul, as it expands the mental vision, a feeling of security and love fills us, and we know that Thy work is finished, and that greater things we shall see. We praise Thee for the Light of understanding and the Rest in the sabbath day—Thy will is done.

"STRIKE upon what path of moral attainment you may, that path intersects and involves all others.

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THE NEW BIRTH.

BY HARRIET B. BRADBURY.

Spring is the resurrection time of the year. It is the awakening time of slumbering vitality. Through all Nature runs a thrill of life and hope—so strong, buoyant, and contagious that the dullest mind must feel it, and the heart most burdened with discouragement must experience at least a momentary release from its prison-house of suffering.

An Easter gladness is in all the air; the songs of the returning birds awake us in the morning; spicy odors from the sweet, low-growing flowers of spring are wafted upon every breeze; there is a changed quality in the atmosphere, through which the sky seems of a different blue and the rain to fall with a changed, a sweeter music. Everything proclaims of Nature that she is "not dead, but sleepeth." And how delightful it is to watch her awakening! First the new softness in the air; then the bursting buds on trees and shrubs; then the glimpses of green moss on old, weather-beaten trunks of trees; then greening grass; then flowers—until at last the full splendor of the spring-time bursts upon us, with its promise of luxuriant fruitage as the summer ripens into autumn and those tender blooms develop into the golden glories of fruit and grain.

All this is a symbol. Nature is full of symbolisms as soon as we have learned to see them; for all Nature is one, and that which takes place in one form upon one plane of being is repeated in the higher manifestations of the planes above. Is the awakening of the soul less beautiful or less rich in depth and variety of poetry than this quickening of vegetable life that fills our hearts with such delight? As far beyond the glories of the spring as the New Jerusalem is beyond comparison with any earthly city is the beauty of

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that quickened soul-consciousness which constitutes the spiritual rebirth.

No creature below man can experience this change; no human being who has not known sin—yes, and shame and penitence and desperate soul-hunger—can know what it means to be born of water and of the Spirit. All must come to it at last—some time, somewhere; for without it, Christ says, we cannot see the kingdom of heaven. That kingdom is to be found within the soul; it is the recognition of our true relation to God. What is commonly known as "conversion" cannot always be this awakening; it is simply the first step in seeking the kingdom; it is the entering upon the Path; it is the turning in the right direction and beginning to learn. No one is to be blamed for not having gone further than that; for, if that first step be sincerely taken, the rest is sure to come as soon as one has become sufficiently developed.

The conditions and the manner of the New Birth cannot be strictly defined. It may come suddenly; it may come slowly; or the development may have been partial at one time and supplementary at another, making it impossible to analyze or mark off the stages, so that one can confidently say, "At this point I passed from death unto life." "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." Paul speaks of the growth that precedes the perfect realization as the time "until Christ be formed in you"; and he declares his work for his converts to be the development of this Christ-consciousness within them. But we are not, therefore, to conclude that it is not to be attained in this life. Paul seems to have reached it in one sudden illumination, although it may be that his transformation was not so sudden as it seemed; for after his conversion he "conferred not with flesh and blood," but spent three years in waiting for further light before he joined the other disciples.

What, then, is the meaning of this New Birth of the soul,

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and wherein is it different from any other change in the process of soul growth? To those who have experienced it, it is more easily understood than described. It is a transformation, a change in the point of view. The whole world—nay, the universe—is transformed to us. Our own lives especially are transformed, so that we see all our experiences in their eternal and spiritual relations, and we ourselves become personally conscious of—acquainted with—our God.

Acquainted with God! The phrase has a strange sound; yet most of us who come into this realization have to confess that we thought we knew Him long ago. We thought that what we had of communion with Him was all that we could expect on this side of the grave. We were seeking "a better country; that is, an heavenly," but we did not hope to find it until after we had passed the gates of death. We entirely misunderstood Christ's words; indeed, we felt that much of what he said was "mysterious," and we wondered sometimes whether the record was correct and he really did promise such rewards to those who should pray with faith, or whether it was all mere symbolism, referring to certain ill-defined spiritual experiences. Some of us even went so far as to doubt whether Christ himself was not a visionary enthusiast, and whether he ever really wrought the works of healing and the other wonders attributed to him. But all these doubts, which nip like frost the tender growths of love and faith, still leave humanity with a deep, unconquerable belief in God's goodness, and a deep, inexplicable love for Jesus the Christ. Inexplicable? Yes, until one learns to see that the root of it lies fixed in that intuitive perception of truth which enabled the heart to recognize that which the intellect flatly denied; *i.e.*, that Christ has the words of eternal life, that the dead shall hear his voice and they that hear shall live. It is plain that he refers in that promise to those "dead in trespasses and sins," those ignorant of the truth he came to teach, but who, hearing his voice, respond at once and recognize their Master.

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Where is this Lord of our life, that we might find him and receive the blessing which others tell us they have found—yes, which we can see by their changed lives that they have found? He is within our own souls, waiting to be recognized, knocking at the door; he is the divine nature within us. When we have found him, we have placed ourselves in harmony with the great current of universal progress; our wills have become consciously one with the Higher Will, and a share in the very power of God is given us. But this means the losing of self. Every one that clings to self is ignoring the Christ. The righteousness of self, as well as the sins of self, stands in his way. Everything that belongs to personal desire, personal pride, or personal satisfaction is a part of the hard shell that must some day be broken and cast aside, that the divine within it may come forth. Sometimes the life-germ slumbers long, and the outer shell seems beautiful and satisfactory; sometimes the shell seems to give room enough for considerable development within itself, and sometimes it breaks easily and falls away unnoticed. But occasionally we find the mighty power of a growing inner life racking and beating the outer until, with agonizing throes, the personal self is at last surrendered and the glad, free life of a new-born soul begins.

It matters little what the former life has been, from the point of view of mere propriety. The one question is, What preparation has it been making for the coming of its Lord? The outwardly righteous life may have in its very self-satisfaction the hardest possible difficulty to overcome. It is the consciousness of need that opens the soul to a recognition of the divine. Christ's offer is only to the hungry and thirsty. There must be this consciousness of the insufficiency of the personal self before it is possible for the Divine Self to be revealed in all its glory.

Say not, dear friend, "I cannot comprehend the New Birth, and therefore it cannot be a possible experience." Wait until the Lord of Life within you shall reveal the mystery, for as yet

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the best of us know but in part and prophesy in part. Know only that when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. Await the revelations of the Spirit of Truth within you. Wait patiently, expectantly, in child-like trust, condemning no man, hoping ever, "waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body." Channing has beautifully described this teachable, open-minded attitude in the following words: "To study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly; to listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages, with open heart; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never; in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common—this is to be my symphony."

LIFE'S DAY.

When over earth's fair face the dusky shadows creep,
The glow and color of an autumn day will linger
In leafy, luminous branches of some stately tree.
Only the strong and fine can hold the glory so;
Faint shades of weaker things are silenced in the gloom.
Thus is the spirit's story told in fading leaf.
If from life's day we gather from its wealth and glory,
When shadows of the passing life come surely on,
Through the dim unknown with light unquenched the Spirit shines.

ANNA JOSEPHINE INGERSOLL.

GOODNESS is the life of harmony with the eternal conditions which spring from the being of God; and blessedness (the pure and perfect happiness) is the feeling of that harmony in the life. Only it is to be remembered always that the goodness, the life, is the thing for which to strive and pray; that the blessedness, the feeling, can only come to such as have forgotten to make search for it.—*Richard A. Armstrong.*

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MATA THE MAGICIAN.

By Isabella Ingalese.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE WOMAN'S DRESS REFORM.

The same evening I found Mata quite excited about the new society. It was to be called the "Woman's Dress Reform," and she had spent a good portion of the day in planning a set of resolutions which all the ladies were to sign,—after her little speech had been made,—and then the badges were to be designed and ordered at once. She had arranged for everything, except the disappointment that I knew was coming. But I could not discourage the poor child when she seemed so confident of success, and, since it had never occurred to her innocent soul that women loved the things she thought so terrible, there was no way to convince her of the truth but to let her have the experience necessary to teach the lesson.

She had meditated upon the subject and had concluded that the cause of the evil was thoughtlessness; therefore, she considered it her duty to assume the responsibility of helping her sisters into the right line of thinking. So the invitations had been sent out that morning, and the ladies were to meet the next afternoon.

Wishing to be a silent and unsuspected witness at the gathering, I made arrangements to come home early the following day, and Mata entered with childish delight into the plan of hiding me among the draperies in a bow window behind a sofa.

Two o'clock was the hour appointed for the guests to arrive, but many of the ladies were so eager to learn about the promised secret that they came early, and the parlor was well filled long before that time. Mata greeted them with charming courtesy and waited till half-past two before making her

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little speech, in order that the dilatory ones would not be uninformed concerning her plans. The eagerness of some of the visitors was great, as was indicated by the conversation of two of the most fashionable ladies present, who sat upon the sofa behind which I was hidden. They whispered and talked in an undertone about this funny idea of Mrs. Bennet's, wondered what she had to tell, and finally decided that it must be something about the doctor.

When Mata arose and politely asked the ladies to give her their attention, the murmur of voices ceased and all eyes were turned toward her. Plunging at once into the subject so near her heart, she said:

"Ladies, I have invited you here this afternoon to lay before you for consideration a plan for reforming the present style of evening dresses—which is as shocking to you as it is to me, I have no doubt. Last night, for the first time in my life, I attended a theater, and the exposure of limbs and bosoms there was something terrible. Many of you were present and were equally shocked, I expect. Now, if the ladies in the best social circles will set the example of modest dressing and frown upon all women who make an improper display of their persons, the professional women will soon follow their example and change their mode of dress.

"You must realize that we are responsible for our influence; and you, ladies, are much more responsible than those who fill the more humble positions in life, because you are looked to as models of propriety and fashion by those who stand socially below you. Every woman exerts some kind of influence, either good or bad; therefore, it seems to me, we should be very careful what we do.

"The first point I wish to touch upon is your own families. If you dress in an immodest manner you are not only setting a bad example to your social inferiors, but you are assisting in demoralizing your own daughters. Your sons, seeing their mothers and sisters unblushingly enter a ballroom in a half-

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naked condition, naturally do not see the harm of visiting places where women make merchandise of the same kind of exposures. Your husbands, seeing you improperly dressed, become possessed of the mistaken idea that all women are alike, and they soon learn to find as much pleasure in the society of our unwise and unfortunate sisters as they do in your own. I could call your attention to many other evils arising from the great mistake women are making in their present mode of dressing; but I am sure it is unnecessary, for you can see as well as I the necessity for this reform. I have here a few resolutions, and after reading them to you the opportunity will be given to everybody to sign them, and then we will plan our badges and begin to set these wrongs right."

Mata then read as follows:

"Rules for Woman's Dress Reform.

"We, the undersigned, resolve to abolish all manner of immodest dressing, and to regard with disfavor all women who persist in it.

"There shall be no sleeveless gowns worn by any member of this society.

"All corsages shall be high in the neck and large enough at the waist to allow the wearer to put on her own rubbers and pick up her own handkerchief.

"Crinolines shall be abolished, and all gowns be made as light as possible by an entire absence of heavy canvas linings.

"Long trains shall be discarded, and no dress shall 'sweep' more than three inches, thereby avoiding discomfort to the wearer and also to those who dance or walk with her.

"Princess gowns shall be preferred, but shall not be made obligatory, for members; and only those who can do so will be expected to wear them."

"Now, ladies," said Mata, "here are the rules we are to adopt, and you may sign them at once; here are pen and ink."

Not a woman stirred. Mata waited for several moments, and then asked: "What do you think of this plan, ladies? Will some one speak on the subject?"

Another silence. Presently I heard a repressed titter in a corner of the room. Soon the ladies began to whisper and the murmur of voices became general, but no one rose to speak.

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I could not resist the temptation to peep between the curtains. Mata was still waiting, with a flush upon her cheeks and an expression in her eyes that indicated a feeling of indignation and surprise. Five minutes more passed, and still no one offered an opinion. Mata tapped upon the table and exclaimed: "Ladies! Will you please express yourselves in some way?"

Not a word of reply did she receive, and at last, turning to old Mrs. Dalrymple, she asked for her views on the subject. The lady slowly rose from her chair, and, after regaining her breath, said:

"Of course, I understand that our hostess means well by trying to organize such a society; but I don't see how it is possible or practicable, because we have always been accustomed to wearing our dresses as we do, since we were first introduced into society. Such a plan would cause us no end of trouble, our gowns being all made in that fashion, and we should require new waists to our skirts—and the materials in many cases we could not match. I don't see anything objectionable in the low-cut corsages; they are pretty and modest enough. If a woman has bones and blemishes it is all very well to hide them under a high-necked and long-sleeved dress; but if she has a pretty bosom and arms I can't see the harm in showing them. Those things are a girl's stock in trade. That's how they get their husbands. Doesn't a man desire to know what he is marrying—whether flesh and blood or cotton and bones? I am expressing my own opinion, but believe it is also the opinion of every guest present; but perhaps we had better take a vote upon it."

Mata's face was a study, and after Mrs. Dalrymple sat down she proposed that a vote should be taken. With smiles and nods the ladies indicated a willingness to vote, and Mata said: "All who agree with Mrs. Dalrymple will please make it manifest by saying 'aye.'"

There was a perfect chorus of "ayes."

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"Those contrary will please say 'no,'" said Mata.

A poor little old maid over in a corner had the courage to say "no," very faintly. The situation was ridiculous, and many of the ladies smiled; others giggled outright. My wife was completely nonplused, and I pitied her deeply in this disappointment. Recovering her composure in a few moments, however, she once more called the company to order and addressed them:

"Ladies, I am very sorry to see you take this view of so serious a matter. I hoped you would all sign these resolutions, for in this manner we could form the nucleus of a grand reform in society—which is very needful; but if you will not join me I shall sign it myself, if I have to be the sole member."

Taking the pen, Mata signed her whole name with as much seriousness as if the document were the Declaration of Independence—and indeed it *was* a declaration against the tyrannical yoke of fashion, which grinds and presses its subjects sometimes to the verge of madness and ruin. Then she looked over at the elderly maiden who had voted with her and held out the pen. The little woman stepped bravely forward and wrote her name below my wife's. Mata thanked and told her how heartily she appreciated the courage she had shown in taking this step, and expressed a wish to know her better.

The two ladies who sat on the sofa before me then began whispering, and Mrs. Chapmon said:

"The little fool! She has no figure anyhow, and it doesn't matter whether she wears a low-necked dress or not."

"But how about Mrs. Bennet?" asked Mrs. Merritt, her companion.

"Well, she seems to have a figure, but nobody knows whether it is all made up or not. Maybe her neck and arms are not white; perhaps she has blemishes or something—you can't tell. But you may depend upon one thing: if she was all right she would be perfectly willing to show herself."

Mata rang for coffee and had refreshments served just

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at that moment, and afterward she entertained the company with music. While drinking their coffee the ladies again began criticizing and saying spiteful things about my wife. Mrs. Chapmon said to her companion, while she crumbled her cake:

"Do you know, my dear, I believe Mrs. Bennet's yellow hair has been bleached to that peculiar shade? If you will observe, her eyebrows and lashes are dark, and her eyes are of that strange shade of pansy-purple one seldom sees. I have heard that belladonna dropped into the eyes in small quantities will give an ordinary blue eye that color and add extra brightness to it. I don't know that Mrs. Bennet does that, you know; but I'm perfectly certain her hair has been tampered with, because it is so unnatural and not at all in correspondence with her eyebrows and eyelashes."

"Yes," said her companion, "I've thought of it myself, and have looked to see if there were any streaks. I couldn't find any, but I presume, if it were undone, they could be found."

"I think her complexion too clear to be natural," said Mrs. Chapmon. "I know she does not use powder, for I have looked closely to see; but I expect it is due to those arsenic wafers that so many silly girls are taking."

"Do you suppose the doctor knows what a fraud she may be perpetrating upon him?" asked the other lady.

"Oh, no, probably not; he is so desperately in love with her—and then he is so much older than she that it is an easy matter to fool him."

"What is the matter with the doctor, anyway?" asked Mrs. Merritt.

"Oh, he's queer and always was; he has the strangest ideas about virtue and propriety—a regular old Betty! I never saw a man like him. Do you know, I once heard him say he thought virtue was as admirable in a man as in a woman? The very idea! Did you ever hear of such foolishness? And when he had that row with Arabella Smythe! Oh, didn't you know about that?"

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"No; do tell me about it," her companion said, eagerly.

"Well, some time I will, but not now. It was the most ridiculous thing I ever heard of. He was heard to say that he should consider himself everlastingly disgraced if found guilty of marrying a woman just for money, and a whole lot more rubbish that I can't remember—and that everybody laughed at. Do you know, my dear, there were lots of men in town who would have been proud to have Arabella Smythe fall in love with them; but he behaved like a ninny and did all sorts of things. I'll tell you all about it some time, if you'll remind me."

"I don't believe he's any better than other men; they're all alike, my dear—*all* alike! But he just wants to pose as a model of virtue, that's all."

I was greatly amused at the opinions these two ladies entertained about my wife and myself, and realized that the old saying was indeed true—"eaves-droppers never hear any good of themselves." Just then Mata came over to the sofa and asked the ladies to have some refreshments. They declined, but thanked her very sweetly for her thoughtful kindness, praised the coffee, and declared the cake delicious. After she had turned away Mrs. Chapmon said:

"This coffee is vile. If I hadn't a cook who could do better than this I would send her about her business."

"I know it," said Mrs. Merritt, "and the cake is horrid. I do believe it was shortened with stale butter or lard—it has such a queer taste."

Some of the ladies now began saying good-by, and Mrs. Chapmon said:

"Well, I suppose the thing is over, because all the rest are leaving; so we must go too. Now, when you shake hands with her at the door, look closely at her frizzes and see if they are false, while I examine her back hair and see if it is streaked. I am determined to know."

The two ladies approached my wife with the sweetest smiles

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upon their faces, and from my corner I watched their maneuvers. While one held Mata's hand, patting and smoothing it in the most caressing manner, she told her how much she had enjoyed the afternoon—how rested and refreshed she felt since taking that cup of excellent coffee and how dearly she loved to hear her sing. Her companion meanwhile stood behind my wife and was scrutinizing her hair to the best of her ability through her eye-glasses. Finally, raising her hand to adjust an imaginary hair-pin, she exclaimed: "Pardon me, Mrs. Bennet; this pin is loose; allow me to fasten it;" and, while the unsuspecting child bowed her head for the woman to arrange the pin, I saw her deliberately pull the curls and puffs apart to look for streaks in my darling's beautiful hair. Then, giving it a tender little pat, she turned to Mata and said:

"My dear Mrs. Bennet, I hope you do not feel hurt because I did not sign your resolutions. You see, in principle I agree with you exactly, but my husband is so exacting that he would be very much offended if I were to make such a change in my mode of dress. He is a man who admires a finely developed woman, and he always says that a woman who *can* wear a low-cut dress and doesn't is a prude. I do it to please him, and for nothing else—as a woman should always do. Your ideas are excellent, but, as you have been educated in a convent, where the rules are so strict, these things seem a little worse to you than they do to us, who have been brought up so differently. After you have mingled in society for a few years you will conform to the prevailing style, as the rest of us do, and will not mind it at all."

CHAPTER XVIII.

PASSING AWAY.

At last our guests were gone, and I emerged from my

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hiding place. Mata looked so grave and disappointed that I waited for her to speak.

"Did you hear it all?" she asked.

"Yes," I replied.

"What shall I do?"

"Keep yourself pure. Let your example be perfect, and let those follow it who will. You cannot reform evildoers against their wills. These women will not be brought to your way of thinking so long as it is directly contrary to *their own inclinations.* They love to display what they believe to be their charms; and they quarrel among themselves about who has the most to display. They have neither spiritual nor intellectual attractions to exhibit, and these physical ones are all they possess. It would be a great pity to deprive them of this one little happiness."

Then I repeated the conversation I had heard between the two women who occupied the sofa. Mata's eyes opened wide with surprise when I told how one held her hand and engaged her attention while the other examined her back hair for streaks. For a moment she looked as if about to cry, but when the ridiculous side of the affair appeared to her she joined with me in laughing at it.

During the winter many invitations to balls and receptions were sent to us. A few were accepted, but many declined. Mata was never popular among the fashionables because she was so outspoken and honest, and the ladies soon learned better than to criticize or speak disparagingly of an absent one when she was present. Among the poor she was worshiped as an angel of mercy. Her daily round of calls she never failed to make, nor did she ever hesitate to enter a sick-room because the disease was believed to be contagious. No hovel was too humble or too dirty for her to visit, and many poor families had occasion to bless her tender sympathy and generous help.

From the first of our married life Mata insisted upon having

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one-half of the fortune given us by her grandfather set apart for her own use, thus having control of her own private purse. She loved the rooms that had been built for the Guru, and spent many hours alone in the sacred apartment looking at and handling the different articles so dear to her because he had touched them; and I would often find her reclining upon the couch where he died, seemingly in deep meditation. She never doubted his return; she spoke freely upon the subject to me, and was constantly making plans for the future—when he should be with us again. Silently I listened, because it was not in my heart to speak discouragingly concerning the paramount desire of her soul; but my doubts were very strong and my reason was offended with the thought. The servants shunned that part of the house, fearing to pass the door. We never knew their reason for this unless it were because we had always kept the rooms locked, and the key was never out of our possession.

When spring came Mata often took an old Greek text or Sanskrit writing to the observatory and spent hours in reading. As the summer advanced she enjoyed sitting in the flower garden and summer houses, or driving in her phæton to Lakewood or Greenhurst, as the fancy seized her; and so the time passed till the second year of our married life began, and the frosts of autumn were turning the leaves of the trees to the varied and beautiful tints that characterize their work.

Like two children, without a shadow to darken our lives, we spent our days together, driving over the hills surrounding the lake and through the valleys below the city. Ah, they are never to be forgotten; and when the dark hours came they were a bright spot that in memory I lived over and over again.

But the weather grew colder, and soon the roughness of the road made the drives uncomfortable and unpleasant for her; so she turned her attention to the many little duties making demands upon her at home. When the thirtieth of November came it was another stormy day, such as the corresponding date

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seven years before had been, and, hastening through my calls, I was glad to get home just as the first flakes of snow began falling.

Mata was not visible when I entered our cozy sitting-room, and, when I found her huddled up in a little heap on the couch in her own chamber, she said she had not been well all day and refused to go down to dinner. Early in the evening she grew so much worse that another doctor and a nurse had to be sent for, and before midnight her life seemed hanging in the balance. When the clock struck the hour of twelve the wail of an infant heralded the news that I was a father. The child was born just seven years to the hour from the time the old Guru died, and with the wailing of the infant the old man's words came back to me:

"The body of the first child born of your union shall be my earthly temple when I come again."

I admitted to myself that it was a strange coincidence that this child should be born on the seventh anniversary of his death—to the very day and hour. But I concluded that it was *only* a coincidence, and since my wife needed all my attention I gave the little one to the nurse without giving it more than a cursory glance.

Mata's condition frightened me. She was sinking so rapidly that I summoned my colleague, and together we used every known means to revive her. She rallied sufficiently to whisper my name, and to signify a desire to be left alone with me. The doctor and nurse left the room, and then, looking up at me with those lovely eyes of hers, she whispered: "I am going to leave you, dearest; but the child will live, and you must call her Mata, after me."

With my heart bursting with grief, I cried: "Oh, my darling, stay with me! What shall I do without you? You are my life—my soul! I cannot live when you are gone!"

"No, dearest; I cannot stay," she replied, faintly. "I must go. I have been your real, true wife for two years, and am

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thankful for that happiness, but my life work is done. Our child will live, and as she grows in size and beauty she will fill, as best she can, my place in your home. I do not understand how it is, but she and my Guru are one and the same. He said it would be so, and he never told a falsehood."

"Oh, Mata," I moaned, "do not leave me! Stay, and we shall be so happy with our child."

"It is not to be, though I would gladly have it so," she whispered, faintly.

Holding that precious form in my arms, I watched her breathing growing shorter and her pulse fainter; and, as those snowy lids drooped slowly over the glorious eyes, I fully realized that she was leaving me and bowed my head upon hers as I moaned in agony. Then in my frenzy I tried to hold her closer and closer to my heart; but slowly the lifeless hands relaxed their clasp from my neck, her head fell backward from my shoulder, and I saw that her breath had ceased, her pulse had stopped—her soul was gone.

Suddenly everything around me turned as black as night. Staggering to my feet, and realizing the awful truth that my Mata was dead—gone from me forever—I wrung my hands and prayed to be permitted to go with her. In the darkness I felt my way toward the window, hoping that I could open it, and that in the fresh air she would revive. Then something in my brain snapped; there was a report like a pistol shot, and I could see again. The room was flooded with a golden light more radiant than anything I had ever dreamed of, and looking up I saw above the dead form of my darling a group of beings robed in garments that shone like the sun at midday. Motionless and entranced, I gazed at the wondrous scene. Among the radiant beings was my sainted mother. She waved her hands and smiled, and these words came floating down to me: "Only a few more years, my son, and then your earth work will be done."

My darling wife was with them, and her long golden hair

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fell in a shower of curling ringlets below her waist. Her robes were like the tints of the rainbow illuminated by a heavenly light. Reaching out my arms toward her, I cried: "Oh, let me come! Let me come!" She smiled and said: "Only for a little time, dearest, and then we shall come for you. Be faithful! Be faithful!"

As the vision began to fade they sang these words:

"Close by the river on the flower-strewn strand,
Watching and waiting your dear ones stand;
While you are weeping in darkness and gloom,
We are welcoming them to their home.
Fear not the darkness surrounding the tomb,
For beyond it is smiling, eternal bloom."

As these words fell from the lips of that heavenly choir, every syllable burned itself into my brain and was written there in letters of fire—to last so long as should the throbbing, aching brain itself. The glorious beings floated away, and the music grew fainter as their forms receded from sight—until they were gone, and I was left alone with my wife's lifeless form, which now I could see lying on the bed.

I was pacing the floor and wringing my hands helplessly when the doctor returned to ask if he could be of any assistance. He declared it was an unusual case and said there was no reason for her death. But, with or without a reason, the fact remained that she was gone—and I was almost mad with grief. Bidding him attend to everything and leave me to myself, I retired to the library and after locking the door threw myself face downward upon the floor. Then I began thinking what a dreary waste my future would be without my darling, and believed I could not bear it. Rising, I took from a drawer my revolver and examined it carefully. It was in good condition and every chamber was loaded. Placing its muzzle to my temple I was about to send a leaden bullet upon its mission when it was wrenched from my hand and hurled across the room. At the same moment I became conscious of a presence standing behind me. Whirling angrily around I was about to

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seize the man who had dared to interfere with my intentions; but no one was visible. Then an unfamiliar voice said:

"Coward! How dare you rush unbidden into a world you know nothing of? You would not be permitted to enter the angelic presence of your wife, for such souls as she do not dwell with suicides. There is a helpless little one in yonder room who has been intrusted to your care. Since you have assumed these paternal duties you must fulfil them."

"But my heart aches so," I moaned.

"The sorrow is natural and sincere, but you must learn to sacrifice yourself for the good and happiness of others."

My thoughts reverted to the death scene of Guru, and I remembered with what calmness Mata assisted me in placing his old body in the casket; and, although a look of deep sadness had rested on her face, she did not make me miserable with her sorrow—and yet he was her only friend. Then these words were whispered in my ear:

"Hers was a pure, passionless, undying love, such as soul feels for soul, regardless of sex or other earthly relation."

"Yes, there is a difference between her love and mine that I do not understand; but mine is the best that I know how to give—and it was always true to her upon whom it was lavished."

(*To be continued.*)

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

MEDICAL RESEARCH.

THE certificate of incorporation of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, of New York, has been filed with the Secretary of State at Albany. It marks a recent conspicuous act of philanthropy on the part of the president of the Standard Oil Company, a man whose wealth is computed in scores of millions —all derived, by grace of the laws of the United States, through a legalized monopoly of one of the bounties of Nature. This is by no means a solitary indication of the development among our people, of late years, of a *conscience* force based upon a recognition of the inherent equality of human rights. Evidence of the growth of a moral and spiritual factor in the affairs of men, even outside the channels of official religion, is becoming increasingly abundant. Immense fortunes are donated annually to more or less worthy objects, one of the undoubted benefits being the attention thus attracted to the shame of their individual accumulation. Yet their disbursement in the founding of colleges, libraries, hospitals, and other humanitarian enterprises is proof of the existence of a conscience element in human nature that only awaited the dawn of a scientific religion to cause it to spring into activity. The advent of Spiritual Science, as expounded in the New Thought—giving reasons for unselfishness that can be demonstrated here and now—has contributed more to its development than any other fact of evolution. We are gradually learning that our race is one family,—a unit,—and that the true happiness of no single individual can be promoted by even the most successful and legitimate exploitation of his fellows.

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Institutions for the alleviation of human suffering have ever been considered the most commendable field for the display of philanthropic impulses. Yet these latter have been frequently so misguided as to result in the establishing of veritable torture chambers—either schools for the spread of misinformation concerning man's body, its diseases and functions, or actual prisons for the helpless and defenseless victims of racial ignorance. And, if we except a few rational conclusions on the twin subjects of hygiene and sanitation, it must be confessed that even at the dawn of the twentieth century our investigations have not led us far toward the goal of a more beneficent or trustworthy *materia medica.* "In no direction is research more necessary," says the New York *World* in a recent editorial, "than in the as yet chaotic science of medicine. The greatest doctors are the frankest in admitting how short a distance away from downright ignorance and sheer 'guess' medicine has got. The most of its knowledge consists in knowledge of what is not so which doctors used to think was so."

It is said that the larger part of Mr. Rockefeller's gift shall be expended in an effort to ascertain the best means of *preventing* disease, the just inference being that its *cure,* by the orthodox methods now in vogue, is extremely problematical. Let us hope that its expenditure will be controlled by men who realize that the first step in this endeavor should be to determine the laws of *health;* that bacteriology throws no light on the *causes* of sickness; that man is something more than a physical organism; that *mind* is the supreme factor in the generating of all outer conditions; that pathological inquiries that ignore the *psychic* element in all vital processes are a waste of time; that facts should never be denied or suppressed in favor of theories that they fail to support; that materialistic commercialism has no proper place in the healing art; that neither homeopathy, allopathy, nor eclecticism

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has a monopoly of even medical truth, and that, despite contrary reports, the "drug habit" is no less baneful or menacing to-day than at any time during the last half century.

When our wretched war in the Philippines was at its height, one of the medical officers of the United States army, stationed at Manila, made the following requisition for supplies: 7,500,000 grains of quinine, 20 tons of Epsom salts, 5,000 bottles of paregoric, 16,000 bottles of bismuth, 600,000 compound cathartic pills, 1,000,000 tablets of strychnine, 1,600,000 tablets of sodium salicylate, and 625,000 tablets of salol. This requisition was only one of a number equally appalling; yet we wonder that, among our soldiers, the deaths from disease so far outnumber those resulting from action in the field! Truly, the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research might well employ much of its time in devising measures for curing doctors of the disease of medication.

* * *

FROM AN OLD FRIEND.—In this number of MIND, for the first time in over two years, we are able to present an article from the pen of Mr. W. J. Colville, one of our earliest and most valued contributors. He has been absent from America during the last eighteen months, most of which has been spent in Australia, on a lecture tour—probably the most successful in the history of his public work. As an inspirational speaker and writer of phenomenal power, Mr. Colville has been invited to occupy even Christian pulpits at the antipodes, having been engaged in Adelaide during March, in Melbourne during April, and in Sydney, N. S. W., during May and June of the present year. He finds the New Thought movement spreading with great rapidity throughout the Commonwealth of Australia, whose people are fortunate in having this advanced teacher among them. But we are glad to learn that he still finds time for literary work. His latest book, "Life and Power from Within," is having a very

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large sale; a new novel, entitled "The Garden of Eden," is soon to appear, and we hope ere long to favor our readers with frequent essays from his pen.

* * *

METAPHYSICAL HEADQUARTERS.—The growth of The Alliance Publishing Company's business during the last year or two has been such as to necessitate its removal to larger premises. Commodious offices have been secured, therefore, on a long lease, at 569 Fifth avenue, between 46th and 47th streets, New York, where our book counters display the largest assortment of distinctly New Thought literature to be found anywhere. It comprises all standard works and periodicals on metaphysics, occultism, psychology, palmistry, astrology, hypnotism, spiritual science, and psychic phenomena, and includes many rare books—some completely out of print—of great interest and value. Friends of MIND and *The Arena* will find the editorial rooms at the same address, and all interested in the educational work to which our energies are devoted are invited to call and inspect our new quarters at 229 Windsor Arcade.

J. E. M.

ANALYZING AN ANALYSIS.

There is oftentimes stored up in a single sentence a whole volume of truth, and the more one contemplates a subject the more one gets out of it. In fact, all great truths are like diamonds in the rough that require keen and masterful strokes of thought put upon them in order to bring out the brilliancy and power and merit of the idea. The brilliancy of the diamond depends upon the quality of the stone and the skill of the one who cuts it.

An analysis of any statement always reveals two facts or conditions: that which is involved or contained in the statement or idea, and the breadth, the scope, the measure of the mind analyz-

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ing it. The brilliant diamond must have a proper setting in order that it may appear to the best advantage. Rich clothes, pure gold, gentility of style—these are the necessary and proper accompaniments of diamonds. The richest, the grandest, the sublimest truths belong by right to those who are rich in wisdom and knowledge.

The conservers or guardians of great truths always give them out with jealous care. To the masses the truth is clothed in such a way as to conceal the form and figure, and so those incapable of appreciating the naked truth and beholding beauty and grandeur in it are not permitted to behold it in its natural, unadorned state. Only the pure in heart can see God. Only the truly awakened can see the truth in its purity. Truth should be given out as uncut diamonds. The ignorant masses will regard them as of little value, and, like children, will toss them aside like marbles of which they have grown weary; but those who are ready for the truth will cut away the rough and bring forth a gem of rare beauty.

A true analysis separates only incidentally and never loses sight of the whole. Stated paradoxically, a true analysis is a separation that eventually unites. True analysis separates for the time being in order that the analyzing mind may more wisely understand the subject as a whole. There is a distinction between the separation that divides and the separation that unites. The former is a dissection; the latter is an analysis. A dissection establishes a contradiction; an analysis verifies a paradox. The one is false, cold, and sterile; the other is true, genuine, and fertile.

Truly and rightly to analyze a truth or object or being is to comprehend all that is involved in it, and also that from which it is evolved. Take coal, for example. In it are involved heat and light, but the coal has evolved from certain definite conditions, and unless it had evolved out of these conditions it could never have included within itself the qualities of light and heat. A truth in its last analysis is not really affected by incidental or local conditions. Time cannot change its innate nature. Only truth can stand the test of an analysis. Tissue-paper made into a rose may deceive people at a distance, but a closer examination

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will reveal the fact that it is not a real rose—simply an imitation. An analysis destroys delusions and illusions. It enables one to see things as they are, in their real condition and relation to other things.

There must be a sympathetic relation between the truth analyzed and the analyzing mind. If truth in its inner quality or essence is spiritual, it requires a spiritually-minded person to recognize it. Therefore, the materialistic mind cannot truly analyze. The mind of the materialist is technical and localized. His conclusions are limited and measurable in terms of space and time. He dissects, but does not analyze. His spiritual nature has not been aroused.

The conclusions and deductions at which one arrives indicate very largely the character, the quality, and the disposition of one's mind. The magnet may attract all the iron filings about it, but it can only hold according to its capacity. The deduction is not greater than the mind deducing it. The creature is not greater than the creator; nor is the creature ever foreign or a stranger to the creator. The intuitional or spiritually-awakened mind is analytical according to the measure of its unfoldment.

Further, we find, in analyzing truth, the law of sex in language. The truth *per se* is masculine; the interpretation thereof is feminine. When these are united—the closer the affinity between them—the more perfect and harmonious is the union. Only the God mind, the spiritual man, can perfectly unite these. His interpretation and analysis of the truth cannot be divorced from the absolute, for what God hath joined together mortal mind cannot put asunder.

M. Lena Morrow.

THE theory of hereditary tendency to drunkenness may be said to have been overthrown, just as the same hypothesis in respect to many other diseases has been exploded in recent years. —*Minneapolis Times.*

UNDERSTAND this first, last, and always: the world wants the best thing. It wants your best.—*Frances E. Willard.*

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THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Conducted by

FLORENCE PELTIER PERRY AND THE REV. HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

FOR THE PARENTS.

INDIVIDUALITY.

I have an only child, a boy. It is my earnest desire that he should think for himself, become thoroughly individualized as he approaches manhood, and be at one with God; in other words, that he shall have all the Good unfolded. My Christian friends are shocked when I say he shall not be sent to an orthodox Sunday-school. . . Will you kindly, through the medium of MIND, advise me as to the proper course?

T. K. G.

So far as we can suggest, dear friend, we will do so, but not advise; for you who know the conditions can judge best as to specific measures in the accomplishment of your aim. As to individuality, Froebel says:

"From its very birth, the child should be taken for what it is (man in germ), and have a free, all-round use of its strength. No one limb or power should be fostered at the expense of the rest. The child should not be fettered, bound, nor by-and-by held in leading-strings, but should early learn to find within itself the center of all its powers, on this center to rest, and, resting on it, to act and move freely. It should be taught to grasp and hold fast with its own hands, to stand and walk on its own feet, to look and see with its own eyes, and thus to use all its powers equally, evenly."

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While this evidently applies to the physical training, it is equally the true method as applied to the mind, senses, and spirit. The full and spontaneous action of the Divine in the human is true individuality. To this end the child must early be given a broad view of life and its conditions, and of the universal law so distinctly revealed externally in Nature and internally in the soul. Teach him that in order to judge wisely concerning any question he must first know both sides of it, must impartially judge all conditions concerning it. To awaken in him an interest in all things, creatures and people, to cultivate a love of Nature and its revelations of beauty and order, to incite in him a desire to build a noble character, is the surest introduction to religion.

Religious truth appeals to the devotional element in the soul. No one can be crowned with that matchless peace and kingly power that mark the truly individualized soul until he has found his center in God—until he *knows* and *feels* the love that is the fulfilling of the law.

As to the orthodox Sunday-school, that depends more on the Sunday-school teacher than on the church. And, no matter what the church, we must not forget that every church calling itself Christian stands for the very truth that Jesus taught: *the* religious truth that brings salvation whether found in church or out—*the* truth that everywhere bears the same fruit. To know God as Love, to *live* the gospel of Love, is the simple truth that *always* makes love manifest.

Now, if the church to which you might send your boy is orthodox or otherwise, if it be alive with the spirit of truth, if its preacher and teachers are showing by word and deed the nature and power of Divine Love, what better can you do than let your boy go faithfully and continually to the Sunday-school? He certainly ought to go somewhere; for association with other children is very helpful, as it creates unity

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of interests, thoughtful consideration of others, and cultivates the habit of devotional exercise when with others, which is a great advantage aside from the daily training in the home life.

But, you may say, what if he hears in this Sunday-school a great emphasis upon doctrines and dogmas that portray a God to fear rather than to love? What if he become bitterly partizan in his interests and religious beliefs, or learn to say one thing in the church and another out of it?

Well, what if——? Is it not better to consider the question on both sides before we judge?

The disadvantage of drifting about with no church associations is also very great. It tends to make children and youth not only indifferent and selfish, but really skeptical and irreverent—unless, of course, there has been the most careful and persistent home training from the very first—to let them go with no obligations or interests that appeal to their spiritual nature.

It is far more essential, however, that your child be taught that Christly tolerance *in which only* is the essence of true religion, than all the theology or dogma of the ages. If this can be taught better with the aid of the church, by all means we would suggest putting him in touch with the church, no matter what its name or the sect it represents. There is the one Divine Love—the one Universal Religion. It may be revealed from any pulpit or in any life, whether named Congregationalism, Presbyterianism, Universalism, Judaism, Catholicism, or *Christism,* which is the Heart and Life of all.

But, whether the child goes to Sunday-school or not, have always a close and careful companionship with him; lovingly point out the spiritual and ideal side of everything. Do your best to awaken in him the Christ spirit, that he may live the

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Christ life; for thus *only* can he find at-one-ment with God and manifest in his character the unfoldment of the Supreme Good.

* * *

Says Froebel:

"All true education and teaching—therefore, every genuine educator and teacher—have to be always, in every detail, *two sided:* to give and take; join and divide; command and obey; act and bear; manage and let alone; be fixed and movable. The child or pupil is to be so likewise; and betwixt the two—tutor and pupil, command and obedience—rules unseen a third Term whereto tutor and pupil are alike and equally subject. This Third is the ideal Best—the abstract Right—as it issues from the conditions of each case and expresses itself impersonally. The teacher has to express simply and firmly, sometimes even gravely and severely, his clear acquaintance with and quiet obedience to this third Term. The pupil, too, has a wonderfully fine feeling for it and rarely fails to see whether what parent or teacher order or forbid comes from themselves personally or is the expression of universal and necessary Truth speaking through them."

How simple all our methods would become if we could always realize the Spirit of Divinity within the child and give it time, space, and opportunity to express itself! From within outward is the law of Nature and of the soul. Look for it; make the condition for it; lovingly woo it from its hiding-place—this wonderful Within that is to work all miracles in man and Nature, and make the whole earth the tabernacle of God.

* * *

Any questions, comments, or suggestions as to the vital topics discussed in this Department will be gratefully received and considered by

(Rev.) HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

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FOR THE CHILDREN.

"When the scarlet cardinal tells
Her dream to the dragon-fly,
And the lazy breeze makes a nest in the trees
And murmurs a lullaby,
It is July.

. . . . . .

"When the heat like a mist-veil floats,
And poppies flame in the rye,
And the silver note in the streamlet's throat
Has softened almost to a sigh,
It is July.

"When the hours are so still that Time
Forgets them and lets them lie
'Neath petals pink till the night stars wink
At the sunset in the sky,
It is July."

—*Susan H. Swett, in St. Nicholas, 1882.*

A FOURTH OF JULY EXPERIMENT.

Thomas West always had managed, fortune favoring, to retain his leadership over the boys in Plainville. But now he felt that his command, reputation, and honor were alike lost. To explain:

Of course, every one knows that the earlier one gets up Fourth of July morning the better it is. Remembering this the boys had planned, a few weeks before, the magnificent scheme of sleeping out-of-doors in a tent the night of the third, and getting up when they chose. It certainly was a fine idea and it was too bad that the mothers did not "enthuse" quite so much as the sons. Tommy's mother, indeed, had utterly and promptly refused, saying: "I wouldn't hev enny son o' mine sleepin' out like an Injun, while he's a roof to cover him."

The other mothers, after much persuasion, had given a hesitating and unwilling consent. And here lay the whole

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trouble. For was it not terrible that he, their leader, the one in fact who had proposed the plan, should have to stay at home in bed while the rest were staying out? Was it anything more or less than a disgrace? But Tom's mother had refused to let him stay out, and, as she said, that was all there was to it.

Behold him, therefore, on the afternoon before the eventful night, glumly watching the other boys getting ready for the fun. It looked to him, he said, as if it were going to rain!

One boy furnished a couple of sheets, another a mattress, another rope, and so on until they had enough material to make the tent, and in an hour or two more it was done.

It was now nine o'clock, and the boys lay on their backs and talked. How they pitied Tommy!

"Say, ain't this *great!*" said one. "Tom's missing it."

"You bet he is," answered another, adding, "Well, I guess I'll go to sleep."

There came a chorus of "Guess I will, too," from the others. And then there was silence—for a moment. Presently there was a slap, and "Bother those mosquitoes!" from one of the boys. There came an answering volley of slaps, and another boy said: "Yes; and it's like a furnace in here."

"Well, let's make another 'try,' and perhaps we can drop off," said the first.

Then they all settled down again. But it was of no use. The mosquitoes came worse than ever. One of the boys started up with: "I simply can't go to sleep in here. I'm going outside."

The rest followed. It was then about ten o'clock. That was the beginning of the struggle. The mosquitoes followed them wherever they went, and the heat was everywhere. That night can't be described. It was the longest on record. But one thing that happened may be mentioned.

It was about twelve o'clock and they were making one last "try" to go to sleep. One boy whispered to his chum: "Say, Bill, I've got a bottle of root beer hid in the grass. Shall we have it?"

Bill was only too willing, and they stole away. But, alas!

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the beer, too, was warm, and when the cork was loosened it came forth with a *"woof!"* going fifty feet in air, and the beer went, too, sprinkling the lawn freely, but moistened not the throats of the thirsty boys.

Thoroughly disheartened, they went back to their companions, whom they found sitting up waiting for the dawn. Tom was no longer pitied.

Daybreak finally came, and as tired a band of twelve-year-old patriots as you can imagine hurried home to bed, where they slept through day and night, even until the next morning.

But as for Tommy, he was up as chipper as you please. He fired his firecrackers, which was something the other boys did not, and he went to a ball-game, which was also something the rest did not, and in general had the time of his life.

Tommy is still the leader of the boys in Plainville.

LOUIS B. WHITTEMORE.

[There's a long word—*compensation;* and it means that which makes up for the loss of something else. When you children are older I hope you will read what Ralph Waldo Emerson has written about compensation. Tommy had compensation. And if you will notice, when things don't go the way you want them to, almost always something happens instead that is quite as good as what you wanted, or perhaps even better.—*F. P. P.*]

TWO LITTLE ANTS.

I am going to tell you, in my own words, what I read about some ants, a while ago, in the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Around one of his maple-trees a man had dug a trench that he could fill with water and so give the thirsty roots all they wanted to drink. When the trench was dry a number of ants crawled into it in search of food to carry home. And while they were there the man took the garden hose and sent

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through it a stream of water into the trench. The ants were as surprised as people that live near the shore when a big tidal wave sweeps in and floods everything. And the ants, just as people would have done, scurried away from the water, with all their might, and climbed to the top of an overturned clod of earth in the bottom of the trench. Here about twenty ants found themselves high and dry and safe—or at least they thought they were safe, and no doubt congratulated one another on their lucky escape.

But the water kept rising higher and higher and again the ants became frightened. They ran this way and that, but there was no way to leave the tiny island that they were on, and it was fast disappearing beneath the water. The poor ants huddled together, finally, and stood still, waiting for the end. They knew that they must drown.

But the man saw them, and, being kind-hearted, he laid a stick so that one end was on the island and the other end on the ground beyond the trench. At first the ants did not notice the stick—they were so frightened and had so entirely given up hope.

After a while one ant, who, unlike the others, was still looking for help, noticed the stick and hastily ran across it and found himself safe! Do you suppose that he ran away in the grass and sunshine and gave no thought to his companions in distress? No, indeed. He ran directly back over the stick to tell them how to escape, and the tiniest ant of all followed him out of danger. Then they both went back together and each guided an ant across, and then back again for two more ants, and so on till all were safe. For some strange reason, or at least for some reason we human beings don't understand, each ant had to be led over the stick instead of all following the lead of their rescuers.

The tiny ant was afraid that perhaps one of their companions might have been overlooked, so again he ran back over the stick. The water had been rising all the time, and now but a wee bit of the island was left. As the ant reached it the stick that had been used as a bridge was covered by the water, and it looked as if the brave little insect would perish.

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He soon understood that there was no hope of escape and he stood quietly waiting for the water to sweep him away.

But the man, who was still watching, took the stick from the water, placed one end on higher ground and the other end on all that was left of the island, and the little ant ran over the stick just in time to avoid being drowned.

How surely is the tiniest living thing a thought of God, and so a part of God, and thus capable of loving and doing good! No human being could have done a nobler deed than this insignificant ant that many a person would have thoughtlessly crushed beneath his foot. And yet in that little body was the purest and noblest purpose. Did not Jesus tell us that to give one's life for another shows the greatest possible love? And was not this little ant ready and willing to lay down his life for others? F. P. P.

CUPS.

A mother sometimes calls her baby-girl a rosebud, because the little one is so sweet and dear to her. She thinks nothing in all the wide world can be so sweet, unless it be the buds on the rose-bush. So she says to herself, "Baby Alice is my little rosebud."

Our Sunday-school teacher gives each of the little girls in her class the name of a flower. One she calls "Rose," because this particular little girl is as sweet as a rose, with her gentle manners and loving actions. Another she calls "Lily," and another "Violet." But the one she calls "Rose" has auburn hair, and she wishes her teacher had called her "Lily," for she doesn't like red roses—just because there is so much red in her hair!

Some say we are like the flowers, and some think we resemble birds. One little girl makes everybody so happy that people say she is just like the sunbeam across the floor. So they call her "Sunshine."

Now, if I should call the boys and girls in my neighborhood "Cups," I suppose Lucy and Fred would think it the

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very strangest thing in all the world and would not be able to guess—even if they had their "thinking-caps" on a whole day—how children could be like cups. Shall I tell *you*, or can you guess for yourselves? It is always best to find out a thing for one's self. But I do not see any hand raised, so I will tell you.

Of course, you know a cup is that which holds something—as a cup of milk or a cup of water, a cup of something sweet or a cup of something bitter.

We were at Grandma's last week. A shower was coming up. We knew it, for the sky was getting black and the winds began to blow and to drive the clouds nearer and nearer to where we were. There are no water-pipes in her house, and it is not very easy to pump all the water needed on washing-days. So Grandma had tubs and buckets put out under the water-spouts to catch the water that ran down from the roof of the house. We had a big shower and it just filled every tub and bucket that was out. I thought how very much like those buckets we were ourselves, only we could fill ourselves with what we chose, and, if we liked, how refreshing we could be to thirsty people on a warm day. And we might be lovely, like the flower-cups, and people would drink happiness from us just as the bees and butterflies suck honey from the flowers. Or we could be cups of mercy, full of kind thoughts, kind words, kind deeds. You see, we are like cups set out on God's green earth to gather something good, something fresh, something sweet. When the spring rains came did you not see how every bush and tree hung out its myriad little flower-cups to drink in air and moisture and sunlight? Thus the bush and tree grow and bear fruit.

One little flower loves one set of rays in the sunlight and another loves another; so one becomes a field "bluet," and another a wild rose or a buttercup—all so beautifully sweet that the birds and the bees bend over to kiss them. And every little boy and girl is a cup that many a one will be glad to drink from—if only within are fresh and sweet and kind thoughts.

MARY J. WOODWARD-WEATHERBEE.

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[Contributed by Mr. James H. Young.]

THE LORD'S PRAYER
(so called),

As used 5,000 years ago.
Rendered by "Hajed," a Brahman.

Thou All Spirit who art everywhere,
Whose name is not known to finite man,
The Universe forms Thy great kingdom
Where Thy will forever shall be done.
Man cannot comprehend Thee, yet
The Soul seeks from Thee its daily bread
And strength in the hour of temptation.
May we forgive unto others their debts
Even as we may seek to be forgiven:
For are we not Thy finite children
Designed by Thee to meet in Heaven?
We bow in humility before Thee,
And reverence Thy Unknown Name.
Amen.

OUT IN THE SILENCE.

Thought is a builder, a creator, a conveyer. (A conveyer is "one who or that which . . . carries from one person or place to another.") Thought is the busiest worker in the entire universe. It is always in action and will not and cannot be cut off or closed out of the brain at all easily. Your thought always reaches a place to which you are going before your body reaches it. If you are thinking earnestly it is as if your brain were a telegraph instrument, receiving and sending forth messages faster than they can be counted. They fly all over the country, at home and abroad, and to many places where you never have been.

One day I determined I would send a thought-message to a friend. I took up a photograph of her—one that was printed looking right into my eyes—and I looked into her eyes for

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several minutes before I tried to send a message. Then I said: "My dear friend, I know you do not owe me a letter, but I love to receive letters from you. Won't you write to me and at once?"

My mind was entirely taken up with the thought of my friend and that she was writing to me. I was very sure that I soon had from her a thought-answer, and in about thirty-six hours—or so soon as a letter from her could reach me—I received a letter that was written at the very time I felt sure she was writing to me. She began in this way: "I do not owe you a letter, dear, but I just can't think of anything or anybody but you. So I must write to you."

Sending thoughts to our friends is an interesting study and practise, and it works quite as well without a photograph, when you have learned how to concentrate your thoughts on the mind of the person you are trying to reach. (To *concentrate* means to direct all one's thoughts upon a single thing.) The photograph only helps you to fix your thoughts. Do not be discouraged if you cannot succeed at first, but try over and over. Remember that your current of thought may be crossed by some one else's thought-message that is stronger than yours, so cutting off your thought, just as when two telephone or telegraph wires are crossed, and, touching each other, either both messages are stopped, or else the wire that has the stronger current carries its message, and the weaker one is lost. Keep on sending thoughts until you succeed—until your thoughts have been invited in where you send them.

There is another way of using thought. I have often used it, and I wish you children would try it, for through it you will be able to do much good.

In homes I visit there are sometimes people that are nervous, or that easily get angry or cross, or that look on the dark side of things. I go into my room, or into some corner of the house where I know I will be alone. Then I make myself quiet and send out quieting thoughts to these people. Sometimes I spend as much as an hour sending messages by the silent thought-messengers. And when I come out and

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join those that I have been trying to help I speak to them with my cheeriest voice, and tell them pleasant things that give them a new idea to work over. By knowing *how*, I overcome their gloomy thoughts and make them happy.

Remember that the universe is boundless and that thoughts do not die. What we fit our mind for we draw to it.

Out in the silence
  My thoughts travel far,
Piercing thro' darkness
  From earth to a star.
And oh, how I love
  To wander away
With my thoughts only,
  When night hides the day!

Out in the silence
  Are beautiful things;
I cannot tell half
  The wonders thought brings.
But God's perfect worlds
  Are everywhere seen—
Out in the silence
  Where my thoughts have been.

Our world is freighted
  With love and its kind.
Our world's a product
  Of that Higher Mind.
In our world's keeping
  Are wonders of art
That trains of thought
  Each fashioned a part.

MARIE LOUISE COUSE.

HABIT is a cable; we weave a thread of it every day, and at last we cannot break it.—*Horace Mann.*

LIFE is what you choose to make it.—*Elbert Hubbard.*

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

HYPNOTISM AND SUGGESTION. By R. Osgood Mason, A.M., M.D. 344 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Henry Holt and Company, publishers, New York.

If hypnotic practises shall ever be rescued from the hands of charlatans and ignorant pretenders it will be largely due to the conscientious labors of such investigators as the author of this book. About the only good that has resulted from the development of hypnotism is the degree of medical attention it has directed to the activities of man's subconscious mind. In a crude and frequently brutal way it has demonstrated that the physical is subordinate to the mental, thus preparing physicians for the acceptance of the true metaphysical principles of healing. Dr. Mason is an authority on the law of suggestion, and this his latest work is an instructive plea for its application in therapeutics, education, and reform. No one has a clearer understanding than he of the dangers, limitations, and inadequacy of hypnotic "control;" yet the real effectiveness of its higher phases in the operation of mental forces is shown by him in a way that should commend the subject to the attention of every intelligent doctor. To the lay mind the book will prove extremely fascinating and valuable, for it indicates the source whence drugs derive their real potency.

THE CHURCH OF THE RECONSTRUCTION. By the Rev. Edward M. Skagen. Paper, 152 pp. Thomas Whittaker, publisher, Bible House, New York.

This is an "Essay on Christian Unity," from the pen of a cultured clergyman who is vividly aware of the spiritual destitution of the modern commercialized Church. He boldly states the causes that have produced the many anti-theological cults that have arisen during recent decades through humanity's persistent hunger for soul knowledge. The negations of Protestantism are not less culpable than the paganism of Rome for the barrenness of orthodoxy in all that makes for health, for progress, for happiness and spiritual growth. The selfish exclusiveness of sects is shown to have been the chief means of religious decadence

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in our era, when the greed for material wealth and power has dethroned the spiritual ideal of the early Church and dominates the individual conscience. Self-interest is the guiding principle that has disrupted the "divine institution," which is now in alignment with "that public-school morality which makes honesty a matter of the purse and temperance an affair of the intestines." Mr. Skagen would unify the Christian world by infusing into its mutually repellant divisions a knowledge of spiritual *law*—of the *science* of religion. The book is an encouraging symptom of modern thought. J. E. M.

OTHER NEW PUBLICATIONS.

APPLIED ETHICS OF CHRIST. By Harriet S. Bogardus. Paper, 128 pp. Published by the author, Indianapolis, Ind.

THE FALL AND THE RESTORATION: A Study in Social Science. By Imogene C. Fales. 55 pp. Paper, 30 cents. Peter Davidson, publisher, Loudsville, Ga.

HOW TO LIVE FOREVER. By Harry Gaze. 52 pp. Paper, $1.00. Published by the author, Oakland, Cal.

KRISHNA AND KRISHNAISM. By Bulloram Mullick, B.A. 179 pp. Paper, 2s. 6d. Nokur Chunder Dutt, publisher, 6 Chorebagan Lane, Calcutta, India.

FATE MASTERED; DESTINY FULFILLED. By W. J. Colville. 52 pp. Leatherette, 35 cents. Thomas Y. Crowell & Company, publishers, New York.

HELPS BY CHRIST'S WAY TO HEALING AT HOME. By Mrs. Excell-Lynn. 124 pp. Leatherette, 35 cents. Published by the author, Akron, Ohio.

THE EXPOSE OF WELTMERISM: Magnetic Healing Demagnetized. By Preston W. Pope, M.D. 122 pp. Paper, 65 cents. Published by the author, Nevada, Mo.

ONE OF THE BLUE HEN'S CHICKENS. By Virginia Durant Young. 176 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Charles W. Close, publisher, Bangor, Me.

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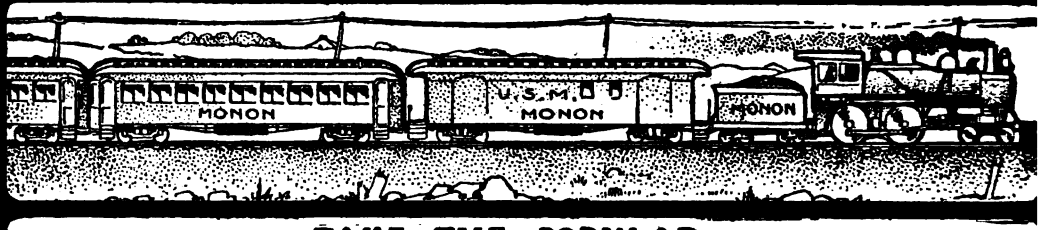

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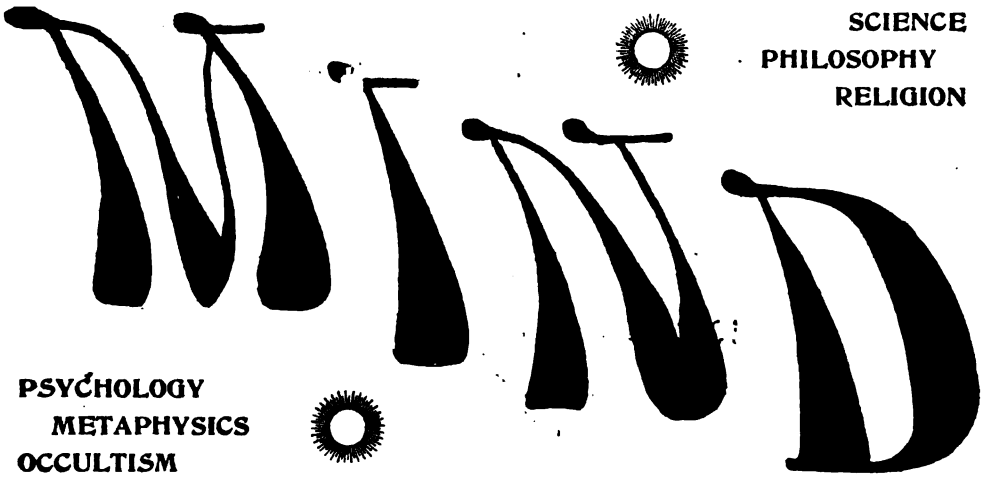

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EDITED BY

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MIND.

VOL. VIII. AUGUST, 1901. No. 5.

THE FIFTH ESTATE.

BY THE HON. BOYD WINCHESTER.

The nineteenth century, among its wonderful achievements, presents none more striking than the development of the American Newspaper. Were Lord Brougham living, he would no longer say, in celebrating the onward march of learning among the masses, "the Schoolmaster is abroad," but he would recognize the greater agent in this work—the Newspaper—not only as "abroad," but "abroad on horseback."

In the United States the newspaper is most unquestionably the chief teacher: the readiest, the most active, and the most ubiquitous awakener of intellect and every species of mental activity. It is the true teacher, embracing all and pervading every department of human knowledge, thought, and invention. No other agency does, or can, reach so many persons in so short a time and in so effective a manner. On the line of every railroad, river, and canal; in the counting-room of every factory and mercantile establishment; on the farm of every intelligent husbandman; in the workshop of every skilful mechanic; at the desk of the schoolmaster; in the office of the lawyer, the study of the physician and the clergyman; at the fireside of almost every man who can read—is to be found the newspaper, informing and stimulating the minds and hearts of thoughtful men and women.

The newspaper furnishes the principal reading to ninety-

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nine-hundredths of our people. Its influence is a feature peculiar to the United States. Its words go like morning over the uttermost limits of the country; it is watchful with the more than one hundred eyes of Argus; it is strong with the more than one hundred arms of Briareus. It bears directly and irresistibly on the intelligence, the morals, the taste, and the public spirit of the people. It wields an incalculable power over their reputation, feelings, and happiness. It is the lever that controls and moves public opinion. In our politics it has acquired an extraordinary expansion, and exercises an influence previously unknown; it has become an acknowledged political power, forming, instructing, and leading public opinion with a force that lawmakers cannot defy with safety.

We learn that the ancient Athenians were fond of news; it is the nature of a mass of clever and intellectual people living together to want something to talk about. In the old literary world men gathered round the traveling sophist to learn from him some thought, crotchet, or speculation. And what the vagabond speculators were once, that pretty exactly is the newspaper now; to it the people look for that daily mental bread which is as essential to them as the less ethereal sustenance of ordinary mortals.

A few years ago thinking men were agreed in grouping the dominant forces of our civilization in four great estates: the family, the Church, the State, and the school. These were coördinate, sharing congenital authority and responsibility. All inferior agencies were reducible to this generalization. Nothing essential was left unaccounted for, nothing merely accidental and contingent included. To-day a fifth estate asserts itself. The newspaper plants itself beside, if not above, the ancient four. It is confessedly of yesterday; yet it wastes neither time nor breath in establishing its legitimacy and supremacy.

The development of the newspaper in the United States presents phases of growth and character not duplicated any-

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where in the world. The business of newspaper publication has become to a degree not elsewhere attained a component element in the material condition of our people. The multiplication of the American newspaper in number and circulation, in cheapness, in adaptability, in influence, in material resources, has attained a ratio during the last century never before witnessed, or likely to be witnessed, in any other country or period, and not surpassed even here by any other industry or pursuit. It is, in many respects, the most wonderful production of our civilization. It is a marvel of intelligence and enterprise. It is both a mirror of contemporary life and amazing conspectus and reflection of the life of the entire globe the day before. There is no man or thing so remote, so solitary, so high or so low, that can escape it. It has produced a cosmopolitanism under which nothing can any longer be done in a corner; in a word, the press has made a huge whispering-gallery of the American continent in which all things are sounded in all ears.

It is confidently asserted that had the American newspaper lived in their times, it would have interviewed Timon of Athens, or St. Simon Stylites, or St. Regulus in his rock above the waves at St. Andrews, or would have added to the temptations of St. Anthony by requesting him to furnish a picturesque account of his spiritual distress.

The newspaper has made this a pocket-world; for now every man can carry it round for himself in his daily paper. It is not only a reporter of the current life, but also an interpreter of its significance and prophet of its tendencies. It justifies Bill Nye's description, as being "a library, an encyclopedia, a poem, a biography, a history, a prophecy, a directory, a time-table, a romance, a cook-book, a guide, a horoscope, an art critic, a political *résumé,* a ground plan of the civilized world, a low-priced *multum in parvo.*"

Much of the power of the newspaper comes from its opportunity for constant repetition. It is the dropping of the water on the stone, the line upon line, the precept upon precept,

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that brings about important results, and not the sudden or singular effort, however powerful and well-directed. Mr. Burke said: "The press is like a battery in which the stroke of any one ball produces no very great effect, but the amount of continual repetition is decisive. Let us suffer any person to tell us his story morning and evening, but for one twelvemonth, and he will become our master." This is a power illustrated in mechanics by the physical law known as the "superimposition of small impacts"—the force that enables the operator to make a heavy bar of iron first shiver, then move, and then oscillate with powerful swing by pelting it time after time with a tiny pellet of cork.

The entire, absolute freedom of the press is essential to the preservation of government on the basis of a free constitution; and its power for good or evil in a free country is almost overpowering in its contemplation. Not only is unshackled liberty of the press a most valuable right of free men, but society at large is deeply interested in seeing free discussion of all public measures and men protected in as wide a range as public security and morality, as well as private rights, admit. Sheridan claimed that, with an untrammeled press, he would defy a corrupt House of Lords, a venal House of Commons, a tyrannical Prince, and time-serving courts "to infringe by one hair's breadth on the liberties of Englishmen."

On the other hand, the licentiousness of the press and its tyranny are a great calamity, and much to be deplored. It is exceedingly difficult to maintain the precise line between the two by positive law—in many cases absolutely impossible. Lord Brougham held that we must be content to suffer a little in private character for the sake of preserving the liberty of the press, though that liberty degenerate in many instances into absolute licentiousness. The freedom enjoyed by the American newspaper should carry with it a corresponding moral obligation. In the possession of this high constitutional protection the editor should bear in mind that this protection

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was intended to serve a great purpose, and that its abuse is a base betrayal of a high and exceptional trust. Those were wise utterances addressed by a distinguished journalist to his brethren of the press: "There are no privileges of the press that are not the privileges of the people. Your equality in rights with your neighbors is positive. If you have the means of addressing a larger audience than others, there is an increase of responsibility and not an enlargement of right."

The newspaper is of necessity the friend of the public; for, no matter how great and powerful it may become, it is never independent of that public. And, as a rule, the newspaper reflects the morality, the intelligence, the tone of sentiment of its public. If it is controlled more by its interest as a business than by its sense of duty as a teacher, and purveys news instead of intelligence, it is because the people seem to like it. If it is true that the desire to make a sensation, to produce a readable paragraph, is stronger than the wish to report truly what occurs, it is because this course has received the more than willing coöperation and approval of the readers.

It is still true, and will most likely always remain true, that, like the Athenian Sophists, great newspapers will teach the conventional tastes and prejudices of those who pay for them. Upon the whole, however, the good derived from our newspapers is decided. Though it were not so, it is certain that they form one of the potential conditions of modern life; and we must endeavor to have them as sound and true to every good cause and noble end as possible.

There can be no graver calling than that of an editor, be it as promulgator, instructor, guardian, or leader. Mr. Bright in 1844 said: "There is nothing more glorious to my mind than the possession of an organ of the press like a daily newspaper in this country, if it be managed with honesty and integrity. I do not think any man, however great his ambition, if he were to look narrowly into it, could wish a prouder position than one in which he would be enabled to pour forth every morning to

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ten or twenty thousand readers the reflections of an honest, honorable, and intelligent mind. Why, he is actually insinuating his own soul into the souls of the people among whom he lives!"

This high mission is being daily administered by many American newspapers, whose editors, deeply impressed with their responsibilities, are earnestly striving to make their papers fountains of light, sources of gladdening warmth, springs of wholesome and elevating influences, worthy of receiving from their readers the high tribute paid by Dr. Johnson to the English press: "Nothing adds so much to the glory of my country as its newspapers."

Now, as never in the world before, the passionate yearning to explore the mystery of life resents annihilation as a base affront. And with the greater need there comes the greater hope, seeing that, in a world so wonderful as that which science has revealed, nothing can be too grand to be believed,—the grander, the more likely to be true; and seeing that the correlation of this hope with all that is most high and pure and grand and lofty in our moral life is as God's pledge—unless that life be none of his—that he will satisfy our hope with a reality as great as our desire. —*John W. Chadwick.*

We must make room in our minds, in our tastes, in our sympathies, in our religion, and in our lives for all that we can learn both of Nature and humanity. We must multiply points of contact—thoughtful and loving contact—with these large, rich regions of God's creation. We ought to know that we live in them as truly as we live in our houses.—*Charles G. Ames.*

A great sorrow is a great opportunity. This world is never dark when it is seen in the light of God's countenance.—*Rufus Ellis.*

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DEVELOPMENT OF THE GOD IDEA.

BY EDWARD HEDGES THOMPSON.

All manner of men agree that that limitless Entity denominated "God" is infinite in its range of occupancy and power. To this dual nature all but those viewing Deity as blind force concede a third factor of all-knowingness. These concepts are often very glibly, if not discerningly, phrased by saying that God is omnipresent, omnipotent, and omniscient.

In his own opinion, man is so limited in his relation to time and space that he does not undertake to relate himself to God through these obscure media. In his relation to space he feels localized and confined, and his conscious hold on time seems limited in duration. But man has found that he has a broader scope and range of relation in his intellectual, moral, and spiritual nature. He feels that he is nearer God on one of these planes; but they are intangible planes, and the commonality of mankind has been loth to apply here the same methods of gaining knowledge of God that are used in acquiring facts concerning the physical world. Man denies freedom of action to his intellect. He is born into a creed-bound world and is seldom inspired to break the bonds and demonstrate truth for himself. He attentively reads the Scriptures, but he does so with preconceptions acquired by the complaisant acceptance of interpretations handed down by the theologians of the past. The aphorism that spiritual things are to be spiritually discerned has for him no practical application because of his intellectual bias and limitations. Unwittingly he becomes confined in the narrow groove of scholasticism. Though his mind is active and his soul aspiring, intellectual and social environment holds him to conventional interpretations. His idealism is satisfied—his soul is at peace.

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In this fancied completeness there is no welcome for the offerings of science. The teachings of the modern evolutionist as to the cosmic processes are disdainfully refused a hearing; for man fears that such teaching aims to minimize God. To him things known are natural—on the world plane—while things unknown are divine. To his mind it is presumptuous and sacrilegious to bring the unknown—the divine—down to the level of the natural. From this status, the modern religionist defines God. Since man is a being of intellect and feeling, God is assumed to possess similar attributes, only in a higher degree; as man is vacillating and subject to change of purpose by petition, argument, and prayer, likewise God is changeable and susceptible to entreaty. Man entertains wrath and anger, and these passions are accordingly accredited to God. God is assumed to possess attributes, and from the standpoint of assumed relations is reasonably deemed an anthropomorphic being, above man, and unlike him only in possessing a greater degree of perfection.

Such views have the mighty support of naturalness, and took their rise in the first dawn of consciousness—in the necessary recognition of some power higher than man. That early man should have personified this power and localized it in the mightiest things of Nature—the wind, the ocean, the sun, etc. —was as natural as any other impulse in the early human life. From many gods, focalized in various elements of Nature, he has grown gradually to the substitution of one subsistent God, permeating and manifesting throughout all Nature. And this development and all its attending concepts, from polytheism to monotheism, have been a constant movement from cause to effect; an evolution—a part, indeed, of the eternal cosmic process.

The heretofore prevailing idea of God is the result of two operating factors; namely, first, an intellectual activity drawing its conclusions largely from the concrete, the presentations of the senses, and, second, an ever-growing and expanding

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ethical sense. The God idea as it stands in the present age may be likened to a plant grown from a tiny germ to a magnificent tree in full bloom. It is beautiful; it is fragrant, and in many particulars satisfying to the possessor; but the greater hope and prophecy remain unfulfilled—it has yet to bear fruit. If evolution in its latest and broadest sense is a fact—and all Nature proclaims it a fact—the God idea has not yet reached its full fruition. There is, indeed, prophecy of a great and glorious fruitage—a fruitage that will supply unnumbered wants and aspirations of the human mind and heart.

Can the mind look down prophetically along the vista of time and behold the new God and the new life that await humanity? It is possible to do so, provided the necessary conditions of such vision are observed. Are the conditions revolutionary or in any way onerous? No. They simply demand a *new, rational,* and *unprejudiced* attitude, which comprehends: (1) a freeing of the mind from the environing conventionalities of thought; (2) the rejection of preconceived notions and dogmas handed down from the medieval theologians, unless such are supported by one's own acquired or intuitional knowledge; (3) a willingness to allow the mind some scope in the realm of mental abstractions, and a realizing sense that the Infinite cannot be discerned by reference to, or comparison with, the concrete, or physical; (4) a consciousness of the value of idealizing, and an aspiration to realize the highest ideal; (5) a reverence for Truth, and a desire to know it; (6) an open and receptive state of the heart to the "still, small voice," and to such truths as are too refined and spiritual to enter into the consciousness through the intellect; and (7) a discriminating and enlightened faith.

When one has taken possession of some such detached viewpoint, has reverently communed with the great Nature about and beyond him, and has persistently inquired at the door of his own soul, he is irresistibly led to conclude that God is something more vast, fixed, and truly divine than the

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human mind has heretofore conceived. To the God-seeking soul thus untrammeled by the accumulated and hereditary error of the ages, there appears a new revelation—a revelation first glimpsed in historic times by Jesus of Nazareth, but which has subsequently been generally veiled from human understanding by idolatrous influences and tendencies begotten of creed, greed, and a bigoted dogmatism. This new revelation, first vouchsafed to the generality of mankind in the closing years of the nineteenth century, is the last great gift to man of rationalistic science—coöperating, it must be said, with a newly recognized intuitional sense that even now is and ever may be beyond the formulation and analysis of science.

And how stupendous is God as seen in this new revelation! How inadequate are the old, anthropomorphic, human-limited "He" and "His" in their application to Deity! God is indeed seen to be "All-in-all," fixed, unchangeable, and *impersonal.* As human intellect cannot cognize the Infinite, so no human vocabulary can furnish a word fully to express the God idea—an idea revealed to the soul partly through channels that are non-intellectual and need not word vehicles. Perhaps the most adequate terms, appealing to the cognition of intellect and expressive of so high an idea, are "The Absolute" and "The Great First Cause." The aspiring mind and heart, centered on these words, lead the seeking soul beyond the confines of personality, onward and inward to the great heart of Nature—the unchanging reality of all that is—the uncreate, subsistent Principle, involving all that human mind can be conscious of in the tangible world of matter or the intangible spheres of mind and spirit. This infinite Entity cannot be presumed to possess attributes, because, being Itself the Great First Cause, there are no anterior powers to confer attributes; therefore, God cannot be defined in common with man, as being wise, intelligent, good, etc.; but He is Himself the *Principle* of Wisdom, of Intelligence, of Goodness, etc.—the Source whence these qualitative elements of man are derived.

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God may be said to have a nature; and this nature encompasses, includes, and is identified with the abstract Principle whence are evolved to the conscious recognition of man all the mental and spiritual attributes that make for righteousness and wholeness (holiness), as well as the other manifestations of God as expressed in the physical universe. Thus, God-nature must be viewed as coeval with God. Whatever it is, it is as eternal in origin as is God, and must be conceived to inhere in the divine Entity. Hence, as God is infinite and perfect—a fact forced into our consciousness by the largest grasp of the idea of First Cause—so must God-nature be perfect. Now, one of the elements of God-nature is necessarily *Life*, and life implies action. God without life and resultant action would be a non-entity and unimaginable. From the premises of God-perfection it is deduced that God-life and God-action must be perfect; and herein is the startling implication that God-action is not vacillating or alternative. God must act according to His nature; His action cannot be the result of choice. Omniscience is above the necessity of choosing. Ignorance alone is the parent and user of choice.

Another inference deducible from the necessary perfection of God's nature is that the resultants, the creations of God-action, are perfect. The tangible and intangible creations of God must reflect His perfection; hence, we have as a corollary the fact that there can be no real tragedies in Nature. What the world calls error and evil are non-existent in reality, and, to the extent of their apparent existence, are the products of man's misjudgments and are related to man only. But it may be said, parenthetically, that even under such restricted view error and evil have ethical uses and are powerful factors in the spiritual evolution of mankind.

The properly conditioned mind, searching reverently without and within, discovers another element in the nature of God that is startling to the uninitiated. There is found to be a power, or rather a limitation, that apparently transcends God.

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It is the law of Necessity. But this is in reality God in another aspect—the aspect of Divine Necessity. Herein is revealed the fixedness of God. Every entity has necessarily a fixed, constitutional nature; and God, in truth, must be subject to God-nature. Such apparent limitation is but proof of God's perfection. To conceive God as a volitional Being is simply to deny his perfection and lower Him to the plane of human limitation.

Allow the mind to flash back to the remotest reach of imagination. No void of mere nothingness can be found. Such vacuity cannot even be imagined. But the projected consciousness realizes the presence of God—the limitless All-in-all. This consciousness is partly the product of an intuitional sense that baffles the power of language to convey the conception from one mind to another. Such comprehension of God as results from this sense comes through the medium of *spirit,* and must be spiritually discerned through the gateway of introspection. The intellect alone can but poorly and inadequately apprehend God; for God is the Absolute, and necessarily unfathomable by finite intellect. But man, spiritually in particular and physically in common with the physical universe, is related to God as effect to cause. Mediately or immediately, the ulterior cause must be identified with God—First Cause. On this law of Cause and Effect is predicated all that pure intellect may ever know of God. All phenomena witnessed are readily judged by the intellect to be the effect of some cause. Though observed effects are greatly varied and apparently infinite in number, it is found by tracing them back through the more or less numerous intermediary causes that they converge toward a final, common cause. Specifically, explosions, earthquakes, cyclones, volcanic eruptions, etc., are traceable to chemical affinity, gravitation, or some other unseen physical force. All phenomena of growth in the vegetable and animal kingdoms are referred back to vital force, supplemented by environment. Volitional action by animals

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and men is seen to originate in mentality. Higher than all these, on the plane of altruistic human life, there are observed the effects of some ethical force so refined and spiritual that the human intellect willingly concedes it to be the product of that greatest of God-reflections—Spirituality. So it is seen that all observed phenomena can be intellectually traced through a series of ulterior causes that gradually converge toward a center.

All the diversity of the universe is apparently referable to unseen physical, vital, mental, or spiritual forces. But what are these forces, and what is anterior to them? No mortal knows. But the logic of analogy leads us to believe that there is a further convergence, and but a step beyond is the one unseen Center of all—the incomprehensible Source of all that is. Incomprehensible? Certainly not to the extent of forbidding all approach to some definite conception of God. Even a conviction that God is incomprehensible differentiates the concept of the God-idea from other concepts, and to that extent gives us, in a sense, comparative knowledge. But if we cannot get near God, viewed as a whole, we can approach Him measurably through the media of His aspects. We see in the world the activity of life—the living; and we reasonably infer that the source of such living must be life—God is Life. Man is intelligent; God must be Intelligence. We are cognizant of substantiality; then God must be Substance. We see evidences of spirituality; if it exists, then God, as its Source, must be Spirit. We are conscious of a force, inherent in the nature of the universe and of man, a living, continuous force that makes for the betterment of man and his environment; its source must be the Good itself—God. And finally we find implanted in the human soul an ethical tendency, a responsive affection, a loving nature: man is loving—God is Love.

But what of matter? Is it the body of God? A physical body implies sides and face, form and limitation, relation to space. God is limitless, and hence cannot be imagined to have

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a body. As God is seen from all other viewpoints to be Spirit, not *a* Spirit, may not matter be analogously predicated on a like basis? Conceive a rod bisected—one-half cast away and the other half equally divided. Mathematically, this process could be continued *ad infinitum.* Practically, what would be the result of, say, the billionth bisection? Manifestly, nothing, as we know it, physically. Surely the halves of the last piece can have no more tangibility than mental concepts. They can exist only in the mind. May not, after all, the term "physical world" be a misnomer? Can we be quite sure that what we call the physical world *is* a physical world? We know that the densest matter is only another form of the most rarefied gas. May not another transmutation expand it to—Thought? Science does not oppose such a hypothesis. In fact she is now busily marshaling facts and arguments to prove it.

If, now, this foreshadowing of science be accepted as truth, it will be conceded that God involves all the seen and the unseen, and that all that is is an evolution from God; hence, all that is must be an emanation, a reflection, an expression of God, and must indicate God-nature to the extent and perfectness of such expression. Science has patiently traced these evolving expressions from the lowest to the highest. At the bottom she found chaos of matter; at the top she has just discovered—Religion. In her youth, Science was inexperienced and unskilful. She overlooked much, but latterly she has instituted a new investigation of the beginning of things, with the searchlight of broadened knowledge. In this newer exploration she has found law and order, even in primeval chaos; and, most glorious fact of all, she discovers there the seeds of a world-producing and world-redeeming Love. She names them Mutual Attraction and Chemical Affinity. Chemical affinity may have produced a kind of polygamous union; but, when two molecules came forth from chaos and joined themselves together by the power of mutual attraction, there was witnessed the first love-marriage of the universe. Other molecules came into

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the circle, and the first families, tribes, societies, and nations of molecular individuals were successfully founded in the realm of matter.

Thus Nature was organized by Divine Love. And if this power was necessary to organize worlds, how supremely necessary was it to the organization of later and more complicated forms of life! Biology informs us that love was not only a potential but an *active* ruling force in the first life-cell. History teaches that it has been an ever-increasing force, both qualitatively and quantitatively, in the development of human life. And ethics and sociology, as prophets of the future, tell us that Love is at work on the task of unifying all nations and establishing forever the brotherhood of men. It is a force that has brought forth from a mere bestial progenitor a mother and a father, and instituted among men a family, a home, a society. Without Love, Life itself would vanish from the earth within a generation. The old aphorism that self-preservation is the first law of Nature is challenged by modern science. With selfishness was born a twin brother—unselfishness. The struggle for life has been equally a struggle for self and for other selves.

God is law and order. He has manifested himself in an orderly, consecutive manner, through the physical, vital, mental, and spiritual, all higher manifestations being ever potential in the lower. Physical force has built countless glowing worlds from the materials of chaos. Its work is done. Henceforth it will be mainly occupied in keeping its machinery in order. Vital force has been the decorator of at least one of these worlds. It has had a tremendous task and apparently has been recklessly extravagant, as witness the fossil wrecks along the path of time. But, at last, it too has finished its work. It made unnumbered cells of protoplasm, grouped them, functioned them, and, after struggling for ages with many apparent failures, brought upon the scene the perfect and complete material manifestation of God—physical man. As to this planet,

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we are forced to the conviction that there will never be a higher creation than man. Organic evolution, therefore, has also finished its task. It has produced a physical being that has attained a *full harmony of environment.* Thus physical man culminates God's external manifestation. But there is a Man that marches on. It is the Man within the man. The mind and heart are the limitless fields wherein God is henceforth to be eternally manifested. Intellect and Love have now the joint obligation of leading the pilgrim spirit of man back to the Father—God. In other words, more concretely expressed, Science and Religion are the channels through which the eternal *push* shall lift man to his eternal godship.

True science and true religion are one in purpose; yet there is a distinction. Religion gives us ideals; science points the way to their realization. Religion enthrones Love; science approves the coronation and proposes a rational scheme of government. True religion is henceforth to be the normal dynamic of the growing and expanding Man within, and science shall be religion's regulator, arbiter, and poise. If it be desired to get a nearer and more specific view of the preëminent phases of these man-perfecting forces, we may substitute for science the word *Evolution,* and for religion the word *Christianity.* In the last analysis these are the wings on which man shall soar Godward. Their divine purpose is one and the same. Each is a method of creation. Each has the one purpose of making more perfect living human beings. Both do their work through the same medium—Love. Both have the same Author, the same end, the same spirit. Christianity did not drop like a bolt from eternity at the beginning of the Christian era. Its spirit was abroad in the world centuries before and recognized of men. The spirit of it is as old as Nature; but, like Evolution, its higher meaning has but recently come into the consciousness of man.

Man, having found himself, has the unique privilege of being the intelligent spectator of the evolutionary process of

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which he is the culminating point. Reason and intuition have at last explained to him his status in eternity. He understands. He realizes his dignity, knowing now for the first time that the universe has been in travail for ages to bring him forth. His greatest wonder is that he has wondered so little. The revelation fills him with new inspiration. He desires to be in harmony with Nature. Turning his eyes to the future, he gazes upon the Ascent of Man. What a glorious vision! Love is seen leading all the children of men to the Kingdom wherein God and man are eternally one.

THERE is a great deal more for medical students of the next century. We put into their hands indeed plenty of failures. We have failed to cure gout, asthma, rheumatism, cancer, consumption, and paralysis, without speaking of other "plaguey diseases" which afflict mankind. All that we can do at present is to recommend habits and diet which shall perhaps be preventive. We can cure none of these diseases. Will our successors prove more competent than ourselves?—*Sir Walter Besant.*

I HAVE had to do that in past days, to challenge Him through outer darkness and the silence of night, till I almost expected that he would vindicate his own honor by appearing visibly, as he did to Saint Paul and Saint John; but he answered in the still, small voice only, yet that was enough.—*Charles Kingsley.*

MAN postpones or remembers. He does not live in the present, but with reverted eye laments the past, or, heedless of the riches that surround him, stands on tiptoe to foresee the future. He cannot be happy and strong until he, too, lives with Nature in the present, above time.—*Emerson.*

IT is better to fall short of a high mark than to reach a low one.—*H. L. Payne.*

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HEARING AND DOING.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

Some college professors admitted to me some time ago that the world is turning more and more toward the search after health along mental or psychical lines, conceding that the more advanced students believe not only that health is obtainable through mental effort alone but that the time is near when great numbers of people will so seek thus to regulate their lives that human life shall be greatly prolonged. It is true beyond doubt that scientific minds are investigating this subject to-day as never before. Medical men may strive to side-track the issue by appealing to hypnotism or some other agency, but they are not succeeding to any marked degree.

The doctors make strenuous efforts to procure legislation prohibiting the practise of Mental and Christian Science, ostensibly because these schools are inimical to the public welfare but really because they tend to reduce medical incomes. Yet intelligent physicians everywhere are dispensing more and more with the use of drugs, and are confining themselves to the giving of advice as to diet and the making of hygienic suggestions.

My object in referring to this is to show that progress in the spiritual and psychic realms is undoubtedly being made; yet a still more encouraging fact is that very many people who formerly took regular mental treatment are now beginning to rely largely on their own efforts to keep well. This is as it should be, because we have a right to regulate our own health. We all have the power, but unfortunately we do not always use it intelligently. In order to control and direct the power of life, we must focus our attention upon it in the natural way, and not imagine that, if ill, five or ten minutes' effort will make us well and strong. The "age of miracles" has not yet arrived.

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Let us see how intelligence may be brought to bear on the different phases of this subject. In the first place, let us consider the morbid, or diseased, side of human life, in order to discover how we get into wrong conditions—because if we know this we may also learn how to get out of them: by retracing our steps.

The very best scientists in the world to-day no longer regard the brain as the generator of thought, but rather as an instrument through which thought acts. They recognize that thought is independent of the brain, though it acts upon it. The entire physical body is only one of our possessions, and is not by any means our greatest possession. We have the right to do with it as we will, so long as our authority is exercised in accord with law; that is, so long as the will is used to produce a *harmonious* effect upon the body, because if used otherwise the will is bound more or less to injure this house we live in.

A great many people suppose they are *thinking* when they are really doing nothing of the kind, but are using their brains to such a degree that an undue amount of blood is drawn to the head, where, becoming congested, it accelerates the vibrations of the upper portion of the body till the head is very hot and the feet are very cold. The physical effect produced here is the result of wrong thinking, not right thinking, which has never yet caused a congestion of any kind. Right thought cannot produce a rapidity of vibration that will result in an overheated head. When we refer to certain persons as being "hot-headed," we mean that they become angry easily, for anger is an emotion that drives the blood unduly to the brain. There is a very delicate part of the body called the mucous membrane, and when the rate of vibration is thus increased it becomes inflamed, the result being what is known as a "catarrhal" condition. Again, we are very sensitive as to what people say or think of us, and are frequently so affected by their words or thoughts that this membrane becomes similarly inflamed; more-

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over, we have a disturbance of the stomach, and we say it results from something we have eaten or drunk—but it means simply that we have allowed ourselves to be annoyed by what some one else has said or thought. No one can produce in us a wrong method of thinking unless we allow him to do it. Let us cease trying to shift the responsibility from our own shoulders onto those of some one else by insisting that another's failure to do this or that has caused our suffering; for it is a very poor excuse. We suffer for our own misdeeds, and when we lend ourselves to the sinful side of life we have a right to expect no other result. It rests with each individual whether he shall be related to the world about him in a strong and healthy way or in a weak and diseased way.

It is better to know the *truth* about these things—to face the whole truth—than to go on year after year laying the responsibility for our mental and physical conditions at the doors of other people or other things, when we ourselves are solely responsible. It is not enough to say that we are "negative," and that we "take on conditions" from others. If we are negative, it is because we have allowed ourselves to become so without reason. If wrong thought reaches us from other people, it is because we open wide our door and tacitly invite it to enter. We literally *call out* what others say or think of us. There is something within us that, coming in touch with the identical quality in other people, stirs it into activity. When this result does not follow, it means that we have risen above it. If it seems to come and has no effect upon us, we have proof that we are not one with it; that is, that we have no fondness for it. We do not like to have unkind things said of us by others; yet if we ourselves say unkind things we become one with that habit of thought and thus call forth just such remarks, which adversely affect us mentally, and therefore physically.

We become one with whatever we *love*. We become intimately related also to those about whom we say unkind things

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—to the unkind thought of the world—the converse of this proposition being equally true: if we love to say and do kind things, we are one with the good deeds and the good people of the world. And so it is with health, with wholeness; for health and wholeness, harmony and heaven, mean virtually the same thing. When a person is healthy he is harmonious. How many harmonious people are there in this world—people who can say that they are well in every part of their being—perfectly whole and perfectly harmonious in both mind and body? This is a question that I feel we all should ask ourselves. If we are not in full enjoyment of this state, it is time for us to begin to think about heaven right here and now—about health and harmony at the present time. What is the use in dragging out a miserable existence? If we are not harmonious in our own minds, and if our bodies are ill, where shall we find the happiness of life? We create our own heaven and are the authors of our own health. The power is God-given.

It is right that each and every individual should present his body whole and acceptable unto God, for this is his reasonable service. He should present a body whole to that higher part of his being which is the God part, so that this inner harmony may have its reflection in outer harmony—that the soul at peace and rest may show itself forth in peace and rest of mind and body. If we are not doing this, we are not living up to our highest knowledge of life. It is done by creating the desire first in mind, every wholesome thought leading to a mental condition in which we love to talk about health and strength and harmony in preference to sickness and disease and other disagreeable things. Thus do we become one with the healthy-minded, who show forth health in their bodies; but it must be accomplished by each individual for himself.

No mental healer is able to do more than to help his patient onto the true path, whereon he must walk unaided. Very often I have met people who had taken mental treatment and who

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for years had made splendid progress; yet a time came when the treatment seemed to have no beneficial effect. Why was this? The reason is plain. When a person comes to take treatment new desires and new impulses fill his mind and soul; but he does not always act upon them. Some, sooner or later, actually die to all knowledge of them. All mental and spiritual treatment has for its object the helping of people to help themselves, and if they refuse they must take the responsibility for whatever trouble may ensue. "For whosoever hath," said Jesus, "to him shall be given; but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath." If we have desire for a better and a stronger life, but make no effort to manifest or realize it, even that which we have shall be taken away. Hence do we find some who no longer derive benefit from treatment. The regaining of their health must come through knowledge of those obligations which they themselves assumed in the past.

There are people who go about with weak and diseased bodies, finding fault with everything and everybody with whom they come in contact. There is no New Thought about this course of procedure: it is the very oldest kind of thought. No true mental scientist takes that attitude toward anything. A true mental scientist is one who understands the principles and applies them. He may go to a metaphysical meeting every night, but if he fails to *act* upon the theories expounded he is not a mental scientist but a common "follower" of the New Thought; and, instead of being a help, he may become a hindrance more deterrent than an open enemy of the cause.

If we desire to be one with the New Thought we must accomplish this through our love for its teachings. Instead of wasting so much time in thinking of our own welfare, let us think of the welfare of others. The mind that is centered on thoughts of the personal good to be got out of life is sure to get the least good out of it. It is the one who in the right way thinks and cares for others that is going to get the most good.

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It is not our duty to carry others through life or to work out their salvation for them, but to show them the right way—to make their lives a little easier, a little happier, and a little better. If we are to become true followers of the New Thought movement, it is not enough to listen to some teacher for an hour or two, and then go away and think and talk about something else. This is not an act of love. It may make us feel good for the time being, but we are storing up for ourselves judgment; for with knowledge comes responsibility. If we are learning how to live and do not act upon our knowledge, we are simply storing up future troubles.

I think, perhaps, one of the most discouraging things that come into the life of the New Thought teacher is—not that people neglect to come, because an attendance may be secured anywhere; not that people do not listen attentively, because they do, and then often go away and omit to act upon the knowledge they have acquired; but—when you see certain ones come year after year and listen to lectures, all the time carrying about with them the elements of mental or physical weakness: you are inclined to ask yourself whether preaching after all is not in vain.

Each soul is a thought of God, and each thought is perfect; but are we giving due expression to it—are we properly working out that which God has inwrought? Are we *using* God's gifts and developing our God-given qualities? Thus only can we fulfil the perfect law. We cannot with impunity continue to listen and learn and then deliberately disobey, day after day, week after week, month after month, and year after year, the law of God as it is made clear to us. The way of life is not difficult. The way of health, strength, and happiness is not hard; it is, however, one that each individual must choose and tread for himself.

Whatever we see that is beautiful in this world, and whatever the heart desires—whatever is true, pure, and upright—let us become one with it by trying to be it and to love it.

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There is no other way. We can be what we will to be, but we must will it with both mind and heart. When we think and also *feel* we become one with the object of our attention. If our thought goes out to the good, the true, and the wholesome, we manifest these qualities in our lives; and if our thought goes out in divine love, we become one with eternal Love. If our thought goes out in loving-kindness toward all people, we become one with them. When the mind dwells on what the heart *feels,* we become one with that on which it dwells.

THE middle-aged man who has explored life to weariness and whom novels will no longer stir may find his sense of mystery and wonder excited anew by the account of discoveries in buried Egypt. Prof. Flinders Petrie, who has devoted his life to exploration of the soil and research into the history of that ancient land, completed last week a series of highly instructive and suggestive lectures at the Royal Institution. Long-buried tombs of ancient kings have been discovered and explored, and, although in nearly all cases these have been previously pillaged in the Roman age, enough of their contents remains unbroken or overlooked till now to afford ground for reconstructing, in outline at least, a wonderful and unsuspected civilization. When we are shown, for example, specimens of goldsmith's work dating from 4,750 years before the Christian era, which have never been surpassed since in technical skill, working of designs, variety of form, and perfection of soldering, we are sobered somewhat in our belief that the process of time means progress and that the present is the best and noblest era of civilization. We are proud, for instance, of the products of modern steam spinning and weaving. Yet the linen woven 6,000 years ago was finer in thread and closer in web than our finest cambric.—*London Outlook.*

LET us devote ourselves anew to the service of good will. Let us resolve, for the time to come, to be considerate of all, the present and the absent; to be just to all; to be kindly affectioned to all.—*N. L. Frothingham.*

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MY IDEAL MAN.

BY J. ELIZABETH HOTCHKISS, PH.D.

THE FINISHED WORK OF GOD IS A PERFECT MAN.

"Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."—*Eph. iv., 13.*

Q. Describe the ideal personage who in your imagination has all the attributes of a perfect man—what is your ideal man?

A. My ideal man is above all a manly man. He is never effeminate, but always true to his manhood. He is a man of sound health both in mind and body and always harmonious in temperament.

He has strength, endurance and vigor. There is good cheer in his very presence, and he radiates sunshine.

He has stamina, vitality, firmness, courage and nobility of character.

He is temperate and observes moderation in all things.

He is willing to grow and to unfold graciously all the latent powers of his soul.

He is not only a thinking man but a thoughtful man.

He sees the good rather than the reverse side of life and is given more to praise than to blame.

His very being makes the world more beautiful.

He is a man of self-respect, self-reverence and self-control.

He is pure in thought, word and deed.

He has a dominant will expressed in terms of gentleness, —in brief he is a gentle-man.

His will is always informed by judgment.

He is absolutely free from bias or prejudice.

He would never condemn any subject which he had not taken the trouble to investigate.

He knows his own limitations.

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He is able to recognize a distinction without antagonism.

His mind is inclusive rather than exclusive, though always selective.

He stands on his own ground, knows the value of time and opportunity, is fearless in overcoming obstacles, and can await the outcome of any issue with calmness, patience, perseverance and fortitude.

He is a cosmopolite not alone in the fact that he may have traveled from land to land; but, though he may never have stepped foot on foreign soil, he is able to identify himself with all humanity in its joys, its hopes, its fears, its sorrows and its aspirations, and with a whole mind, intent upon correcting its errors, alleviating its sufferings and healing its afflictions.

In his business relations he is always true to his word.

He abhors debt and shuns all ventures based upon doubtful speculation or inflation of values.

He nevertheless is willing to contribute his intelligent co-operation toward the up-building of a well planned and promising enterprise.

He is governed by motives neither of egoism nor altruism but preserves a just balance between the two.

Neither selfishness on the one hand nor undue sympathy on the other ever causes him to forget his obligation toward humanity in the exercise of compassionate wisdom.

In law he is a judge administering justice.

In politics he is independent, using the machinery of political organization only for advancing the good of the community.

For him principles are greater than issues.

He is a surgeon in the sense that, when occasion demands, he can be cruel to be kind.

He is a physician, "a healer of the nations."

In religion he is undenominational, recognizing the "one universal good" only as it is realized in the Supreme Good.

He commands respect because he respects himself.

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He secures attention because he gives attention.

He never intrudes upon the rights of others and permits no intrusion upon his own.

There is a sacredness in his life.

He holds a reserve ground upon which none can trespass.

He is a man who has passed through isolation.

He knows what it is to be alone and to bear the burden of solitude in patience.

He is not afraid of his own company and never runs away from himself.

He can stand alone and forget himself in administering to the needs of the afflicted.

He is proof against all extraneous influence.

He beholds the world through a thousand eyes, but all are single to the one purpose of redemption.

He is a reformer only of himself and that for the sake of a greater and a better race.

He knows his own mind, thinks his own thoughts, accepts the authority of books and traditions only as they offer a fruitful suggestion.

From every experience of life he derives an instructive lesson.

He is just before he is generous, and holds discretion as the better part of valor.

He reveres Love, Wisdom and Judgment.

He wins love because he loves.

He honors woman for holding her standard high.

He neither condemns nor condones the man or woman who falls below that standard.

He is merciful and just.

He believes the best of woman's infinite possibilities.

He knows that work is the only cure for worry; that economic independence for both man and woman is the only door to freedom; and a just appreciation of values the only door to contentment.

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He is willing that a woman shall develop all her powers and become all that she is capable of being.

He is not content himself to be anything less than the perfect measure of his manhood.

He reveres womanhood, not for its weakness but for its strength; though capable of infinite tenderness toward all who are weak or oppressed.

He coördinates woman's intuition with his own intellect and coöperates with her for their mutual good.

He holds love far above and apart from all magnetic or hypnotic attractions.

He is willing to renounce love for love's sake, or likewise to reclaim love for love's sake.

He is unwilling to possess or to be possessed by any other human being.

He is an individual and aims to establish individuality in others.

He regards all organizations as secondary to the one living Human Organism.

He never allies himself with the disintegrating institutions.

To him the Real Science of Life is to be faithful and of a true heart.

He is loyal, with the certainty of directness and consistency.

He stamps upon the imagination the imprint of his Ideality: the most sublime faculty of the Divine Being, operative in the Heart of God or in the mind of man.

He is willing to accept nothing less than the realization of his ideal in wifehood and motherhood.

So long as he meditates, in his heart, upon the likeness of one who is only a complement of himself—that which merely flatters him as a pleasing picture in the imagery of his own soul—he will fail to attain to the fulness of the Christ dimension; but, when he is willing to recognize The Divine Feminine, as supplementing him, in all the qualities that are neces-

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sary to fill out the perfect stature of his manhood; when he is willing to acknowledge her distinct individuality without permitting this distinction to become a cause for differences between them; with admiration mutually awakened by the intuitive perception of merit, she will supply all the deficiencies of his own nature; thus, forming by voluntary compact a bond of sympathy, a strong feeling of comradeship, and an enduring love.

If he still refuses to accept anything less than a perfect whole in the unity of their lives, this courageous determination will bring him the fulfilment of his heart's desire, and she will be to him all that he needs for a helpmate.

When these two individuals have awakened to their re-atonement they manifest, on this earth, the Righteousness of the Kingdom of God and heaven is another name for happiness.

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace."

He has only to see her clearly, in the pure white light of sacred love, and she draws words of wisdom from his lips.

Henceforth "his voice is thunder and his word is law."

"MANY people cry out for liking, for recognition, for admiration, and consider it a cold, unfeeling world that fails to respond; while the truer life would be to seek such achievements of character and services as to be worthy of the love and admiration they craved."

I KNOW of but one elevation of a human being, and that is elevation of soul. Without this it matters nothing where a man stands or what he possesses; and with it he towers, he is one of God's nobility, no matter what place he holds in the social scale.—*Channing.*

HE who would write a heroic poem must make his whole life a heroic poem.—*Milton.*

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TOLERATION.

BY C. H. WOODWARD.

Sweet herald of the New Time's dawn,
  Thy sway shall never wane,
But as the sweep of years rolls on
  Shall strength and favor gain.

Crownéd ruler of the Western world,
  Peace sits enthroned with thee;
Where Freedom's flag thou hast unfurled
  Thou guardest liberty.

Thy kingdom is the mind of men;—
  His mercy, love, thy power;
His will and hope, thy might doth span,
  And harmony's thy dower.

Enslavéd Thought thy hand has freed,
  And man communes with God;
His knowledge, but alone his creed,
  His conscience chast'ning rod.

Instead of force to fix men's rights,
  The law, thy servant, rules;
While justice, with her streaming lights,
  Forbids the strife of fools.

The bloody horrors of stern war
  Thy rule has blotted out,
And reason wields the wand of power
  The sword usurped in doubt.

Proud progress wings her upward flight
  In steady course and true;
No faltering pinion mars her flight,
  As it was wont to do.

Time tests the worth of every ware,
  Reviewing naught in vain;
Where gilt and glitter make all fair,
  Time shows the rust and stain.

O Toleration!—love of God!—
  Bring universal peace;
Let blood no more paint red earth's sod:
  Let war forever cease.

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PARADOXES OF LIFE.

BY EDWARD A. PENNOCK.

Some of the greatest truths about life come to us in a form that is paradoxical. In fact, the highest thought about life itself is a paradox. On the physical plane there is no health and growth for the body without constant breaking down of cells and tissues—of the very organized forms of matter of which the body is composed. On the spiritual plane it seems that we come into consciousness in order that we may develop individuality; yet we are taught that the ideal is to lose our life, or rather to let some other life larger than our own come in and displace the personal element. "As dying, and behold, we live; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things." So in every phase of the complex life of an aspiring, growing soul, the challenge of a paradox is met; and we are called upon to prove them, that we may know the way of truth.

The ages have wrestled with these problems. It may help us to review some of this paradoxical philosophy and look at it in the light of the New Thought. Take the old, old question of free-will and destiny, which enters into every philosophy and every religion that has ever been given to the world—and rightly so, because it is quite fundamental. It makes some difference which position we assume, and from which standpoint we think and act. But if there is absolute predestination, can it make any difference how we think and act? Would not each thought and act be a part of our destiny—therefore beyond our own control? But this relegates man to a place as mechanical as the crystal. No; this will not satisfy the idea of personality, which is the exclusive possession of man, distinguishing him from all the rest of creation. The individual man

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is evidently not merely a brain and nervous system, on which externals act and which reacts on them. The person is distinctly a new factor, a different order of being, of which consciousness is the peculiar characteristic. This consciousness involves sensibility and a will—the power to choose and act; otherwise there is no meaning to life, no morality in it, no value in experience. Every day and every hour the will is met with alternatives of conduct, and it must choose between them. The very fact that we do choose, and do act, establishes the necessity of a belief in freedom. This freedom is at once our glory and our shame, for it involves the power to do right and the power to do wrong; otherwise we are not free and can scarcely justify God. His omnipotent goodness is not so evident unless we give man a share in the responsibility.

But what of omnipotent goodness in a world of free souls? Is not there a contradiction here? How can we reconcile an almighty Will that makes for righteousness with countless free and individual wills that very often choose unrighteousness? We wish to believe in the freedom of man. In order to establish it, can we afford to let go of an overruling goodness? No; the soul cries out for it. The universe must be moral, else pessimism is true. Our highest instincts demand a "divinity that shapes our ends," and shapes them ever in wisdom toward the better life. Here, then, is the paradox. In the last analysis, we are free only so far as we choose the righteous life. In countless alternatives, we may choose wrongly. Through age-long experience we may suffer, as we run against the immutable moral order. Meantime we rail against a cruel fate. There is no real freedom for us. But when, finally, the light breaks in upon our imprisoned souls and we see the truth, then comes the glorious liberty of the sons of God. We find a true and ever-progressive freedom in obedience to the universal purpose. We find that this brings us all we desire, with ever-lessening friction and suffering—with ever-increasing coöperation in the creation of a better world.

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Philosophically, then, we have found the solution of our paradox. We have found that there is no real contradiction, but that the two sides of it are only the parts of one harmonious whole. But experimentally we shall probably find abundant evidence still of some contradiction. The self-will and the divine will are not always clearly differentiated. We shall have numerous temptations; we shall make mistakes. But, having once decided which will we shall serve, we must seek wisdom to help us to discriminate. "There is a guidance for every one, and by lowly listening we shall hear the right word." The important thing is the motive. Beyond that, we have God-given powers for our use. We must use our judgment, compare values, determine tendencies, and choose the course that presents the weight of evidence in favor of its being in accordance with the divine purpose. I do not say that it is easy to avoid mistakes. To live divinely is no trifle; it is worthy the consecration of all our powers—and such we must give it. The extreme of self-renunciation is just as mistaken as the opposite extreme of selfishness. The middle course alone presents the opportunity for the fullest life. If we will walk in that way, we must live the serenely poised life; we must listen, learn, experiment: yet must we also act with the consciousness of love and wisdom and power. We must not fear mistakes nor live in dread of them. If they come, they are but transitory. The brave soul learns the lesson in these and presses forward to build some success on the ruins of the failure. Thus, by doing the will, we learn of the doctrine; and ever stronger and surer and freer the self-will becomes, in its relation to the divine fate that is shaping the universe.

Closely associated with the paradox we have just been considering is the one of activity and quietism. If our wills are to become one with the Divine Will, and if this at-one-ment involves a contemplation of God, the things of the spirit, and the inner life, is there any place for strenuousness? Let us see if the two positions are absolutely opposed and irreconcila-

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ble. One of the bottom planks of the New Thought philosophy is that all health, happiness, peace, and power come from within. We have quoted, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you," as the highest statement of the divine law. We have said: Get your thoughts and ideas right, and all other things will shape themselves accordingly. We have so emphasized the inner realm as being the realm of causes, and therefore of remedies, that this one thing alone differentiates ours from all other present methods of healing disease, of curing sin, and of effecting social reforms. Let us not depart from it; it is fundamental and radical. Those who have sincerely accepted this truth, and have lived it, know the joy, the freedom, the abundant life thus revealed in the soul; and through this knowledge they are freed from the sensations, the self-interest, the fears, beliefs, and pleasures that have so long held them in bondage to matter. Insight and guidance come to them; they are no longer perplexed; they know the way.

Surely, no higher experience can come to one than this, wherein we lay aside the limitations of finitude and take on the glories of infinity. But is it more than an experience? Is it all of life? Can we wholly escape the limitations, the finite relations and activities, that press upon us in this world of time and space? Ought we to seek escape from them, when there is so much we can *do* to help those about us? Monasticism thought so, and sought the highest life in retirement from the world. Mysticism in its extreme forms thought so, and found its chief occupation in the peaceful contemplation of the one glorious Spirit. The Vedanta, the pure idealism of Berkeley, and Christian Science have reached the same practical result through their teaching that all external things are simply Mâyâ, or illusion. The extreme *laissez-faire* evolutionists have come to the same conclusion by making evolution their Absolute, and saying, "We can do nothing; leave it all to evolution."

But the intellect is not satisfied to have so many facts ex-

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cluded from the premises and relegated to the domain of illusion. Nor are such teachings in accordance with the highest ideal of man's place in the world as a free, self-conscious individual, sharing in a creative power and purpose that are ever making for better conditions and a fuller life here and now. Judge them by their results when applied consistently to the extreme, and they have given us abundant fruit, not of the Spirit surely, but of a dreamy inactivity, a self-satisfied repose, an unsympathetic selfishness, a weary waiting for the Infinite to manifest Himself. Doubtless we all have comfortable friends who say that "all is good" and "there are no poor." We have seen the believers in universal illusion quite busy in looking after the material stuff that their dreams are made of. We know too well the cry of "*Laissez-faire!*" We see those who wait for the guidance of the Spirit so much that they never *do* anything really spiritual. Bliss Carman has described in his own trenchant way "the debauchery of mood." "Our fathers made duty their priestess; we have made of mood a god." Flabby subserviency to this fickle master becomes a paresis, a growing paralysis, of all that is noblest in man.

On the other hand, I am not arguing for the busy tinkering with externals that has so long characterized reform methods. The anxious struggle for results leaves out of account the great First Cause, and is not, therefore, inclusive. Of Quixotic endeavors, fanatical crusades, and multiplicity of laws, we have had too much. Civilization by the Gatling gun is our present national policy, and strenuousness sits in the Vice-President's chair.

Between the two extremes, the earnest idealist stands almost bewildered, and perchance conscience makes a coward of him and "the native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." But the philosopher comes to his aid and says: "Behold a paradox. Both are true, and he alone lives the fullest life who chooses the synthetic ideal." The calm, peaceful life of the Spirit must be the soul of all action;

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and just as much is action needed to make the silence dynamic and full of meaning. Swedenborg has emphasized for us the great truth of the divine influx—the divine Love and Wisdom flowing into the soul of man: love the power, and wisdom the guidance. Both are necessary. At the same time he has emphasized equally the great doctrine of *use*—that things are of value only as they are used. Emerson has emphasized self-reliance, the truth that each man stands for a particular fact that no one else can represent so well. Likewise he has given us "The Oversoul," an inspiring conception of man's relation to the Infinite. Both these seers recognized the unity between the two extremes.

First establish in your consciousness the relation between the Oversoul and your own higher self. Then, with purposeful self-affirmation, consecrate that self and all its powers to strenuous activity in the field that is best adapted to you. But through it all must one keep to moderation. The ecstasy of the Deific vision needs to be converted into wise and masterful and poised action. Enthusiastic, yet sensible; spontaneous, yet not without a purposeful will and choice; at ease, yet zealous. "More and more the surges of everlasting Nature enter into me, and I become public and human in my regards and actions," says Emerson. Let the revelation of silent communion show us the ideal. This revelation will be continuous, progressive, but always in accord with an underlying Harmony, which wills that righteousness and wholeness and peace shall come upon the earth. Let us patiently, prayerfully, persistently, thoughtfully devote ourselves to this ideal and grow into it. Not content with ourselves nor with the social order, but ever conscious of a better, let us coöperate with the Power that is working through us and through all men.

One other great paradox may well claim our attention, for it follows in orderly sequence the two we have just considered. Assuming that man is created with a capacity for freedom and for development into a conscious sharer in the divine creative

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energy, is there any place for self-sacrifice? Is there not a direct antagonism between self-development, the enlargement of self, and self-sacrifice, the belittling of self? The need for development seems fundamental. Even if we adopt the Vedanta teaching, we must admit that there is at least a growth in consciousness, or perhaps I should say in the unconsciousness of the personal self. A certain element of progress the soul demands for itself. We want more of something than we have now, even if that something be the total extinction of desire. In the inclusive philosophy that we have been pursuing in this paper, we would say, then, that the very fact of personality implies the necessity of development, and that since we have freedom of choice we may more or less direct that development. If we choose ignorantly against the working of universal Law, we suffer, and through that suffering we may or may not learn wisdom. When the reality of a universal law is borne in upon us through some revelation of truth, and we begin to choose more wisely, then do we grow with less suffering. Our desires, our deficiencies, our sufferings, our ideals —all are compelling us to move on.

Somewhere, away back in the childhood of the world, there was implanted, not only in man but in the animals as well, a conception of the necessity and beauty of self-sacrifice. Drummond has done us a great service by clearly pointing out that factor in evolution which he calls "the struggle for the life of others." John Fiske has put self-sacrifice beside love and calls them cosmic roots. Anything that is so universal must be right. But just what relation does it bear to self-development, which we also conceive to be right? There are certain marked contrasts, as Prof. Palmer has shown us. Self-culture begins with a sense of fulness. It delights in having that it may give. Self-culture seeks to hold on to what it has and add more. Self-sacrifice is entirely the opposite. We must conclude, then, that the two are parts of one harmonious whole. Self-culture recognizes the need of development and seeks to

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add to the power of the individual. Self-sacrifice recognizes that no development can continue without the use of what we have; but, far more than that, it recognizes that we are incomplete so long as we do not share in that Divine Love that gives freely of its infinite richness. Self-sacrifice, then, is the most powerful form of self-assertion, because it is the assertion of the Divine Self. It can be healthy only when it springs from the realization that each individual holds in trust goodness to be expressed, that the individual life is the social life and not a thing apart. It is unhealthy when it is prized for its own sake. Asceticism sees virtue in the belittling and denying of self. True sacrifice is self-consecration and is done *for* something, and that something must have deserving value. The old thought was, "What must I do to be saved?" The new thought is, "What can I do to save the world?" Self-denial is passing away; we are coming to the fervid expression, "For their sakes I sanctify myself."

Sacrifice is too often distorted from a virtue to a vice or a weakness. It is often the fruit of pride, the very essence of selfishness. Again it is born of indifference and entirely lacking in dignity. Says Maeterlinck: "It is, as a rule, far easier to sacrifice self—to give up, that is, our moral existence to the first one who chooses to take it—than to fulfil our spiritual destiny; to accomplish, right to the end, the task for which we were created. It is easier far, as a rule, to die morally, nay even physically, for others, than to learn how best we should live for them." Ruskin has said: "Among the many apparently beautiful things which turn through mistaken use to utter evil, I am not sure but that the thoughtlessly meek and self-sacrificing spirit of good men must be named as one of the fatalest." It becomes evident, then, that there is something more fundamental than either self-development or self-sacrifice. That something is to discover once for all the highest conception of ourselves and to yield to it. Once knowing that our highest end as a free, self-conscious instrument of divine

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Power is to express more and more of Love and Wisdom, we are concerned neither with self-development nor with self-sacrifice. Again hear Maeterlinck: "Let the humblest of men, therefore, never cease to cherish and lift up his soul. Sacrifice never should be the means of ennoblement, but only the sign of our being ennobled. As the soul becomes loftier, sacrifice fades out of sight and all is merged in love. A strenuous soul never ceases to take, though it be from the poorest; a weak soul always is giving, even to those that have most. Often we should find, it may be, if reckoning were kept by a God, that in taking from others we give, and in giving we take away. Often indeed will it so come about that the very first ray of enlightenment will descend on the commonplace soul the day it has met with another which took all that it had to give."

Here again, then, we halt before the paradox and say, "How shall I avoid both Scylla and Charybdis?" As we have seen before, the safe way is in moderation. The object of our sacrifice must be the most important part of ourselves, regarding the self always as the larger, the conjunct, the social self. The soul of sacrifice is spontaneity, yet we must sometimes hesitate and compare values. At all times listen to the heavenly voice; never lose sight of the heavenly vision; and, as we grow more into a consciousness of our divine relationship and destiny, the expression of both wisdom and love becomes easier, more natural. Therein is the balanced use, the fullest use of infinite Power.

In starting this discussion we assumed that the ethical life presents certain paradoxes. We were forced to do this because neither fatalism nor pantheism was satisfactory. The one presents man as a machine; the other offers us man as the Absolute. The one is abhorrent to our intuition; the other affronts our intellect and reason. We are forced, therefore, to accept the facts of the world, time, space, experience, and progress, because we are not satisfied to declare them all to be illusion. In considering the paradoxes that meet us from this point of view,

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we have discovered certain similarities running through them all, by means of which we were enabled to find a satisfactory solution for them. We first chose to solve the paradox of our spiritual life and destiny by formulating an ideal of man as a "free citizen in the moral republic of God." We chose this because it seemed to offer the most inspiring possibilities for the realization of freedom, joy, and power through a unification of the human will with the Divine Will, to the end that righteousness may prevail. We saw, therefore, that freedom and fate are not contradictory, but the two sides of one harmonious whole. We avoid the perplexities of the paradox by first learning our divine destiny and relationship, and then honestly, earnestly seeking in moderation and balance more and more to express that relationship in our lives. In the second paradox, that of activity and quietism, we may believe with David Starr Jordan that "the law of love is not the abrogation of the law of struggle; it represents a better way to fight," and with Emerson that "the world belongs to the energetic man." And yet we know the folly of effort and of energy, unless a man has a true conception of the source and purpose of his power. In the silence of all flesh, we learn this truth; in the world we express it. The two are parts of one, and the law of moderation preserves unity and sanity. Self-sacrifice and self-development in like manner become parts of one realization, *viz.*, that we have love and wisdom and power to express and that we must give and take, preserving the balance by fidelity to our ideal and by unselfishly seeking the truth.

Perhaps, then, I might venture to generalize and to suggest a method that will solve all the paradoxes of life. Briefly, it is this: (1) I assume a Fact. I am the custodian of life—a life of thought and feeling. The supreme virtue is not to yield up that life, but to seek the fullest, the most inspiring ideal, and offer my life to it. (2) The Ideal. My ideal includes a universal Law, working on, in, and through human instrumentalities, for the coming of heaven on earth. My highest privilege

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is to coöperate with the Law in its creative power. (3) The Method. I will best serve that ideal by trusting it fully and living up to the highest conception of it that I am capable of applying in my life to-day; and I shall ever seek to learn more wisdom and acquire greater love for its application in my relations with my fellows. Finally, there is no conflict in this application between the inner and the outer, between self and neighbor, between the individual and society. One correlates the other in the great Harmony, which includes all the facts of life. The exact method of application I must decide for myself, according to my own abilities, and each other must do likewise. But the life of the Spirit, becoming first individual in me, becomes also social, and goes out in constructive coöperation with humanity, in justice, sympathy, devotion, and love.

THE soul, by its very constitution, is near to God, and lives in and from him. God is not afar off, but here with us, permeating our very being, and communicating strength, wisdom, and peace, according to our willingness to receive him.—*H. W. Bellows.*

OUR private sorrows will look smaller when we accustom ourselves to care for the larger life of the world, for the good of the community, for the public welfare, for the spread of truth and righteousness among mankind.—*Charles G. Ames.*

LET this at least be laid up in our hearts as certain, whatever may remain doubtful—that duty to God is filial devotedness; that duty to man is in the brotherly affection that desires to bless him and to do him good.—*John Hamilton Thom.*

RIGHT is right, in all simplicity; and either the teachings of the great prophets are false, or they are to be reckoned with daily in all the common affairs of human life upon the earth.—*W. J. Jupp.*

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LIFE THOUGHTS.

BY A. A. HAINES.

I. An Old Cathedral Song.

It was dim in the great cathedral; the shadows were growing long, when the organist slowly mounted the stairs that lead to the organ-loft.

On the old man's face a longing lay; a drear loneliness looked out through tired eyes; and as his fingers roamed the banks of keys he forgot, and into a dream his heart strayed.

On the air rose a low, sweet murmur of tall, old singing pines; of water falling gently in mossy, shallow ways; a hum and buzz and droning through seas of yellow grain; and in the corn-rows the night wind whispered and the long stalks swayed. A voice came lazily calling the cattle on the hill, and little bells faintly tinkled as the herd wound down the hill.

The birds chirped round the organ; they twittered and whirred 'neath the eaves, and the thrillings rang through the arches as if they were the trees. They sang of haunts in forests old where the light steals dim and gray; of swerving streams they loved to skim, that laughed through meadows wide. They trilled the joy of tree-tops tall, the bliss of azure heights, till the echoes flung the rapture back out of the shadowy gloam.

Then a rare sweetness crept into the music and wedded the joyous notes as they softly sang of the minstrels hidden deep in the green of the boughs—the bards, wee and downy, that were learning to tell of the dawn. It seemed as if all the sweetness, all the love throughout the world, had stolen through the dusky light into that cathedral old.

But as the light faded the songs were slowly hushed, and the last faint trilling ceased when the shadows passed into the

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night. Through the hush and the darkness came the sound of a far-off roll, the dash of rushing water, a glimpse of sandy shore—of rocks and torn, gray cliffs. The sound increased in volume till it became a mighty roar that thundered through the arches and shook in the great wide nave. It broke into chords big and crashing that seemed to flash with light; and in echoing aisles it muttered long as if telling that ancient secret, shrouded within the storm.

But in lingering diminuendos the shock and rumble ceased and a silence deep and hushful breathed through the heavy gloom. Upon the brooding stillness came low crescendo chords that whispered of the splendor that comes when the day is born, and slow across the darkness a gray-white glory rolled. It deepened and darkened and took on a glow of red, that crept along big purple heaps and left broad ruby roads. The broken bits of night it seized and wrapped in rosy veils; and in far-off fields of blue it caught huge shadows full of gloom, and softly spread about them a maze of glittering gold. On ragged, gray edges it threw strong glints of white, and o'er the whole horizon it moved until there was a sea of light.

Then up from the ocean of splendor a round radiance slowly rose, and all the world seemed hailing that long-expected dawn—the trust, the love, the rapture of the celestial morn.

The cathedral lay in the moonlight; in the organ-loft all was still; but the music was in the old man's heart, and the dreamer lived his song.

II. The Garden of the King.

There is a wonderful garden that is hidden from truthless eyes, where no night steals through the shadows and the light neither withers nor blinds. Within its gates no sorrow dwells; no storm can cross the walls: it is the place where walks the King—the Eden of the soul.

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The light shining there is wisdom—on towering heights it falls; about them no cloud or mist by earthly name is rolled. The paths of the garden are terraced, and flowered with countless joys; upward they stretch and upward—forever beyond they lead. A glimpse is caught by the poet and is set like a pearl in his song; sometimes the light from some lofty peak falls into the lover's dream.

A calmness moves through the garden, whose source is immortal peace; and the sounds there are noiseless knowings that are rooted in soundless truth. Fadeless, undying are its flowers—their fragrance is the woof of visions and holy dreams; 'neath the hand that plucks them is a never-ceasing bloom. The loveliest flower in the garden is of transcendent hue; from a calyx of light its petals rise, dripping with golden dew. It blends its sweetness with every flower and whispers its wondrous charm; a touch of its beauty gives a glory to every bud and bloom. Though everywhere its charm is felt, the substance is unknown; its being no eye hath ever seen—only the perfume is known.

This fragrance breathes through the earth sometimes; then mortals fashion names. Some have called it Charity; others say it is Love. Though it wears innumerable forms as it moves through the restless world, its grace and sweetness in every age have always been the same.

The roads that lead to the garden where walks the silent King are many—many as there are hearts. But, alas! the road is often missed through the din of erring thought. Though the thought be true and steadfast, yet thought is not the path; thinking is only the footfall of the pilgrim on the pass.

He that hath found a pathway, he who is on the road, has fixed his heart immovable in the search for hidden truth. A desire so strong and constant lives within his soul that it peers through every action, and his thoughts it molds and stamps. No stooping, craven beggar, no crawling human worm with earth's dust and slime upon him, is ever on the road. The voice

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of the true pilgrim contains no pauper note; for he knows the King has given, and the gifts lie in every soul. His eyes are raised to mountain-heights toward which the path ascends; the royal passport he is weaving—he is giving the King his heart.

He tunes his will to the Will Supreme and listens for the noiseless chord; slowly he follows the unseen Guide—the only intelligence he knows. In eternal justice he believes, in beginningless, endless Love; that these are the heartbeats of the universe, though oft it does not seem. With every soul he feels at one, for each is the King's own child; in eternity each is fixed and will some time reach a throne. In form alone he finds no kin, for true kinship is of soul; but he hears within each passing form a note of the Master's song.

He cons the world's gray book of life, and reads there o'er and o'er that sorrow through the dark door of ignorance steals, or glides through the bright gates of sin; that the wayward one ever places himself within the sound-shadow of the voice of truth. So he keeps upon the roadway striving to be calm and true, not far from other travelers who are hidden by earthly view: but he often hears their voices and knows their goal is his; that they seek that wondrous garden, but all by different roads. Every heart that is broad and loving, all that are strong and true are journeying along some sure path that leads to the King's highway.

The gates of the garden swing wide; they open night and day to him who has woven his passport—who has made the road his life. He enters the royal garden but he does not forget, for the memory of other travelers lives like a blossom within his heart. He calls to his brother pilgrims who are still upon the path, and they hear the strong voice calling and leap onward to the heights. The fragrance floats down the pathway; the light streams through the gate; and they know they are near the garden, that they will find the King—the Maker and the Keeper, the goal of every soul.

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MATA THE MAGICIAN.

By Isabella Ingalese.

CHAPTER XIX.

LITTLE MATA.

Suddenly an intense desire came over me to see my child, and I went to the nursery. The nurse sat dozing in her chair beside the swinging basket in which the little one was lying. Turning back the silken cover, I looked at the human mite that had caused me—as I believed—all this misery. It was sleeping, and its beauty was something rare. Its little head was perfectly shaped, and what seemed most strange to me was the fact that it was thickly covered with rings of yellow hair of the same shade as that of its dead mother. In all my professional experience I had never seen anything like this. Its lashes were long and dark, and in every feature it seemed indeed a miniature Mata.

"But this is a female body," I mused; "how could Guru use it for his own? And yet he promised that he would."

It was a mystery too deep for my poor dizzy brain to solve, and I abandoned the task. With my finger I touched the baby's cheek. She stirred and opened her eyes. In the dim light I could not see their color, but I knew they were large and dark and prayed that they would be like my lost darling's. Suddenly a wave of loving protection streamed from my bursting heart toward this helpless little one, who was no larger than a doll; and somehow when that new feeling was born the old resentful one died, and I realized my true position.

"Yes," I said, "your coming has cost your mother her life; but you are *ours,* and I shall protect you. For your sake I will take up this tangled thread of life and go on winding the ball to the weary end. Sometimes the tangled snarl seems impossible to undo; again it is dragged in the mire and is trodden

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upon by the feet of the passers-by—but I will wind, wind, wind it to the end. Oh, God! How can I, and why?"

* * * *

At last dawn was breaking, and, as I stood at the window in the library and watched the fiery orb of day appear, it seemed a monstrous, unwinking eye, gazing with unpitying indifference upon the world's happiness and misery. And as if a voice were whispering in my ear, these words came to my mind:

"He—as well as you—is governed by the great Law which men call God. That Law is Consciousness Universal. It rules all things, from the largest planet swinging in boundless space to the tiny atom too small to be visible to your eyes. By It nothing is ever forgotten; nothing is ever overlooked. For—

> "It thinks, and suns spring into shape;
> It wills, and worlds disintegrate;
> It loves, and souls are born.
> And death is only Its wise way
> Of changing budded lives to blossoms—
> Of turning night to day."

The words seemed to calm the wild rebellion in my heart, and I bowed my head in reverence and in recognition of this truth.

At eight o'clock the doctor, who had remained all night at the house, sent a servant with the request for an interview, and I went down to the parlor to meet him. He offered to relieve me of all responsibility of the funeral by securing the services of an undertaker and also by directing the burial ceremonies.

"Buried!" I exclaimed, with a shudder. "Oh, I *cannot* have her buried!"

"But what will you do?" he asked.

The thought of putting that precious form into the ground to be consumed by worms was horrible. No; it must be cremated, and the ashes put into an urn and placed beside her

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grandfather's in the sacred apartments. I declared that the body should be taken to Buffalo for cremation, and that the funeral services at my house would be omitted.

"What will the people think?" my friend inquired, in surprise. "Your wife was highly respected and deeply loved. You occupy a prominent position in society. Have you no regard for public opinion?"

"Not the least," I replied. "Public opinion in this case is of no consequence to me. If you will respect my wishes in the matter you may assist me. Otherwise some one else will."

"Oh, of course your wishes shall be obeyed," said he; "but it seems rather odd that you do not want the services of a minister or a choir. I never heard of such a thing before. Music is so consoling to one's feelings at such a time, you know."

I groaned. The thought of earthly music "consoling" me after the vision I had seen and the music I had heard, and for the sake of public opinion to be compelled to listen to the screeching of human voices wailing dirges over the body of her who was at that moment an angel of light! It would be unendurable, and I did not believe public opinion deserved such a sacrifice from me. But I said that notwithstanding the oddity of it we would dispense with both minister and choir, and he would kindly make all necessary arrangements without disturbing me again till it was time to leave the city.

Bowing, he withdrew, and I went to the room where my darling's form had been prepared for its last resting-place. They had dressed her in a soft silken gown that was very familiar to me, since she had worn it on the last day of her life. She was lying on the couch in her room, and the pillows and shawls were arranged in such a manner as to make it appear that she was sleeping. The curtains were drawn, and a shaded lamp cast a subdued light over the room.

All that day and night I knelt or sat beside that couch, thinking over the events that had made up our lives for the last

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seven years, and I could not remember ever seeing a frown nor the shadow of one on her face.

"What has her work been?" I asked aloud; and the answer came back clear and distinct:

"To teach you purity of thought, purity of life, and unbounded charity for your fellow-beings."

"Yes," I replied; "I am a better man than I should have been without her."

After his surprise at my strange request had subsided, my friend managed very well indeed. He purposely misled the newspapers as to the hour that we would leave the city for Buffalo, and so there were no curious people at the station to witness our departure. No delay or accident occurred in the journey, and after the cremation I returned home with the feeling that a door in my heart had been closed and locked forever.

A few days afterward the ashes were sent to me. I procured a solid silver urn for them and placed them beside those of old Guru—in the sacred apartments where we had spent so many happy hours together.

CHAPTER XX.

CLAIRVOYANCE.

As the months and years rolled by I lived a routine life. While watching the growth of my child, I did, with the regularity of the sun, my daily duties.

Little Mata's disposition was not at all like her mother's, although in many ways she resembled her. She was positive and determined, and when but a toddling child seemed to have advanced ideas of justice—that the rights of herself and others *must* be respected. Instinctively she knew a falsehood from a truth, and would point her tiny finger at a story-teller while a

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look of disgust, most comical to see upon so small a face, would indicate her feelings. I was the only person in the house whom she would obey; and, though seeming to entertain the greatest respect for me and for my opinions, she would never allow me to kiss her lips. Neither would she kiss me. On very rare occasions, as a reward for some special favor bestowed upon her by me, I was permitted to kiss her forehead or cheek. The others were never allowed even that small privilege.

As soon as she could walk, the child declined to sit upon my knee; she selected an ottoman for her seat, and insisted upon having it carried wherever she desired to be. When I was in the library reading or writing she would come in and signify her desire to be lifted into a large revolving chair, and would sit for half an hour with her little hands clasped together and with a grave, thoughtful look upon her sweet baby face. At such times I used to look at her and try to fit the promise of the Guru to the circumstances. It was impossible, I believed, and decided that a mistake had been made somewhere—that the promise in this case would not be fulfilled.

When Mata reached the age of three years I secured the services of a middle-aged widow to act as nurse, governess, and housekeeper. She was recommended as a refined, educated, Christian woman, who had suffered reverses of fortune at the death of her husband and had been left at the age of fifty dependent upon her own exertions for a living. The little one, however, was not pleased by the coaxing smiles and sweet "small talk" of the new nurse, and from the first moment of her appearance assumed an independence of manner toward her that was most surprising to us all. She never would obey her unless she chose, and seemed strongly averse to having her near.

Matters went on in this way till Mata had passed her seventh birthday, and then I observed a marked change in her. She never cared for the companionship of other children, but would go to the observatory or roof, and would be found by the

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nurse curled up in a great chair, seemingly lost in meditation. Her favorite time for these meditative moods was at sunset, and if she was not discovered and brought down would remain in her hiding place till the moon and stars appeared. One evening the nurse came to me and reported the alarming fact that the child was missing again, saying:

"I presume she is on the roof moon-gazing as usual. I don't know what on earth to do with her, she is *so queer*—not a bit like other children—and she frightens me half to death sometimes. You will excuse me for saying it, but I believe she is possessed by some evil spirit."

"Why do you think so?" I asked, in astonishment.

"Oh, she does and says such strange things," replied the woman. "I've tried to make her go to church and Sunday-school with me, but she won't do it; then I tried to frighten her by declaring she would go to the bad place, but she looked me squarely in the eyes and asked: 'What place can be worse than this? I think this is as bad a place as I can ever get into.' Now, what do you think of that?" the woman asked, excitedly.

I bit my lip to repress a smile, and thought the child certainly did possess great penetration of mind to have made such a discovery at so early an age. I quite indorsed her opinion, but, knowing the good woman so well, believed it unwise to express similar views.

"Yes, that was an odd remark for a child to make, I must admit," I said, encouragingly; "what else has she done?"

"This afternoon I told her she must learn a page in her catechism and repeat it to me when I returned from down-town. I shut her into the nursery and left her for two hours. When I came back the book was lying on the floor in the corner and she was swinging in the garden. When I called her and placed her before me to recite, she clasped her hands behind her back and looked stubbornly down at the floor. 'Who was the first man?' I asked. She replied: 'I believe the

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scientists have not yet decided that question.' Yes, sir; those were her exact words. The idea of a child only eight years old speaking like that! Why, I actually dropped the book—I did indeed, sir! Then I took hold of her shoulder to give her a good shaking when she drew back and remarked: 'Hands off, if you please!' Now, what do you think of that? It's no laughing matter!" she exclaimed, as she saw me smile.

"I picked up the book," continued the woman, "and asked the next question, 'How long since the world was made?' and without the shadow of a smile she replied: 'That is another scientific problem which I believe is not satisfactorily solved, and quite beyond either your ability or mine to answer. If you will allow me to make a suggestion, madam, I would say it is better for us to study something we can understand.' I could not speak, but sat staring at her in helpless wonderment. Such language! Such an expression! Such dignity! Why, she behaved like a philosopher, and I am positively afraid of her!

"Last night she was on the roof again and when I found her she was staring stupidly before her; she was not looking at anything in particular, and did not seem to know that I was near till I spoke. Then she roused herself and asked: 'Well, what do you want now?' I told her that it was not nice nor proper for little girls to be up on the roof of the house all alone, and that she might fall off. She turned up her nose at me and looked disgusted as she replied: 'Your remarks are positively insipid, madam; I hope I know better than to walk off the edge of that roof.' There, sir; now, *what do you think of that?*"

Before I could reply, she continued: "She's up there again to-night, and I dare not go after her. I wish you would see what can be done, for I'm really tired trying to do anything with her."

It was evident that the nurse was really worried about Mata, and I too was considerably surprised at the rapid de-

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velopment of ideas she had presented. For several weeks I had been very busy preparing a manuscript for publication in a medical journal, and had not seen so much of the little one as formerly. The nurse's report constrained me to interview the rebellious little human mite who had aroused such consternation in the good woman's heart, and I hurried to the roof with that intention.

It was a beautiful evening. The air was warm and the moon shone so brightly that reading would have been possible by its light. The child was sitting quietly in a little chair and did not seem aware of my presence till I laid my hand on her shoulder. Then she looked up at me, and, without manifesting the least embarrassment at being found disobedient to the commands of her nurse, she asked: "What do you want of me?"

I replied that we had missed her and I had come to look for her. She made no reply, and then I asked what made her come up there to play.

"I am not playing," she remarked; "I am thinking, and the reason I come up here to think is because it is quiet and the others do not disturb me."

She reminded me of her mother the first time I saw her, and, sitting down upon the roof beside her chair, I said: "Yes, that is true; one can think better when others are not by. But of what were you thinking?"

"I don't mind telling you," she said, gravely, "because you have sense; but I will not tell nurse because she is so simple. I was thinking that almost everything we see in this world is a sham. And the only real things that last are the sun, moon, and stars."

Her remark surprised me, and after a moment I asked: "What has happened to cause you to form such an opinion?"

"Well, everybody in this house—except you—tells lies. They say things they don't believe, but try to make others believe them. That is a sham, isn't it?"

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I was obliged to admit that it was.

"Nurse tries to make me study that old catechism, and I hate it. It is not true, and I don't think she believes it herself."

"How do you know it is not true?" I asked.

She looked at me with a mixed expression of amusement and disgust on her face as she asked: "Did you ever read it?"

I hesitated. I never had, but thought perhaps it would not be best to admit the fact to the child; but she waited for my answer, and I had to say: "Well, no; I don't remember that I ever did."

She seemed satisfied with my answer, and continued: "Nurse says Adam was the first man. I don't believe it. She says this world was made out of nothing in six days. I don't believe that either. She says the first woman in the world was Adam's wife, and her name was Eve; that she was made out of one of Adam's ribs, and, because she ate some kind of fruit she found on a tree in the garden where she lived, God, who had taken all the trouble to make her and the fruit and everything in the world, drove her and her husband out of the garden; and that her doing so small a thing as that was the cause of all the wickedness that is now in the world. I think that is the most unreasonable falsehood of the whole lot. If people are going to tell falsehoods why don't they tell reasonable ones, so there will be some chance for belief? She gets all those stories out of that old catechism which she expects me to study. I won't do it, because it is a waste of time to study something that is not true. Isn't it?" she asked, looking up at me.

It was no longer a marvel to me that the nurse was scared half out of her wits by the strange remarks of this child. I was quite startled myself, and could only look at the little woman who sat so demurely making such strong objections to the ancient teachings of the wise theologians. I did not reply to her question, and she repeated it: "Isn't it a waste of time to study something that is not true?"

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"Certainly," I replied; "but how do you know they are not true?"

Shaking her head, she said: "You might not understand if I were to tell you; but something tells me so. Nurse tells lies about other things, and why should she not tell lies about that?"

"What else has nurse told you lies about?" I asked.

"Oh, she hides my things away in the bureau drawer or puts them into her pocket and then tells me she doesn't know where they are. I know better because I can see where she puts them," the child gravely replied.

"Do you mean to say that you can see her when she puts them away?" I asked.

"Not always; sometimes she takes them when I am gone. But when I look for them, and see through her dress into the pocket, I know what I see, don't I?" she demanded.

"Can you tell me what I have in this pocket?" I asked, placing my hand over the left breast-pocket of my coat.

"There is a bundle of letters tied with a bit of blue ribbon," said she, "and a locket with a picture and a lock of yellow hair in it. The picture is of a woman I have seen somewhere before this; but I don't just remember where. The lock of hair must have been cut from her head, because it is just like hers."

Little Mata had told me the contents of my pocket and had described the only picture that had ever been taken of her mother. She had never seen the things, because I had always carried them next my heart and had never shown them to any one. I was astonished; but she did not seem to think it at all wonderful to know what was under my coat, and continued:

"I am fond of books; but I like to study something worth the trouble, and should like to go into the rooms down there—those that you always keep locked. There are books in those cases that I should like to read."

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I was almost thrown into a panic by the child's words. She did not notice my excitement, however, and continued:

"You need not be afraid to let me go into those rooms. I shall not harm anything; but sometimes I want to lie on that couch—with the twisted serpents under my head. I want to put my hands on the table that is made of the pretty colored stones. Why won't you let me go in?" she asked, wistfully.

"My child, I did not know that you had desired it so much," said I. "It is late now, however, and you had better go to bed. Some other time we will go in together."

Rising from her chair, she remarked: "Very well; since you have promised me, I can wait." She preceded me down the stairs, and bade me good-night at the nursery door.

I saw no more of my daughter that evening. I went to my room, but not to sleep. The manner in which the child had expressed a knowledge of the articles of furniture in the sacred apartments, and had seen and described things hidden from the observation of ordinary mortals, puzzled me. I had heard of clairvoyancy, as practised by people calling themselves "spirit mediums," but had laughed at their absurd claims. Could it be possible that my own child was clairvoyant? No; there was something wrong with her mind! I would have a council of doctors and get their opinion. All night I tossed and worried. The thought that little Mata—all that I had left—was going mad at so early an age was horrible. At last I had a plan. I would humor her, would have her with me at meal-time, and would give more attention to her hereafter, and thus try to learn from what source these vagaries proceeded.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE MUSIC TEACHER.

Next morning I called the nurse and told her that here-

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after Mata should have more liberty; that she was no longer to be considered a baby, but must be washed and dressed and be allowed to take her meals with me instead of in the nursery. The woman was surprised, but remarked that she was glad to have me take her in hand, and hoped my discipline would prove beneficial in removing some of her peculiarities.

The following morning, while I was waiting for breakfast to be served, Mata appeared with her hair brushed, curled, and tied with a new ribbon and walked to the chair opposite mine. She took her seat as composedly as if this were not the first time she had taken breakfast with me, touched the bell, and when the servant appeared ordered the meal served at once. The dignity of the little maiden was so perfectly natural that in spite of my apprehensions regarding her mental balance I was greatly amused. I decided to allow her to preside at table, since she seemed to think she had been invited for that purpose. The maid who waited upon us was amazed when my daughter, with a grave look, poured the coffee, asked me how much sugar and cream I would like, supplied the amount I asked for, and then gave it to the gaping girl with the request that she should place it beside my plate. The whole procedure was so funny that I had to smile; and the servant, after the first shock of surprise was over, wore a broad grin to the end of the meal.

Mata did not seem to observe my amusement, but asked the maid what she was laughing at. The girl replied that she was pleased to see so tiny a lady do the honors so nicely. The child remarked: "I could have done them long ago had I been permitted."

For several months I watched the child closely, and, although she was constantly doing strange things, there did not appear to be any real signs of insanity about her, and I decided that the peculiarities were inherited from her grandfather, the Guru. At the age of nine she expressed a desire

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to study music. A good instructor was found, and soon I observed that she was making rapid progress. After a year of study her teacher informed me that she could play the most difficult classical compositions with an ability exceeding many of greater age and experience. He said:

"There is something quite remarkable about Miss Mata; her practise seems more of a review than a first course. I do not understand her at all. She will insist upon taking something that I fear is entirely too difficult; but when she plays it for me she will sit with her eyes half closed and perform the composition—it almost seems, from memory—and then will emphatically declare she never saw it before. What do you think about it?"

"Oh, she learns everything quickly," I replied, carelessly, "and then remembers well. It is a pleasure to me to know she is getting on."

"Another thing that seems peculiar," said the teacher, "is this: She will place the music before her and open it, and then without turning a page will execute the whole piece. She actually seems to see through the paper and read the music on the other side. I have neglected purposely to turn it, sometimes, just to see what she would do; if by accident she struck the wrong note she would make the correction as readily as if the page from which she was playing was before her. She certainly does possess great talent, and I have tried to induce her to perform at my monthly musicales, but she has always declined. Young girls are usually delighted and encouraged by being placed before an audience; but your daughter does not seem to care for public approval. She studies because she herself enjoys it."

"I am just as well satisfied as I should be if she were aspiring to public honors, and am thankful to know she is so sensible," I replied.

"But you should be *proud* of her accomplishments, and her beauty! Ah, sir, her beauty! I should want her to be shown

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off to the very best possible advantage on all occasions!" said the teacher, excitedly.

"What does all that showing off amount to?" I asked.

"Amount to? Amount to?" he repeated. "Why, it amounts to a great deal."

"Well, what?"

"She will be famous! Famous, some day, sir!"

"Well, what then?"

"What then?" the man repeated, in surprise. "Why, isn't it a great thing to be famous and have the admiration of the whole world?"

"Does it make a woman good and pure to have the foolish flattery of the world? Look at the great stars who have gained the approval of the public. How many of them have exchanged their virtue for the glittering bauble of fame? How many can you find to-day in this great world who have passed through the ordeal of winning notoriety and have retained the purity of their souls and bodies?" I asked.

"Oh, of course," admitted the professor, "I know many who have stepped aside; but perhaps your daughter wouldn't do it."

"Maybe she wouldn't, and then again maybe she would. I have observed, however, that when a woman starts out after glory she soon reaches the place where she is confronted by temptation: a place where she must choose which she will accept—the highroad to earthly position, which leads apparently to the mountain-tops of worldly honor, or the other one that leads to the meadows and gardens of humility and virtue. She stands and looks. Beyond are jewels, elegant gowns, grand residences, castles, and sometimes coronets. All these things are held temptingly out to her along the path her longing eyes are gazing upon. But, when she lifts her foot to step toward it, the dark portals of an entrance-way rise between her and the coveted treasures; and the deceitful, sensual face of a tempter looks out from his hiding-place there and says: 'You can

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reach all that through me. I can give them to you. You may be famous and have wealth. Your position in the world may be the greatest—but first you must pay my price.' The woman says: 'Yes, and what is your price?' The tempter says: 'Love—you must love *me*. You must give *me* that one jewel that is shining so brightly on your bosom.' The woman looks at the jewel and says: 'That, sir, is my virtue. I cannot give that away.' 'Very well,' replies the tempter; 'you must choose to-day whether you will keep that one little gem and deny yourself all those I will give you in its place, or refuse these I have to offer and wear that one.'

"She stops to consider, and raises her eyes to look at the pathway she longs to tread. There are women who have passed before her and they are robed in elegant garments; some are attended by devoted escorts and are wearing coronets. She points to them and asks: 'How did those women gain their positions?' The tempter answers: 'They all passed through this entrance—and paid the price.' 'Does the world know?' asks the aspirant. The tempter smiles blandly and softly replies: 'Not always. Never, if the woman is shrewd. It is the result of her own carelessness if she is exposed. *You, my dear, are too wise to betray yourself;* you will receive all these beautiful things, and among so many other jewels this little one will never be missed. Will you come?'

"Still the aspirant hesitates. Turning her eyes, she looks at the other path leading to the right and away from the castles and worldly riches. It is a plain, level, ordinary sort of road; there is an occasional shade tree with a rustic seat beneath it, and sometimes a traveler, modestly attired and with the single jewel shining upon her bosom, but with an expression of peace upon her face that does not rest upon the faces of those in the other pathway. If the woman is wise she will take the right-hand path, even though it does not lead to fame. If she is foolish she will pay the price and enter the other, which appears so beautiful at first, but leads to a terrible precipice

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concealed from view on the other side of the mountain. The precipice is named 'dishonor,' and at the bottom are arranged jagged rocks called 'abandonment,' and she who makes the plunge and falls upon the rocks below is dashed to pieces. Sometimes you may see a weary one returning with bleeding feet and broken heart. At the gateway she falls upon her knees and begs to be allowed to pass the tempter and enter the peaceful path. But his hard, cruel face grows still harder, and he says: 'Give back the worldly wealth, the fame, the jewels that I gave to you.' 'Gladly, sir, gladly!' she says, 'if you will return my one jewel to me.' The fiend laughs in devilish glee as he replies: 'That is impossible. Your jewel is gone. I could not give it if I would, *and I would not if I could.*' 'May I pass without it?' the weary one asks. 'Yes, you may pass. But you are stripped of everything. Even your name is gone.'

"The weary one bows her head, folds her hands across her breast, and passes through the entrance-way. She follows slowly along the new pathway, but it is *known that her jewel is gone,* and she feels that with it went *almost the right to live.* Those who pass her by sometimes draw aside lest they become contaminated by her touch. She is forsaken, forlorn, and prays for death to release her from the shame. Professor, what do you think of the picture? I prefer that my daughter shall do without the fame."

The man looked bored, and replied: "You are morbid, Doctor; your liver must be deranged. I hope you will be better when I see you again. Good morning!" And he bowed himself out of the house.

"Is it true?" I asked myself, "that no one else can see the value of virtue as I do? Am I a fool—and old daddy? Is the world blind—or am I?"

(*To be continued.*)

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

SUMMER SCHOOLS OF PHILOSOPHY.

THE "summer school" is becoming a permanent feature of the New Thought movement. And it is a most encouraging one. It affords an opportunity to present the new-old teachings to minds not accessible at other times under equally favorable conditions, and provides the teachers and writers and other public advocates of the cause a chance to compare notes in conference concerning methods of spreading the light of the new gospel. Moreover, rational minds are beginning to perceive that there is no genuine recreation in frivolity or intellectual idleness, and that leisure hours spent in acquiring knowledge of right living are the most profitable kind of rest.

The most conspicuous and successful of these idealistic undertakings is that founded by Sarah J. Farmer at Greenacre-on-the-Piscataqua, situated in the town of Eliot, Me., four miles from Portsmouth, N. H., and about two hours' ride from Boston. This gathering is now in the midst of its eighth annual session. Leaders and teachers representing all branches of Advanced Thought are in attendance, and able speakers, in free daily discourses, present every phase of the New Metaphysics in lecture-halls and in the open air. Special efforts are made to emphasize its spiritual aspects and to interest the members of Christian churches in the principles of a rational and scientific religion. The development of Psychical Research receives critical and intelligent attention, an endeavor being made to systematize methods, tabulate results, eliminate error and illusion, and elevate its spiritual tone. In fact, no department of investigation is excluded that

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has as its aim an addition to the sum of human knowledge or happiness.

A conference devoted to "Universal Peace among Nations," at which Prof. Jean Charlemagne Bracq, of Vassar College, presided, was held early in June. It was addressed by the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, Dr. Henry A. Reynolds, and Hezekiah Butterworth, of Boston; the Hon. Frank B. Sanborn, Dr. Fillmore Moore, Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt, and several learned teachers from India and Japan. "The Reconciliation of Races" was discussed by Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf, D.D., Lieut.-Col. H. B. Pratt, the Hon. Frank L. Dingley, and others. "Homes under God's Sky for Everybody," to receive attention the second week of August, will furnish an opportunity for the discussion of economic reform—the Hon. W. W. Stetson, the Rev. E. P. Powell, Prof. J. E. Werren, and Prof. John Craig being among the speakers.

There are two Schools of Music at Greenacre, under competent directorship, illustrated lectures being given and concerts, recitals, and musical features at other discourses being provided by teachers and pupils.

The fifth annual session of the Conference School of Comparative Religion is now in session at Greenacre. The director and lecturer on the history and philosophy of religion is Dr. Lewis G. Janes, M.A. Other speakers are Jean du Buy, Ph.D., David S. Muzzey, A.B., B.D., James T. Bixby, Ph.D., I. J. Peritz, Ph.D., the Rev. Adolph Roeder, and teachers from Ceylon, Syria, and elsewhere. At this school no propaganda of any special religious system is permitted, its purpose being wholly unsectarian.

Classes in practical Nature-study were conducted during July by Miss Mabel L. Robinson, who discussed birds, insects, trees, flowers, etc., in the open air and gave informal talks to pupils indoors when the weather prevented outdoor instruction.

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Greenacre represents a gathering of workers in the field of social and spiritual advancement, of scientific research, of ethical and economic progress—in a word, of the "higher education" along all lines of soul culture and mental development. MIND is always glad to chronicle undertakings of this kind within the New Thought movement at large, for they tend toward unity of effort and teaching and promote understanding of the fundamental principles of being.

J. E. M.

NATURE'S POTENCIES.

The potencies in Nature are various and manifold, ready to serve us at our slightest call. They are ever seeking to help us in the accomplishment of all that we set out to do.

We resist; hence the discord, the failure to express physically and spiritually our desire. There is no spiritual attribute without its material counterpart. Love has its material essences, which, when united in due proportion, constitute the greatest of all healing agencies. We put forth energy to accomplish a certain task; we draw for sustenance potencies that, properly combined, enable us to carry out our desires.

Where are these potencies—this all-sustaining substance—to be found? Within ourselves as well as in all Nature, and it behooves us to become acquainted with Nature's method and her resources in order to avail ourselves of that which she holds for us.

In beginning investigation of this subject, we are only touching the outermost hem of a garment whose every fold is woven with richest threads of infinite variety, with all of which we may clothe ourselves through *knowledge of their use*. It is an open book to all. After acquainting ourselves with the method of direct study from Nature's pages, the printed page offers less inducement, and we go to it only for confirmation of that which has been revealed to us from the Source direct.

We can have what we will, but we must ask for it in the

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right way, and if we have not learned the ways of Nature, which are the ways of God (or good) for us, we must open this book of Nature and study its pages. We must learn to extract from the ether potencies helpful in our upbuilding—in the replenishment of cells with vital substance. In this, as in the case of material food, we must select and use what we want for the supply of special needs. It may be had for the asking, but we must learn to ask and then *use* what we have appropriated, putting all to wisest purpose. We must use the potencies drawn for expression in desired directions, or our last state is worse than the first: we have sinned against the Holy Spirit—Divine Inspiration—and there is no forgiveness until we *obey, i.e.,* make use of the knowledge that comes to us. We must *work* as well as think, and wait for results. *Action* is the key-note of success in all life's undertakings; not action all the time, but at the *right* time and in the best manner we know. Living always with a *purpose,* not merely drifting, the time for action and the time for rest come to our consciousness with certain knowledge, and there need be no fear as to the right division of our time. But purpose must be established subconsciously to insure a properly balanced life.

MATHILDE HOEHN TYNER.

"FOR THE VERY WORKS' SAKE."

For the very works' sake, O Lord,
We believed and turned unto Thee.
Then into the field at thy word,
With the harvesters forth went we,
For the very works' sake.

The harvest is plenteous, and few
Are the laborers. O Christ, with us stay!
Make our lives within glorious and true,
Lest we lose thee and fall by the way,
For the very works' sake.

HARRIET B. BRADBURY.

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THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Conducted by

FLORENCE PELTIER PERRY AND THE REV. HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

FOR THE PARENTS.

NATURE TEACHING.

Summer, with its ever-varying beauties, its song-filled mornings and twilight whisperings, its long sunny days and refreshing nights, seems Nature's school-time. Every minute is crowded with the subtle suggestion of a larger, fuller life. The beauty and order everywhere cannot fail to teach, even though there be no books to study and no prosy recitation-drills.

To the parents who recognize the advantage, not to say the necessity, of such influences for their children, we would say: Make all haste to get the children out of the crowded, stifling city, with its conventional and necessary restrictions, into the open, God-blessed country. Don't dress them like French dolls and take them to a fashionable hotel, where their sense of beauty will either be perverted or destroyed, but let them live close to Nature in all her moods. Let them grow as the wild things grow, with all the wide expanse of sky above them and fields, woods, hills, and streams around them. Let them lie on the ground and watch the ants, gaze into the tree-tops and study the building of birds' nests, get up in the morning to see the miracle of sunrise, and run barefoot through the dewy grass. So far as possible give them freedom to do what they like.

The child whose mind has been trained to thoughtfulness, whose eyes and ears have been opened to the beauties and melodies around him, will gain more real knowledge as well as character-building material in this way than through a year's training

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in school. Perhaps there is no comparison. The parent or teacher needs only to call attention and interpret. The child will catch the lesson. Even small children can learn about the birds, bees, flowers, etc., and will eagerly attain classified knowledge. Any interesting little incident or fact, attractively told, will awaken an interest and leave a memory. This is all that is necessary. In pointing out the different characteristics and habits of birds, for example, you can so clothe the information that the child will have it as a fact to be remembered all the rest of his life. Here is a bit about the bluebird, as an illustration:

"He flew and flew till he flew so high
He brushed the blue right off the sky,
Then folded his wing—
And you and I
Call him the bluebird, the herald of spring."

Here are four items about the bluebird that are especially characteristic of it: First, his habit of high soaring; second, his color; third, his name; fourth, his coming first in the spring. To hear this little verse, to watch eagerly for bluebirds, to distinguish them from other birds, and the lesson is learned—not as a hard task, but a delightful recreation.

How many of us recall in time of need the old rhyme of childhood days, to freshen our memory about the months and their allotment of days?—

"Thirty days hath September, April, June, and November," etc.

This Nature teaching is on the same principle. An interest as absorbing as it is delightful helps impress a fact when it is told as Nature tells it, with all the accompaniment of music and scenic effect.

To have a child alert and eager to know all about the beautiful world and its denizens is to insure him against the baneful self-consciousness that too often stultifies and perverts the natural loves and desires of his heart. It is as natural for a child to love beauty as to breathe. Instinctively he desires to possess and embody what he admires; but, unless he have the wise teaching of a thoughtful interpreter, his love of the beautiful may become the prison-wall of his soul rather than the wondrous gateway for its egress. Here is an incident, taken from life, that may illustrate:

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Several years ago a lady was staying for a few days at a fashionable summer hotel in the mountains. Among the guests were a mother and daughter—both extremely beautiful, both the center of attraction wherever they were. The mother was a young woman who apparently had no thought beyond dress, jewels, and luxury. The child was about five years old, a queen in miniature, born to command and demand.

The lady who relates the incident was one afternoon sitting in the parlor, which appeared entirely deserted, no one being present but herself. Suddenly the child and her nurse entered, the former exquisitely dressed and beautiful as a picture. She looked about the deserted parlor and her face fell with disappointment. Finally she walked up to the lady and, pulling her by the sleeve, said in a pleading voice: "Look at me!" The lady turned from her book and looked at the child, saying some pleasant words as she did so. The child said nothing, waited a few minutes, turned and looked again about the rooms, and then, in a despairing voice and with the most tragic gesture, she exclaimed: "My God! Is there no one to see Moma dressed?"

Pathetic? Ah! where shall we find adequate words? Here was a child whose love of the beautiful was veritably as a prison wall, centered in self, the vision of the eyes feasting only on what could adorn the person, the love of admiration fostered until life was a tragedy without it—what expansion of soul, what openness to ideals, what glimpses of the heaven of unselfish love could come to that poor little spiritual dwarf?

Yes; she was "out in the country"—but she did not know it. There were birds and bees, and squirrels, flowers, trees, clouds, and all the wonderful enchantments the country possesses; but Moma knew only about her beautiful dresses and what people said about them. Her heaven was admiration, her hell the lack of it. Her capacity for joy was starved, because it was confined to herself. Its boundaries could be measured by the length and breadth of her person.

On the other hand, here are some words from a happy-hearted little boy who had been taught of the beauty without and about him. One day he was overheard saying: "God has made such pretty sky and little white clouds to-day. Thank you, God."

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And his frequent prayer was: "Please, God, make Jack such a happy boy, and make every one love him and make him love everybody." Thus the beauty of holiness was unfolding like a blossom in his loving little heart.

Think of the future of this little girl and this little boy! When they are grown, how much can they give to the world; and what will be the nature of their gifts, provided they each mature the seed that was sown in their childhood?

* * *

Even city children can be instructed in facts of natural history; and this, we are happy to say, is now being inaugurated systematically in certain progressive schools. Such questions as, How many legs has a fly? How does a sheep lie down? etc., in one instance, awakened such an interest in a boy who had never seen a sheep that he walked three days about the suburbs of a certain large city, trying to find a sheep and to see it lie down.

This thirst for knowledge, and willingness to work for it when it was shown as a tangible, definite possibility, prove the latent intelligence and character that only need direction in order to be developed.

* * *

Says Professor Seymour, of the Chicago State Normal School:

"An enthusiast may say that science is the key to all knowledge. But men of liberal education, men who in middle life and in age contrast educational values in their own experience and the experience of others, place Nature-studies first. Whatever of exact seeing, of mental acumen, of growth in language, of true reasoning, of pleasurable emotions, have come to the children of the grades, it will be found on analysis to be the stimulus of objects and their phenomena somewhere and somehow impressed."

* * *

Some thrifty people say children are wasting time by playing. Let Rousseau make reply to these. "Is it nothing," he cries, "to be happy? Is it nothing to run, jump, and play all the day long? Plato's 'Republic,' which is deemed so austere, brings up children only in games, festivals, and songs."

Nature will anoint the eyes and ears of those who love her.

(Rev.) HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

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FOR THE CHILDREN.

"Happy little children, skies are bright above you,
Trees bend down to kiss you, breeze and blossom love you;
And we bless you, playing in the field-paths mazy,
Swinging with the harebell, dancing with the daisy!

"Happy fields of summer, touched with deeper beauty
As your tall grain ripens, tell the children duty
Is as sweet as pleasure;—tell them both are blended
In the best life-story, well begun and ended."

—*Lucy Larcom.*

WELLS.

I can think of nothing quite so fascinating to boys and girls, when they go into the country for the summer, as to draw water from the old well. The well-sweep is one of the sights that are fast passing away, and well it may. It is much the same device that the people of Egypt used thousands of years ago, and that they still use in watering their fields.

The time and labor taken to draw up the amount of water required for use—by this ancient method—are too great; and so the old well-sweep has lived its day, here in the United States, and the farmer has replaced it with pumps or wind-mills that raise the water far more quickly and easily. But here and there we do yet see the long arm pole and its rusty chain dangling over the wooden fence around the old, neglected well. What a mystery the old well is to Lucy and John and the small children leaning over the rail and peering into the darkness of its open throat! Down, down the bucket goes till John wonders if there is any bottom to the old well anyhow. But they listen, and after awhile they hear a soft thud, and now they know the bucket has touched water. Just a dip, and Lucy and John pull lustily, and up, up comes "the old moss-covered bucket, the iron-bound bucket," all dripping with cold sweet water. Oh, there is nothing so tempting, so delicious, on a hot day as water from the old well!

A small boy visits the house where I am. He comes from

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round the corner, skipping in high glee; for he likes nothing so well as to come to see his grandmother. And if he wants to go to an entertainment for the school-children in "Washburn Hall," and finds every one at home too busy to go with him, he knows some one that *will* go—Grandmother. In fact, she's always ready to do the little boy any sort of favor, and the best of it is that he, too, is always ready to do her some kind turn.

Now, it seems to me that Grandmother's heart is just like that old well—deep, deep, and full of sweet refreshment for her little grandson. In fact, we are all wells—some running over with love and kindness, and others, perhaps, dry or so filled with bitterness that no one turns to them.

Think how strange it would seem to draw up one bucket of sweet water from the old well, and a little while after a bucket of bitter water! But no; the old well is always true to itself. She has always the sweet water to her very depths. And if our hearts are good and true we shall think the thoughts that are kind; we shall always say and do the things that are kind and good and sweet. We can never say or think or do anything unkind, if we do not keep bitterness in our hearts. "A fountain never sends forth sweet water and bitter."

MARY J. WOODWARD-WEATHERBEE.

So EARTH and air, so land and sea
Give kindly gifts to you and me.
Should we not be merry,
Gentle, too, and mild?
Then the whole wide earth doth wait
On each little child.
Should we not, in quiet,
At our mother's knee,
Praise our Heavenly Father,
Thank Him lovingly—
Since earth and air, and land and sea
Give kindly gifts to you and me?
Since earth and air, and sea and land,
Come from our Heavenly Father's hand?

—Laura E. Richards.

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THE AWAKENING.

Sweet love, the dawn is here,
And mother still is near
  Her darling's pillow.
List! how the birdie sings
And flutters its glad wings
    On yonder willow!

The light in baby's eyes—
Big with a great surprise
    And silent wonder—
Now breaks in rippling mirth,
To music giving birth,
    Rose lips asunder.

Then, chubby arms steal out,
And wildly beat about
    Their downy cover;
And little hands in air
Are quickly prisoned there
    By baby's lover.

And now, in mamma's arms,
Sheltered from all alarms,
    And softly cooing,
Nestles her blue-eyed boy,
Her dearest pride and joy,
    For kisses suing.

From dimpled cheeks and lips
Their sweetness now she sips,
    As bee from flower.
And holy rapture fills
Her heart, where love distils
    Their honeyed dower.

CHARLES BÉTHUNE ROSS.

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THE FOOLISH GRASSHOPPER.

"When pleasure cometh before duty it bringeth—ah! what not in its train?"—*Japanese Proverb.*

Once upon a time a handsome young grasshopper lived with his father and mother in a charming home. It was in the edge of a raspberry thicket, and they looked out from their front windows into a forest of tall grass, where, close to the ground, were wild strawberries, and crawling up and down the grassblades were little green-gold bugs. In the early morning, when the sunlight turned everything dripping with dew into quivering silver that shot out rainbow colors, the young grasshopper would go wild with delight and turn somersaults that no little boy could possibly equal.

Now, morning is the time to do one's work; and the insects all have their work to do just the same as human beings. I don't happen to know what the grasshopper's work is—do you? Perhaps it's making molasses. What do *you* think? Anyway, this young grasshopper had his tasks to do, and he used to beg leave to put them off until afternoon.

"Oh, let me play this morning, Mother!" he would say.

And his mother would answer: "Haven't I told you, over and over, my child, that you won't enjoy playing half so much when you have on your mind the work that you must do? Work first and play afterward; that's the motto of all good, thrifty grasshoppers. Remember to—

> "'Work while you work,
> And play while you play;
> For that is the way
> To be cheerful and gay.'"

But I'm sorry to say that the young grasshopper thought his own way the better, and he paid so little attention to what his mother said that she grew quite sad, and told his father how their son was determined to put off his duties and play all the morning.

So the father had a long talk with his child about his foolish behavior, and finished by saying: "You know, my son, in the early morning those terrible monsters, the spiders, have their webs spread on the grass, far and near, and they are very hungry,

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for they've worked so hard spinning. And they have a saying, 'It's the early spider that catches the foolish grasshopper.'"

Well, this sobered the young grasshopper a bit, for a day or two. Then he said: "Pshaw! Pa and Ma are getting old, and they don't understand how clever I am. Guess I can take care of myself!"

So the next morning he stretched his long, thin, green legs, and he yawned and dozed long after his mother called to him to get up and come and help her. And when she was busy—boiling down molasses, probably—he quietly crept out of the raspberry thicket and went skipping in great leaps over the meadow.

"Hi!" shouted the naughty little grasshopper, "this is *great!*"

Then he made a tremendous bound, and—came right down in a spider's web! And the spider darted out from his little room in one corner and killed the grasshopper quicker than you could say *Scat!*

I know this truly happened, for I was right near the spider-web and saw the whole thing. F. P. P.

FEAR.

A little girl I know used always to be afraid that something would happen—something unpleasant. If a visit were planned she would at once begin to fret for fear it might rain; or, if she were promised a thing, for fear it might not arrive in time or would even be forgotten altogether. Her little forehead was always in a pucker over something, and the funny part of it all was that the dreaded thing never came to pass and her fears were all for nothing.

One day her grandmama said: "Mildred, I've a story to tell you, and I want you to see if you can read the meaning."

Mildred liked stories with "meanings." She said they were like puzzles and charades in the back of her school paper.

"First tell me," began Grandmama, "aren't you afraid as you walk down the road to school that some time you may fall off the earth and go tumbling into the clouds and space?"

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"Why, *Grandmama,*" Mildred answered, "what a funny idea! You know that can't happen."

"Why not? You know the earth is quite round—like that globe in the corner—and it seems to me that a little girl walking about over a thing like that might easily slip and fall off."

"But, Grandmama," Mildred began quite earnestly, now thoroughly aroused, "you know, though the earth *is* round it is so big that as far as our eyes can see it curves only the littlest bit—so little that it might as well be flat; for it seems so. And then there is that strong power—what is it called?"

"The force of gravity?" Grandmama suggested.

"Yes; that is the name of it," Mildred answered. "That is what holds us to the earth, our teacher says, and keeps everything in place."

"But aren't you afraid it might give out some day, or forget to work? And, anyhow, you can't see or touch it. I wonder how it is you can feel so sure about it."

"But it has always worked since the very beginning of things," the little girl answered, very earnestly, "and there can't be any world at all without it. What makes you ask me such funny questions, Grandmama? You know it just as well as I do. Why, that power belongs to the earth—it's a part of it and as real and will last as long as the earth itself. Our teacher talked about it a long time last Friday."

"Well," Grandmama said, "I didn't know what you thought about it; but I remember once hearing a story about a man who would never stand up straight for fear of falling off the earth. He used to go around on his hands and knees, peering anxiously about to see if he were near the edge. Even children laughed at him as they walked and ran freely about, but he would shake his head and say: 'You never can tell what may happen. It is best to be cautious.' And so he grew old and wrinkled and bent, crawling about all his life for fear of falling over the edge of the earth."

"What a silly man!" Mildred said. "He was crazy, wasn't he, Grandmama?—or maybe it's just a make-believe story and never really happened at all."

"Well, I don't know," her grandmama answered. "If you

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think that man was crazy there must be a good many crazy people in the world right now. For hardly a day passes that we don't hear, 'I'm afraid that is too good to be true,' or 'I'm afraid I am getting to love this too much, and will lose it,' or 'I've planned and hoped and worked for nothing so many years, I'm afraid I'm fated to go without it all my life.' Always *afraid* that things will go wrong rather than right, and that there is some terrible falling-off place or deep pit of sorrow near by—and afraid to be happy and give themselves whole-heartedly to work or play lest they fall into grief unawares!"

Mildred's cheeks grew red as she remembered how many times in the day she said "I'm afraid." But her grandmama went right on without noticing her:

"Such people really remind me very much of the man in the story. You see how foolish he is, because you know all about the power of gravitation—and just so do these anxious, unhappy people who are always worrying about something seem foolish and indeed not quite sane to those who know about that finer, stronger, more lasting force that holds us to the Heart of things—safe from any danger of mishap or real harm. It's just like the power of gravity that is forever drawing toward the center of the earth, and is just as real and reliable—in fact, as scientifically proved—as that other force your teacher told you about. And the people who don't believe in it, and won't trust it, can live only cramped, crawling lives in their minds and souls. Though they trust to the earth's force of gravity and let their bodies stand upright they are really just as crazy as that old man in the story; for their thoughts are always creeping, and trembling, and afraid."

"But, Grandmama, dreadful things *do* happen sometimes," Mildred said.

"Of course they do, and no wonder, when people are always inviting them, making room for them, indeed, by their fears. Don't you remember that bit of rhyme Mama read us yesterday?—

"'A little carking Care settled itself one day
In an anxious, care-filled heart, with other cares to stay.
"And why—alas!—should I this added burden bear?"
Cried out the weary Heart to the little carking Care.
"Your coming long I've feared—with many another woe.

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To these happier lives about me why not go?"
"By happy hearts," said the little Care, "I've promptly been rejected;
I've come to stay with you, of course, just because I was expected."'

"And the other lines she found a while ago?—

"'Fate served me meanly, but I looked at her and laughed
That none might know how bitter was the cup I quaffed.
Along came Joy and paused beside me where I sat,
And said, "I've come to see what you are laughing at."'

"And I would rather forget the story of the poor crazy man who spent his life being afraid, and think instead of those verses in your school paper of last week:

"'Like a cradle rocking, rocking,
Silent, peaceful, to and fro—
Like a mother's sweet smile falling
On the little face below—
Hangs the great earth swinging, turning,
Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow
Falls the light of God's face bending
Down and watching us below.
And, as feeble babes that suffer
Toss, and cry, and will not rest
Are the ones the loving mother
Holds the closest, loves the best,
So when we are weak and wretched,
By our fears cast down distressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
Holds us closest, loves us best.
Oh, great heart of God, such loving
Cannot hindered be nor crossed—
Will not weary, will not even
In our death itself be lost.'"

ESTHER HARLAN.

"What do you think of snakes for playthings? Children in Borneo are very fond of a certain tree-snake, the *Boiga*, as a pet. They twine it around them and tame it. It is a very pretty creature, blue in color with gold-colored stripes."—*"Little Folks in Feathers and Fur," by Olive Thorne Miller.*

THERE are many harmless snakes in our own country, and wouldn't it be pleasant to see the children making friends with them instead of stoning the poor things to death? They are quite easily tamed, and will soon learn to come at a regular time for the food you give them. They will learn to love you, too.

F. P. P.

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ROCK-A-BY SONG.

"Rock-a-by, baby, upon the tree-top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock,
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall"—
Down comes my little one,
Down comes my pretty one,
Down comes my precious one, cradle and all.

Swing-a-by, baby, up in the blue skies,
When the sun shines he'll blink his bright eyes,
When the storm comes the cradle will fall—
Down comes my dove-like one,
My pretty dove-like one,
Down comes my darling one, cradle and all.

Rock-a-by, baby, out on the deep sea,
When the waves dash he'll laugh in high glee,
When up they roll the cradle will fall—
Down goes my pearl-like one,
My precious pearl-like one,
Down in the deep, deep sea, cradle and all.

Lullaby, baby, on mamma's warm arm,
Safe from all danger and free from all harm.
Here papa comes to take him away—
Up goes my baby sweet,
Up flies my birdling neat,
In papa's arms—ha! ha!—he will not stay!

Hush-a-by, baby, on mamma's warm breast,
In sweet content there he'll peacefully rest.
Angels are bringing bright dreams; now they fall
Down to my nearest one,
Down to my dearest one,
Down to my peerless one, sweetest of all.

FANNY L. FANCHER.

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

TWENTIETH CENTURY CONDUCT. By Charles Wallace Silver. 528 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Published by the author, Lawrence, Mich.

All sincere well-wishers of the human race, regardless of belief and occupation, should study this remarkable work. Its author is a courageous, outspoken, and candid observer of life's conditions—a traveler, a student, and practical reformer. The book sets forth in plain language some of the results of modern materialism, commercial sharp practise, enforced poverty, theological exclusiveness and arrogance, and the crimes committed in the name of medical science. Recognizing the ultimate basis of these and all other anti-progressive states in that form of mental slavery called *ignorance,* this writer seeks to enlighten the common mind as to certain fundamental truths. He would abolish the historic monopoly of natural opportunities that has produced the congestion of cities, with the consequent immorality and destitution, and for the competitive warfare of modern industry would substitute coöperation of all the people rather than the threatening evil of trusts. The book contains a forceful plea for the adoption of Mental Science methods in the prevention and treatment of disease, and is an excellent epitome of the rational reform measures of our era.

THE PSYCHIC AND PSYCHISM. By A. C. Halphide, A.B., M.D. 228 pp. Cloth, gilt top, $1.00. The Authors' Publishing Company, Chicago.

The well-known author of "Mind and Body" has supplied in the present volume an actual want of the occult literature of the day. The elements of psychism have long needed tabulation by an informed and unprejudiced pen, and thanks are due to Dr. Halphide for the collection of facts and principles herein presented. They will be found extremely valuable to all students of psychology—philosophic or experimental. The writer has evidently made a profound study of his subject, and has investigated every phase of its phenomena along scientific lines, the result being a lucid exposition of much that hitherto has seemed

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inexplicable. Popular ignorance concerning the quality, limitations, and dangers of mediumship has deprived psychical research of much of its usefulness to the cause of spiritual advancement during the last half century; and to those "sensitives" through whose instrumentality the phenomena are produced, as well as to investigators who depend upon them for data, many of the chapters of this new book will come as a revelation. All persons intelligently interested in advanced thought should have a copy.

J. E. M.

OTHER NEW PUBLICATIONS.

REALIZATION. By Loraine Follett. 62 pp. Paper, 50 cents. The Order of the White Rose, publishers, Syracuse, N. Y.

SELECTIONS FROM GEORGE M'DONALD; Or, Helps for Weary Souls. Compiled by J. Dewey. 93 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. Purdy Publishing Company, Chicago.

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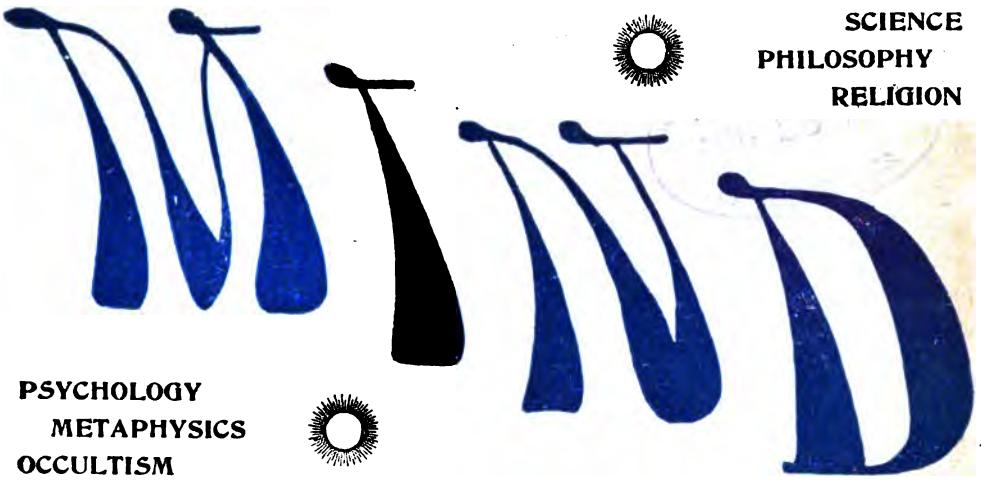

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NEW THOUGHT

EDITED BY

JOHN EMERY McLEAN and CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

VOL. VIII. No. 6.

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MIND.

VOL. VIII. SEPTEMBER, 1901. No. 6.

SPIRITUAL SIGNIFICANCE OF "THE FLYING DUTCHMAN."

BY B. O. FLOWER.

Richard Wagner held that in the great legends of a people, which are handed down from generation to generation and modified from time to time by master minds in different ages, are to be found lessons of supreme importance to the race. He believed that the presenting of these wonder tales in a forcible manner would arouse the emotional nature and stimulate the thought of the people to such a degree that the nation to which they appealed might be renewed and rejuvenated through the ethical uplift thus received. In many of these legends he discerned the dominating note to be the redemptive power of pure, unselfish love—love such as is nowhere in human life found in greater beauty or fulness than in woman. This splendid dream,—salvation through love,—which even now floats before civilization as a pillar of fire, Wagner found present in many of the greatest myths of the German peoples; and even in his first two music dramas, after he had discarded the old conventional opera ideal, as well as in his later masterpieces, this thought is the key-note. *Senta* in "The Flying Dutchman" and *Elizabeth* in "Tannhäuser" are the personification of that love which redeems, glorifies, ennobles, and saves. In "The Flying Dutchman" the great composer broke away from tradition in methods of composition and also became an apostle of ethical progress and a teacher of nations.

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The legend of the Flying Dutchman, though probably borrowed in part from the ancient mythology of the Norsemen, belongs to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, that stirring period when western Europe was awakening from the lethargy of the Middle Ages, and when the wondrous stories of daring navigators, who had found a new world, were being circulated throughout maritime lands. In its details the myth varies somewhat, but the most popular legend describes a daring captain, whose greed for gold no less than his love of adventure led him to attempt to double the Cape of Good Hope. Storms, however, drove him back. He knew of the wealth of the Indies; he had heard of other daring seafolk who had sailed to the lands of gold and gems; and, furious at several failures on his part, he swore a dreadful oath that he would double the Cape if it took him all eternity to accomplish the feat. Satan, who in the popular imagination of that period was a reality and wellnigh as powerful as Deity, heard the rash vow and condemned the reckless seaman to sail the main until the Judgment Day in a phantom craft whose blood-red sails and black masts should everywhere be the herald of doom to all the ill-fated vessels that came within its wake.

Such in brief is the legend that became a popular superstition in the morning years of modern times. But man is ever rising. The savage in his nature, though very tenacious, slowly gives place to the divine ideals impearled in the soul of every son of God; and as the centuries come and go these ideals unfold, and man's conception of Deity and justice take on nobler shapes. The angry Judge and the avenging Jehovah give place to the All-Father, whose name is Love. Hence the nineteenth-century poets gave to the weird legend the human touch, and brought it more *en rapport* with our conceptions of eternal justice and infinite love. The ill-fated mariner still wanders the deep, but now a single star shines in what was hitherto the impenetrable darkness of despair. Every seven years, according to the newer version, he was permitted to

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land for one night, and if perchance during any of these brief respites he should find a woman who loved him enough to marry him, and who would be true to him until death, the curse should be lifted and he and his wife should enjoy eternal felicity in the home of love. If, however, she fails, both are to be forever lost.

Richard Wagner had read Heine's version of the Flying Dutchman during a winter of hardship and gloom in Riga, Russia, and with the theme fresh in his mind he set sail from Pilau for London and France on a Norwegian vessel that did not appear to be built for the roughest weather. On the voyage terrific storms were encountered, and more than once the captain believed his craft to be doomed. On two occasions they were compelled to run the boat into little inlets—feats performed with great risk, as the ragged rocks on either side were ready to tear the ship asunder if the waves swept it out of the narrow channel.

While in the inlet during one of the enforced delays, Wagner, who was ever on the alert for material that would increase his knowledge or stimulate his imagination, plied the Norwegian sailors with questions concerning the myth, and soon found that to these simple-hearted mariners the ill-fated Dutchman was no legend, but a terrible reality. They knew nothing of the redemption through love, as given in the nineteenth-century poem. On the contrary, they knew, or thought they knew, that the sea was still infested by the doomed mariner, and that at any moment his black mast and blood-red sails might be seen heralding their certain doom. Had not Eric beheld him ere his vessel had been ground to pieces on the rocks? Had not Hans and his companions seen him before the *Northern Light* went down? Why, to the sailors the Flying Dutchman was as much a reality as the devil was to the medieval Church.

The rough old sailors gave the musician the legend, stern and rugged as was the age in which it was born. They also

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told him many more weird tales of the sea, which were rich in suggestive hints and in which the Wandering Jew of the ocean and his fatal phantom bark figured as heralds of death and ruin.

With all these stories haunting his brain, and with his imagination stirred as it had never been moved before, Richard Wagner listened to the wild music of the storm-lashed sea. He did not then know how the somber symphony was singing itself into his soul. It was not until about two years lat r, after one of the most bitter experiences that a sensitive nature was ever called upon to undergo, and at a time when the composer's heart was filled with infinite yearnings for his own Fatherland, that Wagner retired to a little cottage in the suburbs of the French metropolis and surrendered himself to the vision, the song, and the sermon which filled his imagination, and which since the wild nights on the Baltic had been the companions of waking and sleeping hours.

The theme had grown with the months as his mind had brooded over the legend that sounds the depths and reaches the heights of human emotion: on the one hand the nameless horror and anguish born of despair; on the other the ineffable ecstasy known only when love is seen in its supremest manifestations. Here was the damnation *motif* matched and overpowered by the salvation *motif:* night with all its appalling blackness lost in the glory of day. Here was man doomed to be lashed by the fury of the deep from land to land, and knowing full well that, wherever the black mast and baleful red sails were borne, death, ruin, and destruction followed in their wake. On the other hand was a woman, in all the glory of opening maidenhood, rising to the divine heights where loss of self is joy—when that loss means the salvation of another. On the one hand man, lost through presumptuous arrogance and a determination to gratify selfish whims and desires; on the other hand the lost saved by woman as the embodiment of divine love.

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Wagner was a true mystic as well as a genius of the first order; hence, to him the type was ever a reality. In man we find reason dominating, despite the sneers of shallow sophists who hold that there is no essential difference between the masculine and feminine natures, and whose shibboleth is "No sex in brain"; while in woman the intuition is most pronounced. In man, intellect; in woman, heart and soul. One ever must and will complement the other. The mystics of the ages have not erred in their contention, though of course intellect and heart are possessed by man and woman in varying degrees. The heart overshadows the intellect in woman as a sex. The brain too often drives back the promptings of the soul and heart in man.

The opera opens with the landing of the vessel of *Deland,* a prosperous Norwegian shipowner, who has entered a small cove or inlet a few miles from his home on account of a threatening storm that seems to be rising on the sea. All is soon quiet on the vessel. Even the watch appear to be overcome with sleep, when noiselessly the dread boat of the Dutchman, with its blood-red sails and black mast, enters the harbor and weighs anchor. The seven years are up, and the doomed wanderer leaps on shore. His pitiful fate is told in a poetic song, after which *Deland,* coming on the deck of his vessel and seeing the other ship, reproves his watchman for not notifying him of its approach. The captain, going on shore, discovers the wanderer of the sea. The two fall into conversation. *Deland* informs his companion that he is near his own home and is about to repair thither, at which the latter offers him gold and gems to allow him a night's lodging. The offer is gladly accepted, and the captain at once thinks of his beautiful daughter, *Senta,* as a possible bride for this rich sea rover.

The next act represents a domestic scene in *Deland's* home. A number of maidens are busily engaged in spinning flax. On the walls are some maps and charts and a large picture of a sad-visaged man in black, whose pensive face seems to have so

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fascinated the captain's daughter that she at times becomes lost in contemplation of the picture. Being taxed with her idleness and laughed at for her infatuation by her companions, *Senta* recites the story of the Flying Dutchman whose picture and fate so profoundly moved her. The doom of the seaman who is condemned throughout all time to wander before the storm, companioned only by despair, leads *Senta* to say that she would gladly give herself to rescue him from his curse. Her lover, a hardy Northern hunter, who has entered during her narration, is appalled by this declaration—the more so as he has had a vision in which he saw his affianced won by a strange mariner who lured her to death.

The opera abounds in antitheses, and in the exquisite Spinning-wheel Song which is the marked musical feature of this act we have a striking contrast to the rather boisterous and rollicking song of the sailors in the preceding scene. While her companions and lover are remonstrating with *Senta, Deland* is announced. He is accompanied by an unknown seaman, who by the captain is introduced to his daughter. *Senta* at once recognizes the guest as the Flying Dutchman, and does not waver in her determination to give herself to rescue him from his tragic fate. Accordingly, when the seaman proposes she unhesitatingly accepts.

In the last act the lover is discovered earnestly seeking to dissuade her from a hasty marriage to a perfect stranger. He calls to her mind their happy days, and hints darkly at the strange circumstances surrounding the unknown seaman. *Senta,* though in no way moved by her former lover's entreaties, hears him patiently. She is about to leave him forever, and surely it is right and proper to listen to his farewell words, even though they cannot move her from her purpose. The wanderer of the deep, coming suddenly upon the two, and observing his affianced so quietly listening to her one-time lover's pleading, hastily concludes that she already regrets her promise. If she should prove false, she will be doomed for-

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ever. The thought of this is insupportable to him. Better wander till the Judgment Day than be the cause of her damnation. He therefore charges her with repenting her choice and tells her what her fate would be did she regret her marriage after the ceremony had been performed; and while *Senta* passionately denies his charge, and pledges herself to be his until death, he boldly declares who he is, and at this declaration the gathered crowd starts back in terror. The wanderer hastens to his ship, while the friends of *Senta* gather round to block her pathway to the vessel. In vain she struggles to reach the ship, which immediately weighs anchor, and amid the rising fury of a sudden storm moves away toward the precipitous headlands that protect the harbor. *Senta* meantime has broken from her friends, and, seeing the vessel slowly moving away, rushes to the beetling cliffs, and, calling to her lover that she will be faithful to him till death, flings herself into the raging surf below. Instantly the phantom ship vanishes, the storm subsides as by magic, and in the western sky, over the cliffs whence the maiden threw herself, are seen the glorified spirits of the sea wanderer and *Senta* slowly ascending, wrapped in the glory of eternal dawn.

It will be seen that this legend is rich in suggestive philosophic truths that intimately relate to human life; while its overmastering lesson, the redemptive power of pure, unselfish love—the losing of one's life for another or others, without thought of gain—is the supreme lesson of the ages: the great central truth upon which the rise of man and of civilization depends. In the war of light against darkness, of the higher against the lower, of the divine against the animal, love ever rising and becoming more impersonal, more selfless, more glorified, is the luminous something—the soul of day, the heart of life, the breath of God.

"LET thy spirit burn with a steady light. Thou canst not know when another shall catch the sacred fire from thee."

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GOLDEN SILENCE.

BY AXEL E. GIBSON.

"Speech is silver; silence is gold." Behind this Saxon proverb, paradoxical as it may appear, lurks a most profound truth. We talk too much, both in civil and official life. The weakness in human nature that was embodied by Shakespeare in his *Mercurio,* who "liked to hear himself talk," still holds sway over most men and women of our time.

Mediocre people, mistaking "sound" for "light," always clamor for speech. Only nobler souls can discern the power and usefulness of silence. Buddha, Pythagoras, Jesus, Luther, and Wesley were not "orators." They lectured in "shorthand," formulating their sentences after a cable code decipherable only through the "vision of the heart." "They who have *ears* may hear;"—in other words, "those who have the key to my cipher may read my message."

This cable code of the heart constitutes the standard gauge for all strong and wise speech. The only speech serving progress is that which has for its purpose the interpretation of the silent voice of the heart. The true speaker is he who surrenders his powers of expression to the play of that great, unfathomable, impersonal energy which from the bottom of his inner nature seeks an outlet in endeavors of universal usefulness.

What gives vulgarity to the manners and looseness to the morals of our time—as contrasted with those of the ancients—is our overripeness of speech. The energy of the man is transferred from his inner to his outer life—from the realm of calm intelligence and silent thought to that of sound, with its conflicting speech. Quality yields to quantity; the *inner* man of thought, will, and feeling surrenders to the *outer* man

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of sensations and desires, and the motive, from expressing "impulses of deeper birth,"—the universality of life,—voices personal inclinations, ungauged or uninfluenced by anything but selfish considerations. Modern speech, through its unbridled character and misdirected applications, has become, generally speaking, a stifling overgrowth to the deeper and nobler growth of life. Lack of moral self-government removes the individual from his true center of gravity, changing the course of his life from orbitual, systematic motion into the purposeless eccentricities of an indeterminable hyperbole. Concentrating their available powers on the voluptuousness of *form* and *appearance*, the majority of our public and private "spellbinders" lose sight of the *substance*.

"Of this, however, be certain: Wouldst thou plant for eternity? Then plant in the deep, unfathomable faculties of man."

So did the ancients; hence their calm, dignified, epitomized speech and action. They perform their duties—social, official, and domestic—with an unflinching eye to their cosmic relations. Their poetry, philosophy, and art are so many offerings to the majesty of the inner, silent, inspiring life. Their expressions serve as *means*, not as *ends*. Their speech has a spirit and a meaning. The nucleus of ancient greatness and strength lies in their economy—hence concentrated forcefulness—of speech.

The art of ancient Greece, as yet unequaled, is grand and lofty because of its simplicity and calmness. It solicitously avoids the complex and the obscure. The dazzling truthfulness to life, which to the works of Homer, Æschylus, Hesiod, and others of the older Greek poets imparts a touch of perennial freshness, is due to their wonderful knowledge of life in all its phases and their power to select forms of expression to which this life evinces closest internal relations. The hexameter, the noblest and most expressive form of poetry, constitutes in its simple and elemental character such a form. The

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hexameter serves as a unit-point for poetic measure—a unit-point whence all subsequent modes and forms of poetic expression have sprung. Its matchless superiority to all other forms of verse lies in its calm, silent power, derived from its close relation as form to Life itself—the invisible Source of all power.

The pictorial art of old Greece, like the art of poetry, derives its prominence not so much from the expression of the thing as from the thing expressed. Here as in poetry recourse is taken to the simple and fundamental. The dominating purpose is to express *character;* hence, it is not so much in the coloring as in the contour and lineament that the Greek artist reveals his power.

In Greek architecture we find the same inner, quiet, self-supporting life expressed. Its simplicity and freedom from exterior effects are manifested in its exclusive employment of the straight line. Unshackled by any element of superfluity or waste, the employment of the straight line exalts the idea of order—yielding a direct, immediate purpose, which by its truthfulness to character evinces an approach to the sublime image of ethical purity.

In the Roman and Gothic arch this singleness of purpose gives way to collateral issues, which with their complexity of aim and scenic display of light and shadow express the spirit of medieval romanticism.

As in poetry and architecture, so in music. The fundamental, innate power of the latter is embodied in rhythm. Melody is the ornamental—rhythm the characteristic and basic. Melody, with its ever changing, ever fluctuating, ever rising and falling shades of sentiment, stands for "speech"; while rhythm, with its deep, unruffled, unmixed tide of the inner, invisible, and inaudible life, expresses the "voice of silence." And, as generally known, the Grecian music is principally rhythmical.

Even in pain and agony the ancients were silent. Latona,

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with her children stricken down by Apollo's arrows, carries the pose of silent grief, with sealed lips, resigned eye, and submission pictured on her brow. And Niobe, wrapped in nameless despair, betrays in her calm features only Stoic resignation to the play of a relentless destiny.

The Spartans have become world renowned for their brevity of speech. But Plutarch observes that in this brevity is contained the very essence of penetration and epigrammatic wit. Says Pindar:

> "The spear and song in them do meet
> And Justice walks about their street.
> . . . . . .
> With the iron, stern and sharp,
> Comes the playing on the harp."

Through speech, energy is dissipated, and the expenditure thus caused can be justified and repaid only through the universal usefulness of its motive. Aimless speech is a terrible drain on man's vital and spiritual powers. Every word liberates a momentum of vital energy that reacts on the speaker from the mind of the listener; and, as reaction introduces no qualities other than those contained in the original action, so a word of falsehood, passion, or hate will fling its malignant force back into the soul whence it came, blurring and delaying, if not preventing, the moral and spiritual evolution of the individual. The dissipation of precious energy through vain and useless speech robs society of a mighty moral lever. Transmuted into movements of serviceable purpose, this energy would in a short time change the ethical aspect of our planet.

We talk too much! Man's message is in his character, not in his words. Not in the quantity, but in the quality, lies the strength of speech. The world's greatest and most influential speeches have not been the longest ones. Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg—a few periods only—will live in the minds and hearts of men as long as virtue, character, sympathy, and love hold their sacred seat in the souls of men. Victor Emmanuel's

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speech, with which he quieted the intensely excited multitude in Milan after the victory of Magenta in 1855, consisted of "three words and five gestures." Napoleon was never a grand nor eloquent speaker, but he was a terribly effective one. Our own General Grant was never heard to take part in a dispute. We all have read of Tennyson's historic visit to Carlyle, lasting five hours, during which neither of them broke the silence. Their lips were silent while their souls communed. Moltke is known among his countrymen as "der grosse Schweiger." Cromwell's revolution was successful because he engineered more than he talked; the French revolution lost because the leaders spent their energy in noisy and confused speech. Goethe attributes the success of his "Faust" and "Tasso" to the "literary silence" forced upon him through the duties and cares of his twelve years' official service in Weimar. The "Spartan self-mastery" with which he "held his Pegasus fast bound in his stall" generated an accumulated inner force that when liberated became convulsive and forceful, like the let-loose torrent of a dammed-up mountain stream.

The cohesive force of all our secret orders has its explanation in just this preservative power of silence. Life itself, the most potent of all energies—with its marvels of workmanship, its construction and destruction of giant forms throughout Nature's domain—performs its world-fashioning labors wrapped in imperturbable silence.

Though engulfed in the travails of speech, our present time is not without hopeful signs of returning normal and evolutionary development. We are beginning to realize the necessity of concentrating our energies on set pursuits. This tendency is traceable in the growth of "specialties" in all professional labors. The specialist focalizes his available strength on a single aspect of life, pursuing its chain of evolution to the deeper shafts of existence, where he touches the silent sphere of causes. Our evolution is not only horizontal but vertical—not only onward but inward—and we can follow its sweep only

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by shifting our attention from the variety of appearance to the unity of essence, and, from the conflicting issues of uncontrolled surface speech, by striking out for the soul of things: into the silent workshop of Nature's finer forces.

"Real action is in silent moments," says Emerson. "The epochs of our life are not in the visible facts of our choice of a calling, of our marriage, our acquisition of an office and the like, but in a silent thought by the wayside as we walked; in a thought which revises our entire manner of life and says, 'Thus hast thou done, but it were better thus.' "

GOD'S way is the way of justice and truth and love to man, and pity and righteousness, and that these should prevail. His way is the way in which we find the simple qualities of human nature and the common relations of men to men most honored, loved, and supported, in which love of home, gentle society, peaceful life, freedom of thought and of life, and just judgment are made easy and safe—not for ourselves only, but for all those with whom we have to do.—*Stopford A. Brooke.*

ARE not all true men that live or that ever lived soldiers of the same army, enlisted under Heaven's captaincy, to do battle against the same enemy—the empire of Darkness and Wrong? Why should we misknow one another, fight not against the enemy but against ourselves, from mere difference of uniform?—*Carlyle.*

"HE that humbleth himself shall be exalted;" nay, not "shall be," but in that very moment is. The great conquest for every soul is the conquest of itself. We never find our real life until we give it, and give it freely, as Jesus said, and knew by experience whereof he spoke.—*Frederick L. Hosmer.*

MEN need religion now as never in the world before—need it as the premises of logic the conclusion they involve. The religious attitude is the supreme necessity to which all knowledge, science, and experience run as rivers to the sea.—*John W. Chadwick.*

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THOUGHTS ON THE UNKNOWN.

BY E. WOLLASTON MOODY.

Although it is the custom of the majority of mankind to denounce all speculation respecting the Abstract as sheer waste of time, I, nevertheless, think it must be conceded that bold incursions into the great thought-world are to some minds a most absorbing and exhilarating pastime. It is a pastime that not only braces the intellect but also vividly stimulates one's spirit of adventure. To urge the chariot of one's mind through the "strait, rough, dense, or rare" of the Great Unknown, the spiritual *terra incognita,* and so endeavor to widen the narrow limits of man's knowledge thereof, is, I hold, no unworthy pursuit, albeit it may seem an idle one to the vulgar. Indeed, I already seem to hear the thick, coarse grunt of the animal-man —the man who cares not a jot for intellectual "emprise": *"Cui bono?* What is the good of it all? You will only lose yourself in a Serbonian bog of wretched futilities, whence you will emerge more muddled and confused than ever."

Thank Heaven, the philosophers of old have always turned a deaf ear to this sort of man. Had they, indeed, ever condescended to listen to him, the world would not now possess the sublime flights of imagination that here and there adorn the pages of philosophy. Let us, then, leave the animal-man to his chops and bottled beer, and straightway proceed to embark in our spiritual boat to explore the deep caverns of the Unknown, and try to discover something definite and tangible in its awe-inspiring solitudes.

With faith for our keel, courage for our main-sheet, trained intellect for our rudder, let us launch fearlessly into the Deep. How glorious is the sense of freedom as we sweep over the waves of the Ocean of Thought! How rare and divine seems

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the air! Our souls are filled with mingled awe and delight, while our spiritual gaze is forever fixed on the horizon glowing and gleaming in the strange light beyond. Under so mystic a spell we are in danger of forgetting our task, so we will hasten to write down our thoughts before we become altogether lost in our reveries.

The first thing that looms before our mental gaze is the vision of an infinite and mysterious Trinity, which stands quite apart from the Trinity of theology. It is the infinite, immaterialistic trinity of Space, Eternity, and Darkness—the womb of Deity and all things.

> "A dark, illimitable ocean without bound,
> Without dimension; where length, breadth, and height
> And time and place are lost."

While we stand lost in awe, pondering the unspeakable sublimity of this all-embracing triune empire, its awful heart-chilling silences, its dread potentialities, a thought, a very common thought of childhood, arises in our mind. How can God have *no* beginning? Probably most of us when children have wrestled with this dark enigma till our little heads have fairly reeled in dizziness. But we have ever found it too hard a nut to crack, and have consequently dismissed it from our thoughts without more ado. Since those early days, however, the study of Pantheism may have brought many of us to see that the subject in question is by no means devoid of solution.

As everybody knows, Pantheism affirms that there is spirit, or *nous,* in everything—alike in space, time, and matter, and all its wondrous wealth of detail. This spirit, it also affirms, is God. God, therefore, must be the Spirit of Space, Eternity, and Darkness (of course, I speak here of darkness in the physical, not the moral, sense). Since, then, God is the Spirit of Eternity, it is easy to see how Deity can have no beginning.

As to the conditions of Divine existence before creation was born, and that sublime fiat went forth, "Let there be Light!"—who can say anything? That Deity *must* have existed before

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the worlds were made is manifest; but what was the mode of that life? This is a problem few thinkers, if any, have attempted to deal with, partly no doubt owing to a decent sense of constraining awe and partly to a sense of the absolute futility of the attempt. The most reverent and rational conception, however, of this ultra-remote stage of Divine existence is, so far as I know, contained in some fine lines of an anonymous German poet of the eighteenth century, which, freely translated, run thus:

"When the Deity awoke from the slumber of the Eternities,
Then was the beginning of all Creation;
Then began the never-ending march of the worlds and stars:
For blind, dumb Eternity became eye-flashing, articulate,
And the Deity—awakening in glory from his Divine sleep—
Called unto the abysmal Deep, and, lo! all life, all joy began!"

Let us now return to the consideration of the infinite, unoriginal trinity of Space, Eternity, and Darkness referred to above. It is most interesting to note that creation simply consists of a concretion or limitation of these three immaterial entities. In a word, this primordial trinity has its exact counterpart in a secondary or subordinate trinity, of which these are the elements: Matter, which is but the concretion or occupier of Space; Time, which is but the relative limitation of Eternity; and Light, which is the antithesis of Darkness. This secondary triad absolutely prescribes all the physical conditions of man's earthly existence, and also forms the sum-total of all the conditions of organic life throughout the whole material universe. Matter not only constitutes man's corporeal substance and food, but it is also his sole fulcrum; Time is the necessary adjuster, regulator, and recorder of his actions; Light is the imperishable lamp without which "no man can work." Deprive man of these three essentials—Matter, Time, and Light—and, lo! he is not; he is straightway resolved back into the all-engulfing abysses of primordial vacuity.

We will now turn our attention to the stupendous problem

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of the origin of Matter and Light (as for Time, its existence is but conditional and dependent on the two former elements), and endeavor, however feebly, to steer a straight course across the troubled waters. True, we are but holding "our farthing rush-light to the sun;" but the gods are merciful and indulgent, and at the worst will but smile—so let us venture on.

As all the world knows, the definition of the word *Light* admits of two fundamentally distinct meanings. In the one sense it is natural light, which is implied in Genesis i., 3; in the other it is spiritual light, which is indicated in St. John 1., 5, 9. The former condition may be regarded as the physical reflection of the latter, and it is with the origin of this condition of light that we here propose to deal (strictly, though, in a philosophic sense), leaving the exposition of the doctrine of spiritual light to those who feel qualified to interpret it.

For many years there has been waged a fierce and acrimonious discussion between Science and Religion respecting the apparent contradiction of physical light existing before the stars were created; but it is easy to see on a little reflection that the Power that could create self-luminous matter (for of such are the stars) could also with equal facility evolve or emit light quite independent of material coöperation. In fact the truth seems to be that, as cold can change water into ice, so can the Divine Will crystallize thought into the visible and the material. According, then, to this hypothesis, the origin of physical light may be assumed to be somewhat as follows:

The Creator, being desirous of expressing some objective and visible manifestation of His all-glorious spiritual essence, conceived the thought of Light as being the most majestic symbol of Divine purity and splendor. Straightway, then, that first of decrees went forth: "Let there be Light—and there was Light." The ineffable, Divine thought was straightway crystallized into all-luminous, tremulous ether. A flood of glorious, dazzling splendor burst upon the sable empire of night, rolling back its black clouds to the utmost verge and

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laying bare the dark ribs of Eternity. Joy was born; the Al mighty Himself rejoiced—for the creation of Light was the dawn of Life. The sublime drama of Creation had begun. This, then, being our conception of the origin of natural or physical light, it will, I imagine, cause no surprise if we proceed to base our theory of the genesis of matter on similar lines.

Some of our leading scientists have for long held the opinion that the seventy chemical elements known to man are but so many forms or modifications of one common element, which for the sake of convenience they have designated "protyle." Has it, though, ever occurred to Science that possibly "protyle" is not after all the ultimate principle, but that it too is still further reducible? In other words, supposing we boldly extended our analytical researches, what strange monistic essence should we ultimately exhibit? Sometimes the thought occurs to me that the persistent rarefication of "protyle" would eventually—were it the will of Heaven—reveal to our terror-struck senses pure Spirit: that Spirit which—

> ". . . from the first
> Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread,
> Dove-like, sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
> And madest it pregnant."

We should discover, as perhaps we had often suspected, that the one, sole, immaculate element is Deity. We should discover that Matter and Spirit are one and the same, though we might seal the discovery with our death, since "no man can see God and live."

In truth, "the conclusion of the whole matter" seems to be that one of the most striking attributes of the mystic might of Heaven—the might that is so immeasurably superior to the mere mechanical force of man—is that Divine Alchemy: the all-potent faculty of transforming thought into matter. We know that Coleridge compared architecture to "frozen music"; in an analogous sense may we not suggest that Matter is

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simply crystallized Divine Thought? It seems highly probable. But in these extreme latitudes the spiritual atmosphere is far too rare for mortals long to breathe. An impenetrable mist is rising from the unknown Sea, baffling our gaze and chilling our senses. Let us, therefore, hasten to turn our prow toward the old familiar shores of Mother Earth, where, should we at any time require a sacred emblem of the Infinite, we shall do well to recall the following lines of Hartley Coleridge:

"Dost ever seek in thoughtful mood
An image of unbounded space?
'Tis thine if thou hast learnt to brood
On that wide heaven—a dear one's face."

THROW off the harness of your daily lives, get from beneath the hammer that beats the life from out your souls. Go to the smiles of our great Mother Earth, and up from them look for the smile of our great Father,—God,—and the dull thud of your sluggish pulse will bound with new life; and you will see, not flower and sky, not beauty and summer, but the great Immanent Spirit of them all,—him in whom you, as they, live, move, and have your being.—*J. F. W. Ware.*

LET us do the most we can to make the home a place where the children shall grow helpful, natural, happier, toward the noblest manhood and womanhood. Let us remember that it is the little things that make up the atmosphere. The kind word to the child, the little fault-finding, the little nagging—it is just these little tiny things that make the comfort or discomfort of the home.—*Minot J. Savage.*

"WHEN God gives us Love, he gives it forever. Superficial sympathies, based on accident, on proximity, or common interests of the hour, are fugitive. But the love which sees what is best in us, and cares for that, is something which cannot pass away. For this is like God's love. He is the God of the living, and loves the living part, the immortal part, of our nature."

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THE SECRET OF POWER.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

If we accept the law of the survival of the fittest as conclusive, we must consider Nature as being in one sense thoroughly heartless; that is, that natural law decrees the destruction of all that is weak and the preservation of all that is strong. Yet for countless ages there has been a constructive work going on, having for its aim the perfecting of a habitation for living creatures, beginning with the tiniest conceivable—each habitation becoming ever more complex and complete; hence, what we see in the phenomena of growth is not the destruction of life at all. It is the destruction of imperfect form, in order that the inner living entity may begin anew the construction of a more ideal body. This process continues until each form is complete and perfect, when a new type is evolved, because there is *mind* action in even the very lowest forms of life. When nourishment is required there is intelligence enough to draw, or to cause the entity to reach out after, the needed sustenance; and if Nature has not provided the means of locomotion, the latent powers of the creature are then forced into activity.

Let us consider Man, the highest of earth's species, on his three planes of development. First, we will take two individuals living on the purely animal (or physical) plane of being. Both contain within themselves the intelligence of all that has gone before, from the protoplasm up to the human; all the intelligence of the whole animal creation is epitomized in these two men. So they start alike, both having the same amount of intelligence; yet in time we find that one has traveled very much farther than the other even on their own plane. Again, some persons are born into this world under the most favorable circumstances, while others begin life under the most un-

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favorable conditions imaginable; yet now and then we find that the latter will succeed in life where the former will make a failure of every undertaking.

We cannot look to the purely spiritual side of life from the animal plane, and account for success or failure from that point of view; but we must go right to the physical—to man's sense nature—to find the determining point. Take two individuals, then, in whom the sense nature is equally developed, and who possess a perfect development of the animal functions. We find in one case a degree of moderation—that is, a certain amount of temperance in the use of material things—that is missing in the other. Again, we find that one has a degree of perseverance that is not possessed by the other.

The purely animal quality known as *instinct* is not a much higher attribute when manifested by man; but when man accepts the guidance of his instinct he is led into the right course of action. When a man tries to do a thing, and persists in the effort even after repeated failures, his success is inevitable. It may at first seem very difficult, yet his instinct forbids discouragement. On this plane of existence we find men who are most successful—who develop and express genuine power because they follow its true lines.

It is only through the right *use* of each of our talents that new things come into existence. Because a thing seems difficult we are not justified in passing it by in favor of something that seems easier. Certain difficult things come to all of us, because we are equal to the occasion—otherwise they would not come. When a very hard problem is presented to us, let us realize that we have the power to solve it; otherwise we shall make a failure of life. We should persevere—try to form a clear idea of what we wish to accomplish, and get it thoroughly fixed in mind. We must not scatter our force by turning to something else that seems much easier.

Even on the physical plane, therefore, we find that the man who uses both moderation and perseverance accomplishes

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more than the one who is lacking in either of these qualities. Little by little, the man who uses moderation in all he undertakes—who perseveres and keeps firmly in mind the thing he wishes to accomplish—is certain to succeed. Moreover, because of the concentration of his force, he is becoming strong mentally and physically, for mental strength is manifested in and through the physical. The other sort of man becomes weaker each day instead of stronger, and finally Nature abandons the attempt to utilize his powers in her economy. We say that a tree is cut down because it encumbers the ground. This means that the life that has come into existence has not used its intelligence to its fullest capacity; that it must go out of its physical form and later begin the work of construction anew. Some people are spiritually lazy, others are mentally lazy, and some are physically lazy. We cannot feel strong nor equal to the duties to which we are assigned if we are victims of laziness—a condition that always results from failure to use power in the right way.

Let us examine the result of the right use of power on all three planes. We can trace the operation of the evolutionary principle in all forms of life, from the lowest creatures known to science up almost to the manifestations of divinity; hence, we should be able to discern the reasons why evolution should take place. We are born with certain appetites and desires—also with instincts and a degree of intelligence that knows how to use those qualities in the right way. Some people say that the sense nature of man is not good, and that it must be overcome or repressed; others insist that the intellectual side of man's being is of no consequence—that the spiritual side alone is important. Yet the fact remains that *every* phase of man's life—from the lowest sense plane to the highest spiritual plane—is a vital factor of his being; but its beneficence is dependent upon its right use.

We know by instinct that it is essential to our growth that we should *construct* in one way or another. After a time,

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through this effort, comes the development of intellect, by which man has power to think and reason. The physical should always be subordinate to the intellectual; for to the degree that man is intemperate in the indulgence of his passions his mental force is reduced. To dissipate energy on one plane is to deprive the others of strength.

Man knows that as he perseveres he succeeds. He knows also that, as he thinks clearly, concisely, and logically, he accomplishes his undertakings. Now, the mentally strong man will bring his force to bear on one thing at a time, not on many things at once. Thus will he become truly constructive.

Besides the virtues of concentration, moderation, and perseverance, there are certain moral and ethical questions that affect the problem of life, and only as man considers them in their true relations can he hope to generate the highest power. He knows that, aside from all thought of spiritual development, his mind is at peace only when he feels and acts justly toward others. He is endowed with a sense of justice, and only as he expresses it is his mind strengthened; for if he cultivates the habit of injustice inharmony enters his mind, and thus weakens his mental capabilities.

Coming now to the spiritual side of life, in order to get at the completeness of power, we first observe man's *love* nature, of which we have had glimmerings from his very lowest estate. Again, little by little, as he deals justly with others, he develops the element of *faith;* and finally, as he begins to take a brighter view of things, *hope* comes into his life. So we discern in man three soul qualities.

Our knowledge of earth life is not eternal knowledge. It pertains to temporal things. Through its right application, however, we are enabled to develop the knowledge that is latent within each of us. This is not accumulated wisdom, but rather the potentialities of soul and mind. The enduring qualities of human life pertain to the *soul.* How shall we live the soul life? Let us consider *personality* as an instrument. If that be per-

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fect the force will act perfectly through it. We do not *live* so much as we are lived *in* and *through*. God lives in us and we live in God. There is no possibility of getting away from universal power, and the intelligence that has been given to each child of God can be employed to get and keep all the power that he needs or can possibly use.

We need power on the spiritual plane; we need it on the intellectual plane; we need it on the physical plane. But when we enter the spiritual realm our old life-methods are entirely supplanted by the new. It is the spirit within us that contains the transforming power; the outer is but the instrument of the inner entity. Let us cease the useless effort to relate ourselves to the outer world—to people who we think can aid us, or to things that we feel have benefited us—and let us seek that which shall bring the real abundance of life. Everything of value is within the realm of spirit, and we can get therefrom whatever we wish; but we must seek it in the true way. We must get mental and physical health in the right way—through the recognition and development of our soul qualities. The man who fully realizes that he is living and moving in God can never express disease, because he has passed from under the "law of sin and death," which law we ourselves have made, and has now come under the law of the spirit of life, which gives freedom from all negative conditions.

We often consider ourselves great sufferers, and mentally dwell upon the change called death. It makes no difference what we think about life; life is eternal, and absolutely pure and healthful. It is filled with strength and goodness. "The eyes of the Lord are too pure to behold iniquity." But we must rise above the so-called law of sin and death and become a law unto our true selves. The law of God is written in the life of man, and we have the power to make ourselves what we will through a recognition of this law of the spirit of life. Nothing is accomplished in the external. Even from the very beginning of things the vital force has been working from

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the center, evolving that which was latent in the soul at its inception.

Everything becomes new when viewed from the center of life. This is not to form a mental concept of a personal God; it is simply to realize that God is within, and to look from the God-like part of one's being outward. There can be no true or lasting expression of life till we recognize the highest within us. We may acquire all possible knowledge of the outer life and yet be deficient in wisdom, for wisdom and knowledge are not the same; but when they are combined the individual puts the knowledge he has to practical use. It is only through the right *use* of our knowledge that we become strong. When we utilize our possessions in the right way, greater possessions are acquired; thus do we learn the true secret of power. Many people think that if they half starve themselves, or if they live on certain kinds of food, or if they do or abstain from doing certain other things, they will bring about conditions that will tend to develop spirituality. But if one is right *within* he will do everything right without; that is to say, a man that is pure in heart will be clean and whole in body. Mental activity produces physical activity.

Possibly two-thirds of the work of the world is done in the wrong way, because we think about it in the wrong way. One may sit down and say, "Now, I am going to rest," and yet find no rest. One may lie down and have all sorts of thoughts running through his mind that will make him thoroughly tired in both mind and body. When we learn to do things in the right way we will not be tired because of their doing.

The secret of power lies in going to the very heart of things —to the soul—and working from within outward, thus developing love and faith and hope, and in that way becoming "magnetic" by imparting these qualities to others. Think clearly. Get a clear mental conception of what you wish to accomplish and steadfastly adhere to it. Be temperate in all things, and everything necessary in the physical life will come

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to you—because it is right that it should. The thought of "doing penance" is a perversion of the truth. But it may be necessary to separate one's self from others occasionally. Jesus did this at times; he went into the wilderness or out on the sea, but he returned again to his work.

The one who accomplishes the most in life will be the one who is unceasingly doing good to others; the one who becomes strong without taking thought of self—simply working because he loves to work, doing good because he loves to do good, always working from the highest impulse (which invariably comes from within) rather than from any impression from without. There is nothing strange or mysterious about this. The secret of power is open to all. Any one who chooses may become perfectly strong and well. Failure is due to our having established certain habits in the past that we find hard to relinquish. The old habits having brought us so little, why should we continue to hold them when the new course offers so much? Why should we not claim for ourselves that which legitimately belongs to us? It is by persevering—knowing that we can *do*, knowing that we can *be*—that we shall attain our desires. This is the secret of power—to go right to the heart of things and work outward to the circumference of life.

THE earth is not the prison-house of a race condemned to be circumscribed during the first stage of its immortal career by the fearful curse of God; but it is the beautiful and appropriate scene of human endeavor and trial, of human aspiration and success, on which we are fully persuaded that the tenderest blessing of God's parental love is ever resting.—*Charles C. Coe.*

HAVE to do with nothing but the true,
The good, the eternal,—and these not alone
In the main current of the general life,
But small experiences of every day.

—*Robert Browning.*

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THE TRUTH.

BY F. EDWIN ELWELL.

Over the brink of yon hill
I see the setting sun
Drop out of sight,
As honest labor's done.

The wind goes howling by,
And the clear orbed moon
Is flecked with rushing cloud;
Snow glistens on the doon.

Alone in Nature's wildest mood
Is better far than cities' crowd,
Where all is maddened rush
And money's strong and loud;

Where callow youths dress fine,
With brainless heads aside
And walk that is not man's,
But a foolish, useless stride.

Man's made to live as man,
In simple, honest ways,
Lifting the inner, higher thought
To build eternal happy days.

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THE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE.

BY ADELLE WILLIAMS WRIGHT.

To those who have given any attention to the subject it must be evident that a strong wave of spiritual thought is sweeping over the world at the present time, carrying us with irresistible force onward to higher and better things. A new era has dawned, which we may very properly term "The Age of Spiritual Truth." Its influence is permeating every department of life and is felt both in the churches and outside of them. Not only in the liberal churches, but even in the most conservative, there is a stronger disposition than ever before *to get at the truth;* and this is evinced by the many controversies and struggles that arise over matters of belief and in regard to discarding old dogmas. It is also felt strongly in the political field, and in no way perhaps is this spiritual evolution more distinctly manifest than in the rapidly spreading principles of Socialistic philosophy.

But aside from all systems of worship and all parties, there is evident a growing disposition to inquire into those things which pertain directly or indirectly to the soul's welfare. It is as if an unseen hand had been at work scattering seeds of spiritual thought, which are everywhere springing into active life and lifting us onto higher planes.

As the last era has been marked by splendid achievements in things that are the outgrowth of mental advancement, so the one now upon us will be marked by great progress in those that depend upon the development of the higher activities—the education, as it were, of the spirit.

The study of Ethics is now made much more prominent than before in our colleges and universities, and the time will come when even the children in our public schools shall receive

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more careful and competent instruction along these higher lines. This is certainly in accordance with the universal law of progress, for, however important we may consider the development of the mind, we must all feel that of the soul to be infinitely more imperative.

Religion, being only another name for that portion of Truth which pertains more particularly to this higher development, is, like all truth, absolute and unchanging. The various doctrines promulgated in her name are only man's *interpretation* of religion. It is incorrect to speak of the Christian faith, the Buddhist, the Mohammedan, etc., as so many different *religions*. The same great truth underlies them all, and this truth is Religion. It is given to man in that form in which he is best fitted to receive it, and in the manner that will appeal most forcibly to him. Religion may be likened to a mighty tree that no storm can uproot, while a vigorous stirring of the soil about its roots only serves to aid its more rapid growth. It implies, above everything else, harmony with the divine attributes of the Universal Mind, and the better we understand it the more completely shall we be able to live "in tune with the Infinite" and the more nearly shall we approach the perfect life.

In spite of all their errors and superstitions, in spite of all the accumulated rubbish of forms and creeds with which they are burdened, there can be no doubt that the churches have really done more for the development of spiritual thought than any other agency—not because of any doctrines they have sought to establish, but because they have all striven to cultivate the religious instinct, which is the highest instinct that man possesses.

But, powerful as the denominational churches of the past have been, the time must eventually come when, through a natural and inevitable evolutionary process, all sectarian lines shall disappear, and the great Universal Church—the church of the future—shall take their place. Even now the beginning

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of this change can be felt in the greater tolerance and broader charity extended by all denominations toward one another. It is probable that the first important result, foreshadowing the final union of all churches, will be the uniting of the so-called *liberal* churches upon such grounds as are common to all, allowing minor distinctions to remain in the background as matters of individual belief.

There seems to be no good reason why, for example, Unitarians, Universalists, Christian Scientists, and advanced Spiritualists (as contradistinguished from Spiritists) should remain separate and distinct organizations; and their union is only a matter of time. They hold practically the same opinions concerning the existence of evil, the progressive condition of the future life, man's relation to God, and many other questions of a purely spiritual nature; while upon those that pertain to social and economic problems the most advanced thinkers in every denomination are in harmony.

The different shades of opinion held concerning the "miraculous" origin of Christ are not of sufficiently vital importance to stand in the way of progressive and united effort for the good of humanity. All liberal churches accept Jesus as a great teacher, while in the truest and broadest sense they consider every child brought into the world as of divine origin. The church of the future shall be founded upon Truth, not only as taught by Christ but also as revealed through many others, and most of all to every soul according to its special needs. We shall learn to recognize Truth from whatever source it comes, and to know that God speaks to man just as truly and as forcibly through other lips to-day as He did through those of the Nazarene. More than this, the truth that comes to us to-day must, according to that law which has ever seemed to govern its revelation, be better adapted to the intelligence of the present day than that which was given to the world nineteen hundred years ago. Jesus himself said, "When He, the Spirit of Truth, is come He will lead you into all truth." It was not

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the man Jesus who was sent to be a light unto the world, but the Spirit of Truth that spoke through him. It has been speaking constantly through the mouths of other mediums ever since, and never more plainly than to-day. Some time, somewhere, it shall indeed guide every soul "into all truth."

Let us, then, welcome all efforts, from whatever source, that have for their object the betterment of human conditions and human life. There is no such thing as a great work or a small work, so far as individuals are concerned. The humblest toiler in the vineyard has just as important a service to perform as one whom the world calls great.

The liberal churches are doing much in the way of educating the people to a better understanding of man's oneness with God. It is no longer considered blasphemous to speculate concerning the Divine attributes, and the more we study these the more clearly do we recognize the Fatherhood of God—through perceiving which we are led to an acknowledgment of the Brotherhood of Man. The practical as well as theoretical acceptance of this great truth, though it may be a long time in coming, will certainly be required before the establishment of the Universal Church, for it is upon the principles of altruistic philosophy that this Church shall rest. To such a Church will come all who are enrolled under the banner of Christian Socialism, for to these the universal brotherhood is more than creeds and dogmas; and gradually all sectarian churches will grow into harmony with these principles and be gathered into one fold. All great social problems will be solved, or cease to annoy, when all shall recognize the brotherhood of all.

When established upon these broad principles it is not to be supposed that the energies of such a Church will be devoted to the promulgation of any particular theoretical doctrines, but rather shall it strive to cultivate that germ of religious instinct which exists in every soul and a thirst for spiritual knowledge which God is ever ready to supply. As has been said, it has always been the aim of the churches to arouse this instinct, and

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thus far they have been instrumental for good. Their fault has been that they have also sought to govern and direct the current of thought into narrow channels, to fetter and trammel the intellect, to stifle the spirit of inquiry, and to set bounds to the field of investigation. It is man's prerogative to think for himself, and no man, however gifted, has a divine commission to control another's opinions.

Among the most notable features that shall distinguish the future Church will be the absence of ceremonial forms and a higher understanding of the meaning of true worship. There will be no more instructing of the Deity, and no more explanations in regard to human needs and human conditions; no importunities even for spiritual blessings, and no abject prostrations of mind or body. In the place of all these we shall have the expression of lofty aspirations, the striving toward higher ideals, the spirit of joy and thanksgiving; while above all shall be manifest a firm and abiding faith that what is best for us will come to pass.

In truth it is quite possible to find, among the advanced churches of to-day, very many of the characteristics of the ideal Church already present. These features become more noticeable every year; every day the spiritual light of the world grows brighter, and it requires no great prophetic vision to discern the dawning of that glorious morn when not the hills and valleys of old Judea alone shall resound with the song of victory, but from mountain-top to mountain-top, in every land and in every clime, shall reëcho the strains of that first Christmas anthem—"Peace on earth; good will to men." For this, the old, old story, whose meaning has never yet been fully grasped, shall still be the gospel of the New Dispensation.

THE pure in heart not only see God themselves, but they become a medium for transmitting his thoughts to others. It is at last as if God were thinking through every look and movement of the purified soul.—*Lucy Larcom*.

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MEMORY AND IMPRESSIONS.

BY ALWYN M. THURBER.

Let him who hath a good memory be assured that his gift is a priceless one. The thinker who hath the will to keep his memory undimmed and active is an adept. The pupil in school, the messenger with ears and eyes alert, the accountant, the orator—all who fill places of trust and seek knowledge and are looked up to as responsible factors in the various thought circles are adepts to the degree that they are masters from within, masters of their trend and quality of thought, masters and keepers only of such memories as are worthy and beneficial to themselves; and of such people volumes of praise could be written. They are the ones who make history, who sway the masses, and who plant seeds of reform in fertile places.

But very closely allied to our faculty for remembering details and scenes is our proneness to *impression*. A single word may leave an impression with us that cannot be effaced by years. We may not have understood the word correctly; yet, though we learn our mistake later, the first impression will hover about us for months after. Memory is the storehouse, and our impressions are the minutiæ of our experiences stamped upon our minds in various shadings and colorings, according to our thought associations or habits of thinking. A good memory helps to preserve and quicken all our other gifts. The inventor, though he may observe only casually a complicated mechanism, sometimes catches at sight a dozen principles or details of motion, and in his future study is able to improve upon them as suits his needs; while another designer may see as much, but having a less retentive memory he gets less actual profit from his observations.

Retaining an impression, however, is not always an evi-

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dence of memory. "It is my impression," says one, "that the incident you name has taken place." So subtle—and we might say meddlesome—is the thought-laden ether about us that the impression we have may be very far from correct. We absorb unconsciously and give out to others accordingly. The adept or master mind must needs understand this, and by habitual demonstration be able to know at all times whereof he speaks.

We can look back and enumerate many an odd impression of our early days. They came most frequently to us in school, when the mental states were most active. I remember reading for the first time Campbell's famous poem, beginning:

> "On Linden, when the sun was low,
> All bloodless lay the untrodden snow."

Being a lad of deep sympathies and keen imagination, the impression upon my memory was the reverse of the idea intended to be conveyed. The terms "bloodless" and "untrodden" were beyond me, while "blood" is one of the first words of moment that enter a child's understanding. So, accepting my first impression, I saw with the quickness of a flashlight a field of snow covered with gore, and, to carry the dread of warfare to a rational sequence, I clothed the scene with a glamour of leaden twilight instead of sunlight—all because the text was just a trifle beyond my understanding. I never recall the poem with an entire absence of that early and erroneous impression.

About that age I was living with a family of farmers, and in those days cheese-making was a common household duty. At intervals my foster-mother would ascend to the upper room where the cakes of cheese were kept and rub some oily substance over them. With a child's inquisitiveness I asked what the stuff was. In those days many a short-cut was resorted to when instructing the young. To make sure that I would not meddle with the cheese-coating the good housewife told me it was poison. Indeed, how plain it all seemed to me! I saw at a glance why people removed the rind before eating the cheese;

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and ever after I clung to the poison theory with a boyish zeal befitting a more important cause.

In a room we have frequented for months may hang a picture of no particular value. But let that picture be removed, and we miss it vaguely, though we cannot tell exactly what is absent. Your friend has had his mustache removed. Though you may have met him daily, you must study hard to recall just how he had been wearing his beard. This is the memory of vision, which is thoughtless and wordless—habits of association that are constantly impressing us with the details of our surroundings. A typewriter may be an expert operator and yet be unable to locate all the keys of his machine on a blank diagram. This is the memory of motion and vision combined, and is almost automatic in its nature.

The child gets an impression that God is a person because its parents appeal to Him for personal favors. Undertake to deny the youthful thinker this privilege of opinion and you are in danger of making an agnostic of him. We scarcely dream what children do remember and what a strange construction they will sometimes put upon what we tell them. The first work of fiction I ever read I absorbed as literal truth. The fact that all the events and counter-events in the story taught an excellent lesson was much to my advantage. To-day it is not altogether pleasant to admit, even to myself, that my first novel was not literally true. I can even now disport myself with those early impressions and get good out of them. Must we be twice told to put the choicest of fiction before the child of tender years?

We get some very marked impressions when reading the books of different authors. A work composed when its writer is depressed or in an indifferent mood, even though his words are skilled in logic, depresses us in ways we cannot explain. Such a book must certainly fail of success, for no other reason than that it carries with it a gloomy something which the reader instinctively feels. If this heaviness does not

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appear in the words of the text, how do we sense it? We may write a letter that has no heart or spirit in it: it goes wide of the mark. Great historic truths have come down to us clothed in the simplest words: they endure because they were born under great stress of illumination. The impressions the world gets from them are uplifting, and in that sense they are both creative and divine.

Back of the theory of memory is a truth that some may have overlooked. A word spoken falsely does not impress the listener as does a true word. The secret intent of the speaker that lies back of the untrue assertion puts a negative sound into it, and so trained are certain shrewd business men that from habit they unconsciously forget the false story and remember the true one. They seem to make allowances for about so much drift-talk from others, and they sift and sort accordingly, because business hours do not admit of their troubling themselves overmuch about the moral acumen of those with whom they are dealing. A memory pent up in anger, if nursed and kept to one's self in secret, will depress the soul and turn the blood to bile. Is not the letting go of personal differences vastly better than burdening our memories with them?

In a moment of repose some strain of music ripples through your consciousness. You have heard the air many months before. Where has that memory been all this time? Some peculiar mood, which in some way resembles the mental state you were in when you heard the music, may have revived the memory. It is frequently true, however, that if you try to ***hum*** the tune the air vanishes from your memory like a flitting fancy. The sound of your voice does not harmonize with the memory. My belief is that the popular strain of music—the strain that is caught up, played, whistled, or sang by everybody, and for a time seems to lift one into raptures of keenest enjoyment—is not, as some suppose, an original creation of genius. It has not been discovered, or thought out, or con-

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structed by the composer. Were this so there would be no melody in it, and no stamp of originality upon it; there would be no inspiring echo accompanying it to touch the longing hearts of a nation. It is nothing more nor less than a memory wafted hither from the spheres. Some sensitive soul, in a moment of intense inner love, has caught the strain and given it out, imperfectly perhaps, to mankind as a direct message from God.

The same is true of a poem that becomes a classic, or any so-called discovery in science, or a maxim that wise men quote for ages: not one of these, strictly speaking, is the product of the human, earthly mind. They are but memories thrown off into the universal thought-ether by races superior to ours that may exist or have existed elsewhere in creation. Even then they come not to us as gifts from other intellects, but as messages from a wise Deity—the eternal, living Source, whence cometh all things glorious and comforting. It only remains for us to receive these things in the spirit in which they are given. Once we become conscious that in the simplest melody that touches the peasant heart there is a truth—in the humblest saying of a Saviour a glimmer of salvation—heaven is ours here and now; and as we pass from the visible to the invisible we leave memories behind that are divine in the degree that we have received them from out the great reservoir of things eternal.

A person asks you to name a certain author. Had you been about to speak the name on your own account you could have done so readily; but the request of your friend is so abrupt that, try as you may, you cannot think of the name, though it is quite familiar. Relax a little and cease trying, and the name occurs to you when you least expect it.

But, like all other blessings, that of memory is subject to abuse. Queer habits are ours at times. One says, "I can remember faces but I forget names." Such a person has spoken to his injury. By that single declaration his faculty for remem-

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bering names has been lessened. We should never admit such things for one moment. Our New Thought literature is filled with such admonitions. Speak a word, however trivial, and it impresses itself with fidelity upon the mind, and will even help to change the color of the soul-aura for good or ill. Should we be guilty of an admission of lack at any time?

One's memory is strengthened by faith. Many a time has a valuable thought come flitting into my mind, and my early habit was to seize a pencil and jot it down lest it escape my memory. This is not my habit now. Somehow I feel assured that the thought will recur to me whenever I may need it. If I *thoroughly believe* this, at the most opportune moment the idea is ready on my pen-point, clothed perhaps in a better garb than when it first occurred to me. Where has the idea been during my neglect of it? Under the mother-wing of Faith—the goddess of Truth and preserver of nations. If one has faith in abundance, every faculty, gift, and desire can be fortified and kept in trim for immediate action.

We are told that we possess a conscious and a subconscious memory. Then in mental nature we must be dual. Suppose you are busy counting a pile of paper slips. While doing so your mind wanders to other things. Coming suddenly back to yourself you find the counting going on just the same, without error or interruption. Who or what has been doing the counting while you in your conscious mind were absent? Suppose some very happy idea had occurred to you during that brief interval—an idea in mechanism, say, that proves profitable to the world. Ever afterward, when recalling the moment the thought dawned upon you, the fact that you were just then busy counting paper slips would be an inseparable part of the recollection. We might enumerate many other phases of mind phenomena—from the troublesome loss of memory whereby the derelict husband fails for a week to post his wife's letter to the masterly memory of the individual who is born to conquer and is able to store volumes of wisdom in his mentality—

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all of which are as mysterious as the ways of a beneficent Providence.

Now, a word or two about the preservation and the impairment of memory. Were I to choose from a hundred ways of impairment, my first mention would be the habitual reading of newspaper paragraphs. Many people have acquired a distaste for a half-column article in the public prints. The short items, seductively arranged to catch the eye, are read hastily and a dozen or more subjects crowded into the mind in as many minutes. When the paper is thrown aside with the more important articles unread, more encouraged than ever has become our habit of momentary sense-gratification, or love of going swiftly from one thing to another. Next to this habit is the promiscuous reading of signs and the catch-phrases of advertisers. We read and re-read the familiar letterings upon the bill-boards, the placards in the street-cars, and the glaring headlines in the newspapers. It becomes in time a positive relief to go out into the woods and gaze upon natural things whose beauties and verities do not need to be arrayed before us in painted or printed words.

We hear a great deal about *concentration*—the habit of doing one thing well, thinking one thing at a time, performing one piece of work to the positive exclusion of all others. Have we really ever tried to learn the alphabet of this mighty theme? So gratifying is all sense-life to the young—so much love of novelty enters into the life of the child blest with rosy cheeks and a buoyant spirit—that racing from one thing to another is as natural as breathing. Continue to indulge the child overmuch, and the novelty of its entertainment must be increased and intensified, until, at last, sleep overcomes its tired little body and mind, and Nature steps in and asserts her rights. Do not our racings from one side of the globe to the other correspond exactly with the entertainment we are trying to invent to pacify our children? We are wont to crowd into our minds so perpetual a train of things varied and novel, scenes both

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imaginary and real, that our memories take on a sort of negative blur rather than a condition of normal growth. True, the habit of concentration can be abused, and the mind become dethroned by dwelling too long upon one idea or set of ideas; but there exists a "happy medium" between all extremes.

Relaxation even during moments of great concern has been the salvation of many a person that otherwise might have fallen in early defeat. If your memory has an interval of vacancy during which all seems blank and spiritless, close your eyes and let all things go for a time. An hour, a day, or even a week may be necessary to permit the tired forces to catch up. When you resume your work, observe the instant profit arising from your period of rest! You may now take up and remember every separate thread of your task; not a single detail is lost, and the mind's action is normal and complete. Writers and thinkers upon abstruse subjects are usually very loath to wait; they count the present moments as precious, frequently to the defeat of the cause they are serving.

Sentimental persons have sought to condone loss of memory in the aged. Their eyesight, they tell us, should fail as well. Their hearing should be less acute, and, in brief, they must show signs of decrepitude in proportion to their years. When will the popular mind be taught that there *is* no "age," except as we permit it to affect us? Cases are known in which the memory of centenarians has been found as active as in youth. Rare instances are these, to be sure, because our popular theories of age and longevity are different. We set a milestone here, then another, and another, and count them over from day to day until our memories get threadbare from overuse. If we are consistent we will arise "in meeting" and make the pious admission that we are growing old and feeble, mentally and bodily, because we must! The Lord, we affirm, would scarcely know how to reward us in another world if we didn't grow old and decrepit in this. But we should put behind us all thought of a life "here" and a life "there." There

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is but one life, and that is eternal. Then why reckon upon "age" at all?

Our memories should become stronger, ever stronger, as the experiences of our individual careers pile up about us. Our ability to go deeper into the profounder problems should never grow less, but broaden hourly. Better by far that we drop out of the ranks with a smile of youth upon our faces, and with an unimpaired memory, than to be bent to stooping with erroneous teachings, however sincere they may be. Mankind must learn this lesson, and learn it well. Then the evolution of the species will be as easy and uninterrupted as the growth of the petal upon the stem.

WE do not realize as we ought what ministries cluster round our life, to aid us in being what we may be. Angels, angels every one, think about us every day, bearing us in their hands and lifting us up when we are fallen. Their faces gladden us when we do well, and grow very sad at us when we sin. Aye! and in some way those that we speak of and think of as in heaven love us still with all the old love of earth and all the new love of heaven together.—*Robert Collyer.*

TO ME the essence of character means self-possession. If I can fully possess and fully use all that is in me, I have fulfilled my destiny. I have indeed sometimes risen to the heights of my Being, but never been able to make my abode there.—*Mozoomdar.*

MAN cannot be the only or the highest thing that loves in this vast universe. There is—there must be—in it some great, deep heart of sympathy, the infinite counterpart of our faint and feeble human love.—*John James Tayler.*

HE only is advancing in life whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace.—*John Ruskin.*

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MATA THE MAGICIAN.

By Isabella Ingalese.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE THIRTIETH OF NOVEMBER.

As time passed, my professional duties seemed to press more and more heavily upon me, and I began to realize the need of rest with an entire change of scene and surroundings; so I made arrangements to visit the northern Pacific coast for a short time, hoping to recover my failing strength in its invigorating atmosphere. During my absence of six months, Mata wrote me every week and kept me informed concerning the things in which she believed me interested. But when the frosts of autumn began to make all travelers think of their homes and firesides, I returned, greatly improved in health, to take up my duties for the coming winter.

The thirtieth of November had come. It was the fourteenth anniversary of the death of my dear wife, whose image was still enthroned in my heart and worshiped as devoutly as on that saddest of all the days of my life when we were forced apart—she to pass on to a higher sphere of existence and I to continue life's journey without her sunny presence to cheer my loneliness.

On the evening of this anniversary I was sitting before the fire in my study, intending to "watch out" the hours of the night as I had done every year on the corresponding date since her death. I had been reading the precious letters she had written me from school, and was looking at her picture while I wound the curl of golden hair around my fingers, kissing and caressing it as in the old days when the lovely head it adorned rested upon my bosom. I had supposed that all the other members of the household had retired; but as the clock struck eleven I was both surprised and annoyed to hear a knock

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upon the door. Wondering who desired admission at that hour, I opened it to find my child, with the strangest look I had ever seen upon her face, waiting to enter. The sight of her unusual appearance startled me, and I pulled her into the room.

"What has happened? Are you ill?" I asked, putting my finger on her pulse.

"Nothing has happened—yet," she replied; "but it is coming—at midnight—and you must come with me."

Her pulse indicated a condition of intense excitement, and I considered her delirious.

"What is the matter?" I asked, excitedly.

"I am feeling strangely and want your company in the observatory."

She had assumed the language, dignity, and appearance of a person much advanced in years, and her strange behavior alarmed me.

"It is cold and dark," said I, "and I do not understand your reason for wishing to go up there at this hour."

The pupils of her eyes had become dilated till they were a jetty black, and a strange light was shining in them as she said:

"This is the thirtieth day of November! It was twenty-one years ago to-night that an event occurred that changed your whole life. Do you remember it?"

"Yes, I remember," said I, perplexed.

"Then come with me!" she commanded. And without further objection I followed her as she slowly led the way to the upper corridor of the house.

There was no moon that night; the stars were obscured by heavy clouds and the darkness was so intense that I had to feel my way up the stairway to the observatory, where she preceded me. When the last step was reached the feeling came over me that we were not alone, but that some invisible presence was there. Then a dim light appeared, showing the

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form of the child standing in the center of the room in a listening attitude. Presently the faint tinkle of a bell sounded in the distance. It came nearer and nearer till it seemed to be directly over her head. At the same time the light, which had been so faint at first, grew gradually brighter as the sound of the bell increased till the whole observatory was ablaze with it; and the child stood motionless in the midst of that unearthly halo. The scene was sublime. As I gazed, entranced, a clock in a distant steeple struck the hour of midnight. As the sound of the last stroke died away, Mata began speaking with a voice that was unnatural to herself but that reminded me of the peculiar tones of the old Guru. She said:

"Do you remember the work you did for me twenty-one years ago to-night?"

"Yes," I replied.

"You have fulfilled your promise to the last word, and I have returned to-night to fulfil mine. From this hour I shall use this body for functioning here."

"But this is a female body!"

"You should know that all souls are sexless, and that it is only for the purpose of the reproduction of physical bodies that the differentiation is made. It is as I desired it to be, and I will now take possession of my apartments."

I held out the key of the door opening into the rooms from the corridor below, but with a wave of her hand she refused it, saying: "I will use the secret stairway."

"The panels are locked and the man who built them did not teach me how to open them," said I.

Without replying she stepped to the panel at the right and placed her finger upon what I supposed was a knot in the wood, when the door slid noiselessly back and disclosed a dark passageway. She entered and beckoned me to follow. When I had stepped through the opening the panel went back into its former place without assistance, and the click of the spring as it fastened itself warned me of the fact that we were

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prisoners. I am ashamed to say that, notwithstanding all that had just occurred, when I heard the click of that lock a great doubt that we should ever be released came into my mind; and the impression that this was some kind of an illusion, and it was only Mata, my own child, who was my companion, obstinately presented itself to me. But silently I followed her to the bottom of the stairs, knowing the place was perfectly air-tight and fully realizing the impossibility of being able to get assistance at that hour of the night. I knew that we could not live very long in that atmosphere, which had already become impure, and a sensation of pleasurable anticipation filled my soul at the prospect of meeting my angel wife within perhaps a few hours. But my hopes were not to be realized then, for suddenly I felt a current of pure fresh air upon my face. Then I knew that Mata had found the secret spring and had opened the door leading into the sacred apartments.

Still surrounded by that strange blue light, the child stepped forward into the center of the room; then she turned and motioned to me to stop, and I paused just inside the door. She stooped, and with her tiny finger made the motion of drawing upon the carpet a circle round herself. As her little white hand passed over the green velvet carpet a bright line of phosphorescent light followed it, and in a moment she was surrounded by a circle of fire.

There stood my daughter, only a half-grown girl, in her white *robe de chambre,* just as she had risen from her bed: her golden hair falling in a mass of tangled curls half way to her feet, her hands clasped together and raised above her head, and her body swaying from side to side while she uttered words incomprehensible to me—but which seemed to produce wonderful effects.

I tried to speak, but was perfectly dumb. Then I attempted to make a motion to attract her attention, but could not move. An indefinable power seemed to hold me, and I could only watch and listen.

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Soon there appeared in the room, outside of the fiery circle, what seemed to be millions of sparks. They floated and scintillated and increased in numbers till the apartment was filled with them. They had the appearance of tiny fiery eyes, winking in the most sinister manner at me; and, although they caused the room to blaze with light, no perceptible heat was produced by them.

Suddenly the child changed her commanding attitude to one of supplication. Kneeling, with clasped hands upon her breast, as if in prayer, she murmured a chant while swaying her body in rhythmic harmony with the music. But soon the scene changed. The tiny lights began to disappear, and in a few moments the room outside the magic circle was filled with darkness—only around my child's bowed form remained the blue halo. Then there was a faint sound of melody in the distance; increasing in volume, it seemed to emanate from the other end of the room. The child bowed lower and lower till her forehead rested upon the floor. And now upon the opposite wall a golden light appeared—identical with that which had shone round the band of glorious beings who had taken my wife away fourteen years ago that very hour; and, as I looked at the picture before me, it seemed as if two large gates had swung apart and I was gazing into the land of souls.

Through that open gateway I saw the Promised Land. Its grass was like soft, green velvet; a stream of water danced and rippled like liquid silver between its flowery banks; groves of tall, stately trees cast a restful shade over the beautiful beings who were moving or sitting among them; and on the hillsides were noble structures composed of something that looked like illuminated marble, and surrounding them were shrubberies, vines, and flowers. Winding walks, summer-houses, and fountains were visible through the rifts in the foliage, and over everything, from some undiscoverable source, the golden light was falling and transforming the whole scene into an enchanted vision. Presently two figures approached,

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and as they came nearer to the gateway I recognized them as my darling wife and mother. My heart throbbed so violently at sight of them that I felt a choking sensation in my throat, and, forgetting the mortal body that chained me to this wretched world, I reached out my arms in an attempt to grasp them with my hands. But my feet were rooted to the spot where I stood, and I could only beg them to sever the chains holding me to earth.

"Oh, let me come! Let me come! I am so lonely!" I cried.

They both smiled, and distinctly I heard the words: "Not yet, not yet."

My wife pointed to a pure white structure upon the hillside. It was surrounded by a lovely garden with beautiful trees, and a path led straight from the open gateway, where those two radiant beings stood, up to that exquisite spot. It seemed as if I could step through the gates and enter that land as easily as I can pass from one room in my house into the next.

Presently my darling's voice said: "Yonder is our home; and as you stand waiting you may raise your eyes and see the vine-clad hills and valleys that belong to you and me."

"How long—oh, *how* long—must I wait?" I moaned.

Her answer came back in tones as sweet and musical as those of a silver bell: "Upon the seventh anniversary of this night, at this hour, we shall come for you."

My mother said: "Be patient, my son; it is not long."

I bowed my head in disappointment, and when I raised my eyes again the vision was fading. Then my overstrung nerves gave way and I fell to the floor in a swoon. When consciousness returned, a pillow had been placed under my head and my child was pouring a liquid into my mouth.

"You are better now," she said, "but do not try to rise; take some of this;" and she poured something from an odd-looking bottle into a spoon and gave it to me. The effect of

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this mixture was electrifying. In a few moments my blood began coursing through my veins, and a new strength seemed to seize my limbs. Springing to my feet and looking about me, I saw that we were still in the same room. The vision, however, had disappeared; the circle of fire had vanished, but the strange blue light was still illuminating the room. Turning toward my child, I said:

"Mata, am I mad?"

"No, sir; why do you ask such a question?" she replied.

"Did I dream all this?"

"No; but you have been permitted to witness to-night something very rarely shown to men. You have been faithful to your promises and this has been your reward."

"Who are you? You do not seem the same as yesterday."

"In a certain sense you are right; this is the same body that you saw yesterday, over which I then had only a partial control. To-night I am in full possession and shall henceforth use it so long as it serves me well. I am he who was known in my last life as Crapo De Anno, whom you first knew as *the old Guru*. According to my promise, I have returned, and shall wear this time the name and personality of *Mata Bennet*, your daughter. I shall continue my studies and work and shall come and go as it pleases me best. You have never assumed authority over my personality in the past, and of course you will not in the future. Many questions will be asked about the strange behavior of your daughter, and you will be so kind as to refer all inquirers to me. You will discharge the governess at once, since she has been a source of affliction to me from my earliest acquaintance with her. And now, as it is late, perhaps you will be glad to retire."

Bowing humbly before this childish form, which had suddenly assumed the dignity of a queen, I silently withdrew; and the first gray streaks of dawn were visible in the east when I entered my own room.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

THE GOVERNESS.

My toilet was just completed when a sharp and repeated knocking upon my door announced an anxious caller. When I opened it, there stood the nurse in a condition of great excitement. She breathlessly informed me that Mata had disappeared and could not be found, in either the house or the grounds, and said she believed she had run away. I replied that my daughter's whereabouts were known to me, and that I would like an interview with herself in the library as soon as she could make it convenient to see me. Then I went down to breakfast, and to my surprise found Mata awaiting me as composedly as if nothing unusual had happened. She bade me good-morning and took her seat at the table with a pleasant remark about the punctuality of the Bennet family; but I had not sufficiently recovered my self-possession to answer her in the same strain—and the meal was finished in silence.

After breakfast the governess met me in the library and I undertook to explain to her that my daughter had now reached her fourteenth birthday, and whatever education she would require in the future could be got at school—therefore, we would no longer need her services. The woman was surprised and indignant, because she had expected to be a permanency in the family, and replied:

"Of course, sir, you have been very generous and kind to me, and I appreciate it; but I feel that before leaving there are some things you ought to know. What I am going to say is about Miss Mata, and will probably startle you; but since she has no mother it is your duty to attend to her yourself. My advice would be to place her in a good convent school, where she will be under regular and severe discipline, and at the same time be surrounded by holy influences—be-

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cause I do really believe she is possessed of the devil. Excuse me for speaking so plainly about your child, but it is really a serious matter."

"What reason have you for making that statement?" I asked.

"Now, sir, I see that you are offended, and I am really sorry," she said, apologetically.

"No," I replied, "I am not offended; but, since you have made so fearful a charge against my daughter, you should be willing to give your reasons for it. I am asking for information."

"In the first place, there is not a lock on a door in this house that will hold her against her will. She has been fastened into the nursery times without number and told that she could not be released till her lessons were learned—and perhaps the first person I would meet in the garden would be her. When I asked her how she managed to get out, she would look at me, with an expression in her eyes that would make me shiver, and reply: 'Walked out, of course; how do you suppose I got out?' At first I believed some of the servants had caballed with her and had given her a key; but when I accused her of receiving assistance she laughed and declared she did not need anybody's help: when she was ready to come out she came. She does not know one line of her catechism and will not study it. I have tried every way that I know how to make her do it, but she won't!"

"Suppose she doesn't learn the catechism," said I; "is there anything wrong about that? How does she get on with her other lessons?"

"Wrong?" the woman exclaimed. "Whoever heard of a person's being brought up to the age of fourteen without knowing one line of the catechism? It's the foundation of everything else, and of all religious principles. What earthly good is there in her studying arithmetic, grammar, or geography if she has not first mastered the catechism?" Then she

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thoughtfully continued: "Yes, she is good in everything else. Her knowledge of geography is something wonderful; one would almost believe she had visited every place on the map by the way she describes and talks about distant parts. Rome, Constantinople, Calcutta, Jerusalem, Naples, St. Petersburg, Paris, and other places seem as familiar to her as if she had lived in all of them; and she talks about the Amazon River as if she had been on it yesterday. There are countries that never were on the map that she declares have existed but are now sunken in the ocean. She sticks to it that there was once a country called Atlantis, and another Lemuria, and another that I can't remember, and they were all destroyed by flood or fire. She had the boldness to tell me that, at the time of the flood, when Noah and his family were the only people left alive in the world, it was only the sinking of the continent Atlantis, or Lemuria,—I don't remember which,—and that there were millions of people left in other parts of the world. You see, she goes right contrary to the teachings of the blessed Bible, and is bound for perdition."

"Let us drop the Bible and the catechism," I suggested. "What are her faults? Does she tell falsehoods, or steal, or use bad language?"

"It's remarkable about that, sir," the nurse replied. "She despises the catechism, but would die before she would tell a lie or take a thing that did not belong to her. She is not afraid of anything or anybody, and I believe if Satan himself were to appear before her she would bid him good-morning and ask what he wanted. Another thing that frightens me is that nothing can be hidden from her. One day I took a queer-looking stick that she had been carving into the shape of a snake. She had been spending time on that when she ought to have been learning her lessons. I was provoked, and when she was in the garden swinging where I could see her plainly from the window I hid the stick in my trunk and locked the door of my room. The moment I touched the nasty thing she

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stopped swinging and came straight to me. I pretended to be reading, but she walked over to my chair and asked: 'What have you done with my wand?' I denied all knowledge of it, but she pointed her finger at me and said: 'Don't you dare lie to me, you walking catechism! You *do* know where that wand is, because you just put it away.' I was always afraid of her when she had that strange gleam in her eyes. I dared not admit that I had hidden it, but declared that it had not been seen for a week. She kept looking at me without winking or moving, till flames of fire shot from her eyes. My teeth chattered and I began trembling so with nervousness that I could not speak. Presently she said:

" 'That wand is in the bottom of your trunk—locked in your room. The knife that I made it with is in the top drawer of your bureau. The string of beads from which I took its eyes is tied up in a white linen handkerchief and is in your pocket. The paint I used to color it with is on the top shelf of your closet, back in the corner under a heap of old *Christian Advocates;* and the key to your room is under the edge of the carpet behind the easy-chair—over there. You are at liberty to hide your own things, but if you don't let mine alone there will be trouble. You are thinking this very moment that I am a limb of the devil, and you are wishing the doctor were here so you could tell him his daughter is a witch. But I will tell you that, although I do not waste my time studying the nonsense you fall "fundamental principles of religion," I don't steal other people's property and then lie about it as you do!'

"She made me fetch everything that belonged to her, and when I gave her the string of beads she coolly remarked: 'Now, please don't try any more tricks with me, because I shall catch you at it every time.' I was ill in bed for the remainder of the day, and it was all caused by the terrible shock she gave me."

The nurse looked as if she expected I would be horrified at her story, but I smiled and remarked that it seemed to me

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there was nothing wrong or impish in the child's demanding a restoration of her property.

"But," she persisted, "think of her knowing where every article was and telling me what I was thinking about!"

"True," I replied; "but you regard all such power as belonging to Satan. You have not accused her of committing a wrong against yourself or anybody else. You believe she would die before telling a lie or committing a theft. It seems to me that Satan has never been credited with such integrity as that before?"

The woman shook her head as she replied: "It is a mystery that makes my head ache when I think about it. I am sure it's the devil's work, because who else could do it?"

"Perhaps God had something to do with it," I suggested.

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed the woman, as a look of horror overspread her simple old face. "It is blasphemous to connect such doings with Deity! Really, I *do* hope you will never say that again!"

"Well, what else has Mata done?"

"When you were away on your vacation last summer the gardener fell ill and we needed some one in his place. She hired a poor nigger who came here begging. The man was a wretched-looking object and I told her not to do it. His clothes were in rags and he seemed half starved. He said he was an escaped slave, and had run away from his master because his wife and children had been sold down the river, and when he had begged to go with them they had whipped him half to death. There were some scars on his arms and shoulders where he had been cut with something—it might have been a whip; but you never can tell, you know: those niggers will lie so there is no dependence to be placed on what they say. Miss Mata looked at him as if she were reading his heart; but he raised his eyes and returned her look as honestly as if he were really telling the truth. She ordered the cook to set the kitchen table with some bread and meat, and to make

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fresh coffee and put the sugar and cream where he could get all he wanted. Then she started for your room. I mistrusted what she was up to and asked what she was going to do.

" 'Give the man something to cover his nakedness,' she replied.

" 'Now, Miss Mata, I shall not allow you to give that man a thing while your father is gone,' I said. 'How do you know he isn't a thief, and hasn't come to rob and maybe kill us all?"

"She paid no attention to me, but kept hunting for a suit of clothes for him. In spite of all I could do or say she gave him a complete outfit, from hat to shoes—and he fell on his knees, kissing the hem of her dress while the tears rolled down his dirty black cheeks. She asked him if he knew how to work at gardening. He said that he had done that kind of work for his old master. So she sent him to the barn with the things, told him to take a bath, change his clothes, and go to work till the gardener should get well.

"I cried and scolded, but it did no good. The man stayed a week, and then became ill with small-pox. I was frightened almost to death and was going to have him taken to the pest-house; but Mata wouldn't hear of it and declared she would take care of him herself. Again I cried and went into hysterics; but she was just as determined as she knew how to be, and nothing that I said made the least difference. She put on an old dress that was partly outgrown, and told me to bring whatever she should call for to the doorsill of the barn and leave it there. The only way I could communicate with her was through the speaking-tube, and I stood at this end and begged her to come to the house; but she wouldn't even answer me. I kept shrieking till she called back that I was making so much noise the sick man couldn't sleep, and ordered me to keep quiet.

" 'But, Miss Mata,' I screamed, 'if you don't leave that man to take care of himself I will appeal to the authorities and

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compel you to. Your father will be crazy when he hears about what you are doing.'

"She answered back: 'I *shall not* leave this sick man to die, to please you or any one else! If you send for the authorities, as you threaten, I will discharge you without a reference. This man's heart is whiter than yours, if his skin *is* black!'

"I could do nothing with her. She called for whatever she wanted and told us if we didn't bring it she would come after it and bring us the disease in her clothes. We dared not disobey, because we knew she would fulfil her threat. For three weeks she nursed that nigger and slept on a pile of hay covered with blankets—so he could have the bed. When he got well she fumigated the place and had him bury all the bedclothing and everything that could be infected with the disease, and kept him till the gardener got over his rheumatism. When he went away she gave him a reference (with your name signed to it) and some money, and we have never seen him since."

"Was she sick afterward?" I asked.

"Not for a moment," the woman replied. "None of us were; and that is another reason why I believe the devil is in league with her."

"We take different views of this matter," I said. "I should think the child was fulfilling the commandments of the Bible by comforting and nursing the sick man; and her escaping the contagion is to me a sure sign that she was protected by a power other than an evil one."

But the woman shook her head. "No, sir, you are mistaken; I know better. You are wrong, and I am right. *I know I am right,*" she repeated, excitedly. "If she were good she would love the catechism and Sunday-school and would not be able to see hidden things. The devil *must* let his agents do some good, that he may deceive people regarding his actions; and while he is making us believe in him he is setting all kinds of traps to lead us astray. No; the child has got beyond my control, and I am glad to be rid of the responsi-

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bility of her losing her soul. You will have more trouble with her than you imagine, and you should have one thing firmly fixed in your mind. It does not matter how good she *seems* to be—how charitable or how kind: her good works will not amount to one feather-weight in the Judgment Day unless she believes in the Lord Jesus Christ, as the only Son of God, and that *He* died to save her. The greatest sinner in the world —one who has murdered and committed every other crime that a wicked person can do—will go to heaven, if he believes in Jesus Christ, before a person who has lived an apparently good life but has not believed in Him. It is faith, not works, that saves people."

"Madam," I exclaimed, "you will excuse me if I differ with you. Have you read the passage of Scripture that says 'faith without works is dead?'"

"Yes, but do you remember where Jesus and the thief were crucified together? When the thief expressed faith by asking Him to remember him when He came into the kingdom He replied: 'This day shalt thou be with me in paradise.' So you see the thief who had never done any good went to heaven with the Lord Jesus through his faith alone. You are mistaken, Doctor; the works are well enough but the faith is of more importance, because without it no man can be saved. I am sorry for you and Miss Mata—you are both so spiritually blind; but I have done the best I could. I have prayed for her every night and morning, but she still remains the same."

"It must be that your faith does not amount to much," I said, "because Jesus told his disciples that, if they 'had faith as a grain of mustard seed,' mountains could be removed and cast into the sea."

"You do not understand the Bible at all, sir," the woman replied, coldly; "you are an unbeliever yourself, and I don't wonder Miss Mata is so bad. Had I known before this morning you were so wicked I never would have stayed and worked so hard to save your child. I have no doubt that you have

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been putting her up to it all. There is but one way, and that is a strait and narrow path. Any one who attempts to climb by any other road is a thief and a robber. I am right. I am always right. I was converted when but fifteen years old, was born again at that time, and have never fallen from grace. I am sanctified—I am above either the desire or the power to sin; and anybody who does not agree with me is wrong, *and that is all there is about it!*" And the nurse drew down the corners of her mouth with a scornful expression and swept from the room.

I smiled. The idea of my assuming the management of a being who had the power to produce light in the midst of darkness, and could cause the gates of heaven to swing apart for me to look beyond, was certainly absurd.

(*To be continued.*)

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

FOUR YEARS OLD.

MIND completes the fourth year of its existence with this number. The eight volumes thus far issued constitute quite a library in themselves, and in character and quality and spiritual helpfulness they cannot be paralleled in any other collection of metaphysical literature. This is due to the broad, comprehensive, impersonal, and unorganic nature and policy of the magazine. It includes within its scope all honest and rational attempts to reveal any aspect of Truth, whose many facets suggest the infinite variety of human life and thought. But the principle of unity that underlies all manifestations of the Real, however they may vary in appearance, it is the mission of our periodical to expound. Its supremacy in the literary field of the New Thought movement has been steadfastly maintained since its inception. As it becomes more widely known, its prosperity increases—it has never been more successful than it is to-day.

MIND is not a mere educational enterprise: it is a positive cohesive force among advanced thinkers. It is not devoted to the propagation of a single phase of thought, to the exclusion or belittling of others. Like the expanding movement it represents, the magazine deals with the fundamentals of all life and being. This publication is not the organ of a cult. The New Thought is not a sect. It is an *ideal,* inclusive of both theory and practise, that is

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becoming ever more dominant in the minds of increasing thousands of intelligent persons. Its teachings are modifying even the dicta of material science; and when the world shall have witnessed the establishment of international peace it will concede the influence of the New Thought to have been its chief factor. In its development of a spiritual consciousness along scientific lines, it is revivifying and remodeling the religious concepts of the race. In its persistent emphasizing of the omnipotence of *mind*, it directs attention to the real source of sickness and all unhappiness—making the mental *remedy* a natural, logical, and inevitable deduction. In familiarizing thinkers with the finer forces of Nature, it is aiding in the refinement of human life and promoting the progress of invention. It would substitute knowledge for credulity, courage, for fear, and justice for "charity"—recognizing *love* as the vital element in all three.

Representing so great a variety of thought as is found in the new spiritual movement, we cannot yet undertake or expect to please every reader with every article, or even with all the features, of our magazine. The arguments of some of our contributors appeal with peculiar force to many of our subscribers while others are not interested. This is inevitable, since human life, like knowledge, is a growth. Yet we are convinced that *everything* that appears in MIND is welcomed by *many*, and our aim is constantly to increase the number of such appreciative readers. In the meantime we feel that if the individual subscriber finds even one article—nay, a single thought—in each copy of the magazine that sheds one ray of light on the spiral pathway of his evolution, he has received full value for his subscription.

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We are grateful to those friends who have interested themselves in the success of MIND by bringing it to the attention of others and introducing it in libraries throughout the country, and we pledge ourselves to relax none of our vigilance in maintaining its metaphysical and literary standard.

* * *

"THE FREE MAN."—The latest periodical to be merged in MIND is *The Free Man,* edited and published by Dr. C. W. Close, of Bangor, Me., at $1.00 a year. This journal has done excellent work in the field of mental healing, but its obligations are to be met hereafter by this magazine, which will be sent to all its subscribers for *one-half* the period for which they have paid, beginning with the current issue, as the subscription price of MIND is double that of *The Free Man.* Persons that happen to have subscribed for both publications will have their subscriptions extended on a *pro rata* basis on the list of MIND, and will thus avoid receiving duplicate copies. We trust that all friends of Dr. Close's magazine will find MIND so indispensable that they will not hesitate to renew at double the price for more than double the quantity of matter of the best quality. At the expiration of each subscription a bill for the ensuing year will be sent to the subscriber, as subscriptions are payable in advance. J. E. M.

THE NEED OF SELF-GOVERNMENT.

The greatest barrier between man and man, and between man and his highest, best self, is the lack of self-government. The importance of self-government has been recognized in all ages, but never in the past has its need been so strikingly demonstrated

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as now—in this beautiful country, said to be the land of the free.

Owing to our present-day complexities, our diverse interests and manifold duties, the wear and tear of both body and mind are greater than ever before. But it is not therefore an idle thing, as many suppose, to snatch at least a few moments out of every waking hour in which to reflect, to throw off all restraint, and to come face to face with ourselves. If we could get rid of the false notion that it is a waste of time to take ourselves quietly in hand for a little while each day, what strength might be ours as the result, what weak spots we might discern and strengthen, and what benefit it would be to us all! How calm might become many a ruffled temper—how peaceful, how serene, many a perturbed spirit!

It is only when thus alone with your own soul, courageously viewing it from every aspect, that you will discover both its "weakness" and its strength. On the undisturbed waters of quiet meditation you will be able to see clearly the rocks and shoals ahead, and you can direct your bark of life more steadily, marking the danger lines and steering safely by the threatening hulks or the sunken masses.

What wonder that, in the never-ceasing turmoil of life, the overstrained nerves are constantly on edge? Is it strange that the slightest unguarded word or act on the part of another robs the much-tried man or woman of the veneer of his or her equanimity? To what perversity more than to the lack of self-government can we attribute the daily misuse of the Golden Rule? Do not its words imply a most stringent hold of the reins over every base or ignoble tendency? Are we not to suppress the merely selfish, gross, animal instincts that the most divine attributes of man may flourish?

And yet this glorious spiritual armor, the sacred breastplate, has been and still is recklessly handled—its luster tarnished by abuse. It is flaunted over the doors of holy places; it is mockingly flung at us in the street. And unless through rigid self-examination and strict self-government it be restored to its rightful place—to be the covering of the human heart, to be with us, a part of ourselves, in every act and at all times, a part of our daily life

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and being: for it is the essence of our spiritual recognition of our part in the Divine—the golden treasure, so valuable in the establishment of love and harmony between man and man, will be degraded as if it were a dull, ugly thing of brass.

Let us, then, have the courage first to ask ourselves the questions that we are so ready to ask others: Are we honest and upright in our dealings with our fellow-men? Are we just and reasonable toward those who serve us? Are we kind and considerate toward those whose characters are still unformed? And do we make sufficient allowance for the untrained mind and uncultivated heart? Or do we permit ourselves to be overcome by angry thoughts and feelings, which give rise to harsh and cruel words?

By darkly-disturbed features we make of the being who ought to be a ministering angel a demon of wrath, who poisons the life of the individual on whom his venom is spent as surely as if it were poured drop by drop into his very blood. What an inexpressible joy is derived from the ability to conquer the wrong impulse! What happiness, what satisfaction comes to us when we have shut out the evil thought, when the bitter words are left unspoken, when the look of scorn is changed to a glance of pity, and the contemptuous tone is lost in the sweet accents of sympathy and love!

Not until we do the bidding of our highest, best selves, whenever and wherever we may be called upon to act, can we be at one with our conscience. And to be at peace with our inward monitor—provided, of course, that it be an enlightened one—is to have gained the sublime heights of self-government to which we should ever strive to lead others by our own noble example.

BERTHA HIRSCH BARUCH.

AS A MAN THINKETH.

"Who am I? *What* am I?"—inquiries vast
That my inner consciousness asketh of me.
An answer is given; thus Holy Writ has't:
"As he thinketh in his heart, so is he."

FANNY L. FANCHER.

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THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Conducted by

FLORENCE PELTIER PERRY AND THE REV. HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

FOR THE PARENTS.

HOME TRAINING.

One of the best and most indispensable means of culture for the children is the hearing of and participation by them in conversation on important subjects: on all subjects that take the mind into large fields—that give it interest in great truths and universal facts. A child thus reared would have no taste for gossip, nor affiliation with low aims or vulgar language. How can we expect our children to grow up with characters of breadth and beneficence if they hear us forever discussing such themes as the price of clothespins, the shortcomings of the washerwoman, and the probable loss of a toothpick?

Facts should be recognized, and details must be looked after; but why may we not put a magnificent background behind them and an equally splendid perspective in front of them? True, we may have to stop in the midst of an eloquent discourse on temperance, art, great men, the latest scientific discovery, the wonders of electricity or what not, to see that the bread is not burning, or to give the baby a drink of water, or to tell some one the way to the post-office. But what of that? Can we not resume and finish what we were saying about the larger themes?

Nature is magnificent in her versatility. She keeps clear the pathway of the stars and the course of the sun, clothes the fields, rears the forests, keeps the sea within bounds, and yet provides

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home, food, shelter, garments of wondrous hue and texture for every living creature, paints gorgeous pictures, fills the air with melody of wind, water, and song, and throws about the whole earth the cloak of beauty and breathes into it the breath of life.

Shall we not in some measure do the same for our children? The Sublime furnishes the atmosphere in which the soul lives. Beauty, holiness, greatness, and the larger, better side of human nature—all these make up the Sublime with which we are to live and become familiar, in order that our feelings, thoughts, and words will thrill with it and thus make the true home atmosphere. To look upon the large side of every question, to be interested in the progress and betterment of humanity, to appreciate the beautiful in literature and art, in song and poetry, to emphasize the good, the beautiful, the true in man and Nature, becomes the great privilege of every parent as well as his or her continuous delight. For in this kind of home training, which is as unconscious as it is beneficial, the child, day by day, unfolds its qualities of mind and soul as surely as the rose unfolds in the light of a temperate sun and the bosom of a nourishing soil.

And yet withal we would by no means belittle the doing of anything in this wonderful and ideal home. Everything in its time, as well as everything in its place, should be a fundamental maxim. To whatsoever *requires* undivided attention, to that give it; but do not waste time, energy, or spiritual power by giving attention undivided and continuous to things that need scarcely a passing thought. The mind shrinks to the proportions of its own horizon. If we see the universal and limitless, beyond the puny things of time and sense, then indeed shall we have no horizon, but a vast perspective into which we may look with increasing interest and corresponding greatness, for everything will be permeated and surrounded by the sublime atmosphere. Children brought up in this, and consciously imbibing it as they imbibe the air they breathe, will easily believe that "the entire

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universe pulsates, thrills, vibrates, with the thought and love of the Infinite whose will is law, whose power is love, whose work is the spiritual growth of man, who reveals Himself—reveals His own infinite energy—in every leaf, flower, rift of cloud, blade of grass, every pebble on the beach, wave of the ocean, and in the soul of man."

"Behold, the Holy Grail is found—
Found in each poppy's cup of gold,
And God walks with us as of old.
Behold, the burning bush still burns
For man whichever way he turns,
And *all* God's earth is holy ground."

* * *

"How shall you teach your child the rudiments of metaphysics?"

In this way: As we have just indicated, by making him conscious of the vast Universal that is above every particular. Physics deals with appearances: metaphysics with that which *causes* appearances. Physics gives us facts: metaphysics the interpretation of facts.

"But," you say, "I want my child to have a practical knowledge of metaphysical healing."

Yes; but you must give him a foundation, a reason, for his faith, or it will not last. Tell him one thing at a time, and tell it simply. For instance, tell him about the one great Life that is back of all manifestation of life. His moving, living, breathing body is a *manifestation* of life, but it is not life itself. The body as a machine should show forth the power and perfection of that Life which made it, and uses it. If the body is not in perfect order, it cannot manifest the perfect Life. The mind is like the channel of a river through which flows the Water of Life. Water is said to represent truth. Let us say the truth of life flows through this channel, or river bed. The child can easily

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understand that this means the truth (or consciousness) of life flows through the mind, and as it flows freely it changes the conditions of the body; for the body is like the earth, which has to be watered in order to be fruitful or to keep beautiful. So the mind must be an open channel, with the Water of Life passing freely and continuously through it. All thoughts concerning the perfect life are truth-water. Thoughts of imperfection or sickness or fear are not truth; that is, they are not true of the perfect life—so they clog the channel, the river is obstructed, and the result is a diseased body.

Suppose the child comes to you with a cut finger. He comes complaining. Tell him at once to change his thoughts and let the water flow freely. If before his need comes you have taught him something like this: "There is only the perfect Life. I am one with the perfect Life. My life is whole and perfect because I live in the perfect Life," you will only have to remind him to repeat the words over and over, even hundreds of times, until his finger is better. He will understand that it gets better because he has taken the dam out of his river. Experience will soon teach him that whenever he is *willing* to think the truth-thoughts about his real Life his body begins to manifest it. Is not this the true healing?

You will find even the young children eager and able to learn and apply. A little girl of three, of my acquaintance, saw her father limping home after a fall from his horse. "I t'eat 'ou, Papa!" she exclaimed, tenderly, when he came into the house. "All right, darling. Papa will sit down." Thereupon the little tot put her hand over her eyes, sat quietly a few moments, and then looked up with a bright smile, saying, "'Ou's all wight now, Papa." And, sure enough, he was, even to his own surprise. When asked what she did when she treated him, she said: "Me des' love Papa *hard!*" So this was her Water of Life—set flow-

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ing so vigorously that it washed away all thought of hurt and pain from her own or her father's mind.

The child mind, unobstructed with self-consciousness and petty selfishness, is close indeed to the larger Life. *Keep* him close. Open his mind to the larger, grander world ensphering this one. Listen to his thoughts. Study his unfolding life, for many hints of Divinity are revealed through "babes and sucklings."

* * *

"Life is unconscious participation in universal energy, and infant education is the nurture of this hidden yet impetuous force. . . . Family life alone secures the development and cultivation of a good and of a thoughtful, gentle disposition in their full intensity and vigor, so incomparably important for every period of growth, nay, for the whole life of man. . . . For the child, therefore, the life of his own family becomes an external thing and a type of Life."—*Froebel.*

"Man, by virtue of the self-acting soul, becomes in his highest estate, not only a transformer of material conditions that surround him, but also an actual creator of new spiritual values of an altruistic character; hence his arts."—*Clark.*

What keys these words are to the nature and power in the soul of every child—of your child and mine, and all children! Can we think, in view of these revelations, that any time spent with and for the little ones is wasted? Can we feel like dropping the reins of responsibility, even for a day, when we consider how valuable is every day of childhood compared to the days of adulthood?

"Give me the first five years of a child's life, and you may have him the remaining years," said the wise priest. He recognized these first five years as the formative, the impressionable, the ineradicable years. Let us also appreciate their value, and with redoubled zeal lay the foundation for the four-squared city of character, which is the city set on a hill, whose light is to shine unto the ends of the earth.

(Rev.) HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

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FOR THE CHILDREN.

"I am September. How do you do?
Dear children, with me the school year began.
And don't you remember how slow the days ran?
The bright out of doors seemed to call you away,
And how far from your lessons your thoughts seemed to stray!

"But I didn't blame you! Oh, deary me, no!
Just after vacation. . . .
But I made a beginning, and put you in trim
For tasks you did later with vigor and vim.

"With my sweet, sunny days I have failed yet to see
The school boy or girl who doesn't like me!
And though I must call you from playtime to work,
Nobody objects who isn't a shirk!"

—*Jane A. Stewart, in Modern Methods.*

ONE LITTLE WORD.

Dear Children of MIND:

I have been thinking to-day of a little word of four letters: *Love.* Does it not seem strange that our poor old world has so forgotten the meaning of the word that it has had to have it explained and analyzed* by a wise and good teacher? Yet his analysis makes it easy for us to understand just what the word means.

Prof. Drummond compares *love* with *light.* Probably you all have seen a prism—a piece of glass with many sides that refracts, or breaks up, the rays of sunlight into the colors of the rainbow, and these colors are called the *spectrum.* Perhaps Mama has a glass dish that breaks up the light and throws the pretty colored rays upon the tablecloth. In our home we have a glass cracker-jar that acts as a prism.

Now, Prof. Drummond says that a very precious chapter in the Bible—the thirteenth chapter of I. Corinthians, written by

* *Analyze:* to separate into parts.

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St. Paul—breaks up this word *Love* for us so that we can understand it. In place of the seven colors of the rainbow he finds nine attributes (qualities) of character that will be found wherever Love shines. He has arranged a sort of table explaining this, and it is very much as you arrange your work at school:

LOVE:	Patience.....	"Love suffereth long
	Kindness.....	and is kind."
	Generosity.....	"Love envieth not."
	Humility.....	"Love vaunteth not itself;
	Courtesy.....	doth not behave itself unseemly;
	Unselfishness.....	seeketh not her own;
	Good temper.....	is not easily provoked;
	Guilelessness (Innocence)..	thinketh no evil;
	Sincerity.....	rejoiceth in the Truth."

Each of these qualities in the mind or the character of a child helps to make up what Prof. Drummond terms "the greatest thing in the world"—*Love.* And this is what the world needs so badly to-day; it is what the little readers of MIND and their parents are striving to realize for themselves and others.

Now, dear children, the next time you see the light broken up, as it shines through a prism or as it shines through the atmosphere and reflects the rainbow on the clouds, think of the word *Love,* and see how many of its ingredients you are striving to let into your thoughts. See how much of God you let shine through your heart. *God is Love.*

I am sure you will all find some of these lights of love shining forth out of your kind hearts, and, if we will each try to win all these qualities of Love, the world will soon be better and little children will no longer suffer from sickness nor want for the necessaries of life. Your loving friend,

HARRIET S. BOGARDUS.

A CHILD OF NATURE.

Spring had announced itself through the warm winds that swept down the valley. Already patches of green were struggling on southern slopes to bask in the sun's loving warmth. Above, the snow-capped peak, glistening with millions of dazzling gems,

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smiled as its vision swept the full length of the valley and saw everywhere yielding winter's swift departure.

Drawing back the icy covering from a wondrously bright little stream, which had been sleeping warm and snug in its very bosom, the loving Nature-mother said:

"Awake, my child; the day has come when you must begin your life anew. The time has come when the many lessons I have taught, as together we talked of the wide world you are about to enter, are to be your only guide as you journey. You will not forget, I am sure, that you have a mission sweet and true to fulfil, and for no cause, however tempting, are you to lose sight of that which you are to accomplish. You will see many failures, no doubt, from sources that show weakness of purpose; but let each failure serve to strengthen your aim, and so will you be enabled to join your brothers and sisters who have also been true."

With fond caresses and many promises to remember, the little stream slowly withdrew itself from its icy garments and went winding down the mountain-side, now leaping, now resting, then onward again, laughing, dancing, and singing in the full joy of young life and perfect freedom. For many days it wound in and out among friendly hills, greeting each with a cheery and helpful message; and its song took a deeper tone of gratitude as it remembered the loving, watchful care it had ever known.

One evening, as the sun was setting and a beautiful quiet of peace and protection seemed to settle upon all Nature, a bright gleam of water from between a cluster of bordering hills caused the stream to start with joy.

"At last," it mused, "I am to have a companion on my journey. But why is it not coming this way, I wonder? There is a nice channel and all streams flow westward from this side of the range: so Mother said, and she must know. I wonder if it does not know about it? I will call, and see."

So saying, its little song increased in volume until one listening might have credited the stream with twice the size it really bore. But there was no response to its call—nothing but the bright streak of blue that was fast darkening as the shadows deepened.

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"Now, that is queer," thought the stream. "Surely it must be lost, and perhaps discouraged. I shall run over and see. It is not far, and in case we may not journey together I can surely find my way back before twilight is gone."

So, with never a fear of the coming darkness, nor a thought of the many cautions stored away to be used on just such occasions, the foolish little stream turned aside, and swiftly, because of its impatience to know, it sped through the open gap of hills. And there its astonished eyes beheld a sluggish little lake, slime-covered in patches. Then the stream understood that here was an aimless life, with not even a desire to send forth a warning call to those who might be led astray by its presence in the valley!

With piteous cries and prayerful murmurings the little stream desperately struggled to turn back on its course; but treacherous rocks and unyielding soil fought its every move. Still it struggled, aiming constantly, though never hopelessly in spite of failures, to gain its lost course to the west. Sometimes it would succeed a little and again it would lose the hold it had gained, and, with a mad rush, would plunge nearer the now black slimy border of the lake. But, with a strength born of determination, it would seek a new channel, compelling the stones and gravel to yield and form a partial protection from the awful danger. Poor little stream! How it longed to be released from that night of struggle and horror!

Just as the sun, on its upward journey, flushed the mountain peak, the home where it had known such joy and security, the brave little child of the winter snows plunged beneath the surface of the earth for a considerable distance, emerging again with a mighty rush as if to regain at one leap all it had lost by delay. All the day it moved onward, singing in glad notes of its mighty deliverance and ever sending forth a warning cry to any who, curious as itself, might be led aside. Its every move was watchful now, and its course well defined and straight. There was no wavering attending its motion, but, ever hopeful and thankful, it drew unto itself many waters that swelled its volume with triumphant power. Each day saw it nearer its goal; each night heard its grateful prayer of thanksgiving mingled with the many prayers of those journeying with it. And, when at last it once

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more caught a glimpse of bounding waters ahead, its call was silenced by the mighty roar of old Ocean, as with resounding voice he recounted the victories of the faithful who for ages had added to his strength and fulfilled their mission by mingling with his power—that mighty power of God in Nature. And, as the stream, subdued, thankfully mingled its waters with those of the great deep and was carried high on the breast of the outgoing tide, its heart thrilled with joy that at last it was safe; but a minute after it sank with a sorrowful remembrance of the poor little lake, aimless and useless, that served but as a snare for the careless. Then, with a glance away to the horizon's rim, where snowy peaks lifted high their heads, the stream sank gratefully to rest, knowing that to the source of its life among those peaks and to the kind God of Nature over all it had not been untrue.

RUBY M. BYERS.

THE TONE OF VOICE.

It is not so much what you say
  As the manner in which you say it;
It is not so much the language you use
  As the tones in which you convey it.

. . . . . .

The *words* may be mild and fair,
  And the *tones* may pierce like a dart;
The words may be soft as the summer air,
  And the tones may break the heart.

For words but come from the mind,
  And grow by study and art;
But the tones leap forth from the inner self,
  And reveal the state of the heart.

Whether you know it or not—
  Whether you mean or care—
Gentleness, kindness, love and hate,
  Envy and anger, are there.

Then, would you quarrels avoid
  And in peace and love rejoice,
Keep anger not only out of your words
  But keep it out of your voice.

—The Youth's Companion.

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WHY TIMMY LIVED ALONE.

Little Timmy lived alone. There was a big hollow tree in his cage, or rather a make-believe one, where only Timmy climbed, and there was a wire nest suspended in a corner solely for his use. This was Timmy's establishment. I wondered why my landlady did not try to find some other little squirrel to keep house with Tim, to help crack nuts and store them away, and to be a sort of helpmeet for him. It isn't natural for any living thing to live alone. This is why I had so much sympathy for little Timothy. Every bird of the air, every crawling worm, every animal of the wood—even the lion of the forest—has its mate and a family of its own. And if we have one pet horse or cat or dog we may always know that it has somehow lost or has been separated from its mate.

Of course, I made all sorts of guesses as to why Timmy lived alone. I tried to get familiar with him. He loves milk, and after he has lapped dry the dish that holds the milk and has tried in vain to lug it off or to break it as he would a nut for something inside, I have coaxed him to let me stroke his head just by letting him lap my finger tipped with sweet milk. But even then he often tosses back his head, as if to say, "Not quite so familiar, if you please."

But one day the lady of the house, thinking I was wasting my sympathy, told me something I was very sorry to hear.

Now, Tim was a gray squirrel, and he and a companion were pounced upon in the woods by some fierce red squirrels and nearly killed. A man rescued them and brought them home, because he knew that the red squirrels would surely kill them, and he made them as comfortable as he could in a great roomy cage. The hollow tree in the cage was big enough for several squirrels to play "hide-and-seek" in at the same time. They had plenty of nuts and other good things in abundance, and very happy they were for days and days. Busy as bees they frolicked or cracked nuts, which they held up to their mouths with their little fore-paws and nibbled away while their bushy tails stood up straight. And every night they wriggled themselves deep down into their

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soft bed of cotton until only their two little brown noses could be seen through the loose fluffy cotton.

But gradually there came to be a falling out. Tim's way was to eat only just what he *needed* and store the rest away; but soon he discovered that the other squirrel did nothing but crack nuts and eat the whole day long.

Now, when squirrels live their natural life in the woods they know they must store away all the nuts they can find, for winter will be coming when every eatable thing will be covered up by deep snows. Timmy hadn't forgotten the long cold days and weeks, and he felt that he must save up every summer's day as he used to in the woods. It troubled him to see his mate so wasteful, and soon they began to quarrel about it. Every day it was the same old story. Timmy wanted to save and the other squirrel wouldn't help him. Then Timmy began to stir up trouble by pushing the little squirrel out of its nest; and one morning on the floor of the cage Timmy's mate lay dead!

Poor little Timmy! How much better it would have been had he talked it over with his chum and tried to show how necessary it was to lay by for a snowy day. With a few kind words they might have lived together savingly and happily instead of chattering angrily at each other without trying to see what kindness and patience would do.

MARY J. WOODWARD-WEATHERBEE.

THE WHITE PALACE.

In the land that is called "Leal," where the flowers never fade,—where things not only *seem* but truly *are*,—there is a very beautiful white palace, with a wide and shining portal from which there is a narrow pathway down the mountain-side. Before this portal sits a wise old man wrapped in a great gray cloak. And one by one, as people old and young come to the portal's shining arch, he stops them with the single question, "Why?"

Now, the palace, which is sometimes called "The Palace of Dreams" and sometimes "The Hall of the Heart of Man," stands just at the edge of earth-life—the gateway of the world. And

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those who come from otherwhere to learn our earth-life's lesson tell the wise man why they want to enter the palace. And there they choose a talisman (a charm) from its gem-filled halls—a sort of soul-compass to steer by. Some people call this gem an ideal, some a religion, others a god. The Bible calls it "the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." But, whatever name be given it, it is really to all the same thing; the one thing of all the world-ful that seems to each of us worth while; the deepest, widest desire that lies at the bottom of our souls' depths; the one thing we would rather do or be than all else besides, here or otherwhere. When we shut our eyes and ears to earth-happenings, and are at home in our souls for a little while, the gem we have chosen from the wonderful palace through which we passed to come here will shine clearly. *This* is the compass—and no two are just alike—that we have taken to steer our lives by; this is the thing we most want.

When we have finished our lessons here and are ready to pass out and on there waits for us another wise old man and another great white palace. If we choose wisely from the first white palace and have worked hard and faithfully to make our own selves and our own corner of this world as like as may be to the gem we brought with us, and have kept the gem itself undimmed, then it takes its place in the second palace, a radiant record of our life's work.

But what really brings the most joy to both these wise old men is when a person about to enter earth-life chooses a beautiful thought-gem and loves it and lives so closely with it that even his face grows like it. There are all sorts of things to choose from the white palace—even money. But when one chooses money his face and soul often grow hard and metal-like, like the image of the bit of money he chose to bring with him. Sometimes one may choose a gem like a sunrise cloud, and then, if he live closely and clearly with it, his whole life will be like sunrise—like the beginnings of many glad good things. And his eyes as they look into yours hold the sunrise lights. Some people hide their gems far away in their hearts, and though they keep them untarnished you never can tell by their faces that they own any jewel at all.

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But the greatest gift that any one can give the world is to keep his jewel—when he has chosen one that gives him a deep, strong, true desire that makes him glad to work or even to suffer—so close and clear that it shines out through his face.

Thus, to *be* the thing one loves, to let all the beauty one's soul sees mirror in the face so plainly that all may understand, so richly that all may want to do likewise, so simply that all may know how—*this* is *living* the desire we have chosen.

ESTHER HARLAN.

LITTLE LINN'S CONCERT.

(*A True Story.*)

It was a beautiful spring day. The glad earth seemed awake to the pleasures of life.

Being too fine to stay indoors, little Linn, a bright three-year-old, and his mama went out on the porch. Linn's mama was busy with sewing and he was busy with play. At length Mama noticed that her little boy's play was rather noisy. (Did you ever know little boys or girls to be too noisy when at play?) So she said: "Hush, Linn; don't make so much noise!"

"They are makin' all the noise, Mama—'taint me," said he, clapping his hands and stamping his feet on the steps as if applauding. "It's my concert, Mama—my great big concert. Why, don't you hear the music? There's more 'n a thousand singers, an' they're so glad they're alive an' *can* sing. They want me to praise 'em, Mama; for I'm playing they are my musicianers, you know."

And sure enough the oak-grove, over the way, was full of happy birds, and they were filling the air with a merry chorus of melody.

Do you not think Linn's concert a fine one, and the music lovely enough to entertain a king or czar?

FANNY L. FANCHER.

KEEP good company and you shall be of the number.—*George Herbert.*

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THE SECRET OF EVERLASTING YOUTH.

No; she was not old. One would never think of age while gazing into that bright, animated face, even though old people—people who were really old—could remember her sixty years ago—a little tot picking the bright dandelions until her little dress was filled to overflowing, and then crying for another dress that she might pick more.

Expressions of wonder and surprise were sure to follow when people found out that she was sixty years old and still so young. Only One knows the secret of her youthful looks. Although she has told it many times it still remains a secret, for few have applied its teachings diligently.

Each night, after retiring, the day's cares and anxieties are cast aside, the trials banished, the harsh words forgotten, the sorrows given into the care of Him who knows our need; and the sweet calm that comes with the night she lets enter her soul. The face, that wonderful interpreter of every thought, was bid to smile, every wrinkle smoothed out, every frown forced to disappear. Each feature yielded to its master, *will*, making the face express the harmony that bespoke the indwelling of sweet content. Every muscle in the whole body was relaxed—resting. Then she repeated over and over, "I love everybody and God loves me," until she fell asleep with this beautiful thought in mind.

Experiments have proved that sleep leaves us with just the same look on the face that it found there when it came to us. It is also true that a mind filled with happy, cheerful thoughts will, in the morning, feel surprise at its own happiness.

Dear children, would you ripen and not wither? Banish worry and all discordant thoughts. Then smile—smile in thought and in deed. Smile in the presence of your friends, and, if you would live a truly beautiful life, smile when alone with your God.

KATHRYN KINGSLY.

DO NOT say all that you know, but always know what you say. —*Claudius.*

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

PSYCHICAL DEVELOPMENT. By a Mental Scientist. Cloth, $2.50. E. H. Anderson, publisher, Toledo, Ohio.

This is a large work, for some inscrutable reason minus the usual paging. It is in two parts, the first consisting of fifteen "lessons" in psychical development and the second, which is devoted to the philosophy of the New Thought, comprising ten "lessons." Much of its teaching is valuable and some of it is new in the form of presentation. The work, however, is defective in that the anonymous author attempts to cover too much ground. The attention given to hypnotism, for instance, is out of all proportion to the importance and utility of the subject, which is properly no part of the New Thought. The element of confusion is thus introduced in the student's mind as to the respective values of psychical processes and mental phenomena. Yet it must be conceded that this writer's experience has been vast and varied, and that the facts presented are destined to cut a very large figure in the speculative philosophy of the coming years. While lacking somewhat in spiritual tone, the book is a conclusive refutation of every argument of materialism, and as such deserves a wide circulation.

FACT AND FANCY—In Spiritualism, Theosophy, and Psychical Research. By G. G. Hubbell. 208 pp. Cloth, $1.25. The Robert Clarke Company, publishers, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The most admirable thing about this work is its candor: the author's intentions are evidently of the best. In the interest of Truth he divests Mme. Blavatsky of her fraudulent mask, holds Theosophy up to the ridicule of the American intelligence, and, with the fidelity of a true Psychical Researcher, pronounces Mrs. Piper, the spirit medium, "the most remarkable psychological phenomenon of the century." This conclusion will amuse those investigators of the psychic plane who proved the continuance of life beyond the grave before the Psychical Research Society was established. That Mrs. Piper's phenomena are but rudi-

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mentary and duplicated by scores of ordinary mediums throughout the land is well known; and that her single phase is surpassed in importance by many possessing additional gifts is common knowledge among students of the marvelous. What has retarded the progress of this Society is its mania for "scientific" evidence. The attempt to measure spiritual things by the yardstick of material science will always fail. But Mr. Hubbell's book will prove highly entertaining to all interested in the subjects of which it treats, and we commend it to the attention of unbelievers everywhere. J. E. M.

OTHER NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FORCE-MASSING METHODS. By Ernest Loomis. (Vol. IV. of The Occult Science Library.) Cloth, $1.25. Published by the author, Inwood-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.

HAPPY; or, The Holy Spirit in the Heart. By Melville A. Shaver. 142 pp. Cloth, 60 cents. William Briggs, publisher, Toronto, Canada.

QUAINT NUGGETS. Gathered by Eveline Warner Brainerd. 136 pp. Cloth, 45 cents. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, publishers, New York.

CUBES AND SPHERES IN HUMAN LIFE. By F. A. Wiggin. 120 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. Banner of Light Publishing Co., Boston.

LIVING WITHIN. By John W. Zeagler. Cloth, 52 pp. Published by the author, Denver, Col.

A CONQUEST OF POVERTY. By Helen Wilmans. 171 pp. Paper, 50 cents. International Scientific Association, publishers, Sea Breeze, Fla.

SOUL FRAGRANCE. By Hannah More Kohaus. 170 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Published by the author, Chicago.

THE CONSTITUTION OF MAN. By Elizabeth Towne. 65 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Published by the author, Holyoke, Mass.

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THE ESOTERIC EPHEMERIS FOR SOLAR BIOLOGY. (1901.) 64 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Esoteric Publishing Company, Applegate, Cal.

JUST HOW TO WAKE THE SOLAR PLEXUS. By Elizabeth Towne. 26 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Published by the author, Holyoke, Mass.

THE DREAM OF PHYSICAL IMMORTALITY. An inquiry. By Axel E. Gibson. Paper, 16 pp. Published by the author, Los Angeles, Cal.

IDIOSYNCRASIES. By Esther A. Macallum. 26 pp. Paper, 15 cents. The Ætna Publishing Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

THE LOST WORD RESTORED. Anonymous. 52 pp. Paper, 30 cents. C. D. McLaughlin, publisher, Washington, D. C.

RESTFUL THOUGHTS. Poems. By R. A. G. Paper, 25 cents. (Publisher's name and author's address omitted.)

THE POETRY OF GOD. By A. B. Curtis. Paper, 15 pp. Unity Publishing Company, Chicago.

NATURE PAPERS. By J. W. Burgess. Paper, 52 pp. Published by the author, Dansville, N. Y.

HOMOLOGY; or, The Joker's "It." 45 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Vulcan-Aquarias, publishers, Chicago.

INFLUENCE OF THOUGHT. By Anna Daile Switzer. Paper, 25 pp. Jones Book Company, Portland, Ore.

WEE WISDOM LIBRARY. Illustrated. 64 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Unity Tract Society, publishers, Kansas City, Mo.

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